

# Grassy Knoll

## GRASSY KNOLL

By Bob Bradley

The limousine glides.  
Black fins. Savage poise.

Somber parade trembles  
Antennae through the Plaza;  
Brittle autumn light.

Thin sentinals a-quiver  
Above the motorcycles's  
Trolling haunches.

Dead leaves cackle,  
Stirred by a sudden  
Dry breeze. Inside

The scope's tunnelling  
Lens, just beneath  
The crosshairs,

teeth-  
grinning skull

in the snipers's  
sights.