

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.