(From) The Electric Chair Poems

Christopher Barnes

In The Heart Of The Electric Chair

Spirited off the characters of ledgers,
Your fable might be a rough-and-tumble clangour
In steam-lapse teeters.

This power-swell stun seat
Won’t let you scarper; as you plunge,
Unflinching journey’s end.

A blood-curdling scream
Flips round the corner.

Multiple Shocks

The brain as burger becomes tender
Through the swelling grip of The State.
Moods coil the heart.
One switch shocked you blank.
Hangmen as forewarned
Are jettisoned –
Release catches its illuminating pathway.

Photos have actions. Who’d strain for this
Hard-line resolution? Push button close-up?

A Good Execution?

The turnkey hoists the humdrum
To excessive points of vigilance. Pure white socks
Tremble with milliampers –
He quits dilemma’s horns
For almost fathomless dilly-dallying.

You’re not unique, a somebody
Blindfolded in dark.
At the extreme’s terminal fix,
Perched, tightened in this guilt-cell shaker –
Hang on for stone-dead volts to flash.