Tracy K. Smith

Igor at Gunpoint

Everything important happens at night,
Remember?

This isn’t a joke.
When I say so, you’re gonna raise up your hands.

For years, your back to me made a continent.
I roamed it. Like wading the desert after dark.

Nice and slow. Now higher.

Far away voices
Reached me as indecipherable sound, sped past.

And when I say so, one at a time,
You’re gonna empty your pockets.

You were a world, do you understand?

You—did I stutter—

All night wind raced the plains. I lived there
Alone, not wanting to leave.

You. And you.

Sometimes, I want to remind you of something.

Don’t fool with me. You’ll get hurt.
I made you.

*Put down your arms.*

This is over.