

## *The Day After*

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So I walked back to the place we'd found him,  
needing to see the blood stains and my hands  
in the place his head had lain.  
He had been a bundle by the road edge,  
a black man lying face down, his blood running down the hill.  
You had a flashlight, played it over the body,  
said his head was stoved in, you saw brain tissue.  
I tried to run away. What if the attacker  
was still in the park? What if  
he could see us? Therefore what were we doing?  
You stood by the body,  
flagged down a car, ordered  
cops and ambulance while I listened  
to the man's heavy liquidy breathing.

Next day, I understood that he had been  
a human still alive when the others joined us  
and authority took over.  
The man died, the murderer confessed,  
no mystery there, they had been friends,  
sang in the same church choir, the killer  
hanged himself in his cell.  
No one can tell this story.  
All of us are held outside  
on the knife-edge.