

## George Drew

### DOING A BLURB FOR JARED

Imagine Lorca in his final moments,  
on his knees outside some dusty hovel,  
his assassins spitting on him and mocking  
his manhood with their homo-hating barbs.

Imagine this Andalusian lover of beauty  
stripped of anything remotely metaphoric,  
images crash-diving in the dirt like planes  
shot from the blue sky over Granada;

then imagine the assassins' rifle barrels  
leveled straight at his head; imagine those  
last few seconds, the crotch-hugging horror.  
Imagine infinity, its middle finger raised.

Imagine Lorca, there in the Fuente Grande,  
on his knees, death's jackals tearing at him;  
then, just for a moment before the moment  
of his dying, imagine him suffused with joy,

joy rebuffing horror, horror neutered, poems  
leaping to his tongue, tongue spinning words.  
Imagine Lorca smiling as the rifles stammer.  
Imagine him and you know how I imagine you.