

# Gatekeeper

Richard Gray

My collarbone is discovered  
Stuffed inside a duck-feathered coat.  
His hand stops on the crooked place  
where it broke.

Any guns or knives? he inquires,  
Sweeping down to my crotch.  
He squeezes jagged keys and my wallet.  
In my bag he uncovers sonnets.

Poems, I crack, and he spots an unusual  
slant in my fake front tooth.  
The original got knocked out.  
Mine too, he shows me, and pockets my book.