

Negations

Not that it won't happen again.
Not the gurgle.
Not the smell down the drain.
Not the contents of stomach.
Not the first blow and slash.
Not the number of stiches needed.
Not missing organs.
Not the status of her vagina.
Not the condition of the grey matter.
Not the smell.

Not a headliner at Florentine Gardens.
Not a Faulknerian negation at all.
Not the woman of the dream.
Not the "Living Dead Doll."
Not a whore.
Not such a bad girl after all.
Not going to attract the right kind of boy.
Not making affirmative life choices.
Not living a low-risk lifestyle.
Not going to age well.
Not very smart.
Not a good subject for an extended poetic intervention.
Not really a way to treat a lady, no way.
Not a cause for social program enhancement, though.
Not like anyone I know.
Not like me, that's for sure.
Not that postmodernism has much truck with the un-fragmented self.
Not that modernism is kinder.
Not that the world was ever especially kind.

Not the first time we've seen this kind of thing.
Not that any of us aren't also of small social consequence.
Not even if we were found cut in half.
Not unless they blew out your eyes with a WMD.
Not unless they caught it on CNN.

Not any more, at least.
Not the way I hear it discussed.
Not with all the cool special effects at our disposal.
Not that I'm arguing for some nostalgia.
Not like that would be especially theoretically sound.
Not that I don't support paradigm shifts of all kinds.
Not that old case again.
Not that same distrust of men, their intentions, their love of beautiful
dead women.
Not conspiracies.
Not always factual, the books I mean.
Not that the LAPD may not have known more than they indicated.
Not that there wasn't a cover-up.
Not that the Hearst papers didn't fuck with evidence.
Not that there's not a cadre of old fuckers who know exactly what
happened.
Not that they'd tell, anyway.
Not at all.
Not that we don't want justice for the family.
Not that people don't steal fragments from her tombstone anyway.
Not a very good way to show your respect, you know.
Not that it matters so many years later.
Not that we could ever know what it was like.
Not that anyone would claim to.
Not that it wouldn't be satisfying to have the facts on paper.
Not that any one of us wouldn't have interceded if we had known.