Best Portrait of a Bullet was awarded, this year, to the zero, like the picture was taken from the wall, the nail too, by a gnarled finger that can coax all the railways to roll over, shake hands. A waitlist at the abortion clinic and I got lost, unmistakably lost, the bread crumbs I left behind being all the conversations I ruined, wanting to wrap things up, neatly: Good Night, Sunshine, Hello, Moon. But the moon fights, tired of this personification, and refuses to be a part of this poem. The rest of us then, become awkwardly aware of ourselves, this graveyard of a night, the white space overwhelming. Stars with their vacant stares breathe from their mouths, children with stuffed-up noses. Satellites twinkle from a safe distance, their orbits decay gradually, like gravel shifting beneath my shoes. Why had I never looked at the locket between her breasts—always staring, always looking up too slow, almost getting caught, equally listening to her and presenting the image of listening? Inside that locket, she tries to shoot down the sun and I am just the footprint of a bomb, ashen, yet traceable. Give me the bones and the teeth; I can recreate the scene. I can draw bullets, but only from one angle.