

the image people.  
not the ones that shape shift  
in accessories and poses but the ones  
who become or are wild foxes trapped  
in prowling cleverness  
or single eyed giants gently herding sheep  
with isolated brutalism  
or any other otherness that was  
a childhood nightmare  
maturing and entering  
an adult archetype  
waiting to turn the nightlights on  
even if it is a naked  
single bulb flickering on its way burning out  
even if it is a whale fat  
melted candle stub with  
its last moments of dreams  
being pinched off by judgement angels.

closing the creaking closet door blocking the exit.  
looking beneath the stained bed for the source and nest of stains.  
sky ritualization watermarks.  
desiccated drownings.  
forest creatures hunting down lost children  
whose small exposed knees  
are slower.  
desert snakes striking spiritualists  
in sexual jungles.  
the image people growing up faster than we do.  
if they die there is no celebration.  
they have left a will for their next images.

the image people.  
wf.h.  
2026