

## IMOGENE L. BOLLS

### *Subterfuge*

Hugging the highway, the death house  
moves as a beetle.  
It is sleek; it shines,  
bouncing summer sun off its long black back.  
In procession it eases along  
its self-proclaimed path  
giving pause even to those  
who pretend not to see.  
Its eyes half-drawn with curtained lids  
seduce the rest of us to peep  
unguarded as estranged Toms  
at what is never there,  
but crawls instead unheeded  
into a living lair.