Bronze

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Aleda Shirley

BRONZE

Now, I never dream of clowns. A man you loved with an apartment full of clowns is someone to dream about. Awake, I sometimes imagine that under his woolen jackets and grey hair was stuffed the dust of a doll with a white smile and surprised eyebrows.

His other collection was of statues: a Carrara marble girl, the bronze Mercury on the breath of the wind, the bronze David whose fingers pointed toward the closet door, the bust of the girl, the red sofa. These are too elegant and frightening to dream about, for in a dream I would become the erotically suicidal face of the marble statue, I would remember how it felt to be shipped down the Arno with your face locked and hidden in a block of white stone. He would become David, or Mercury poised on a thin stream of tin and copper, his thighs would emanate the heat of the furnace that welded the metals together.