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Bronze

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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.