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## Several of These Could Make a Lamp

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SEVERAL OF THESE COULD MAKE A LAMP

Because the sky is our story told by another, this is the fire I tend, wearing an erect posture like a weapon.

And when you found your voice, it was not done, its face the color of a dog's bark. I lit the match and waited for the shriek.

I don't know what this means so I think you should hate me. But don't hate me.

I had been lost for weeks and no one had noticed. So I went back to my life and no one noticed that, either.

And when something I said finally broke its chains, the neighbors gasped and the relatives who hadn't heard me heard them. Heard them because they mattered and the beast, the real beast, became again invisible.

Silence on its knees.

Knit some mufflers for the soldiers.

Send a little something for the broken taillight.