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The Unconscious Man

William Esposito

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THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN

Mother turns the garden with a trowel. She uncovers a catfish, then another. She floats the fish in a metal basin, in its sick milky water. Overnight, the fish improve, and the water clears.

A police car discharges a lunatic onto the boulevard. For several hours, he picks mosquitoes from the pavement. One by one, he puts them on his arms, his neck. Then he finds a gun, in a sandwich bag in the sewer.

A woman anguishes on the floor. She reclaims herself and goes to her conjugal bed. I take the catfish to the river, and the river turns them inside out, inside out again. They grow small, and I poke them through the skin of the air.

I forget myself. I name my dead son Jack.