

Summer 2008

Demolition of the Sky

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Recommended Citation

Collins, A. J. (2008) "Demolition of the Sky," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 69 , Article 8.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss69/8>

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A. J. COLLINS

Demolition of the Sky

We'll never run out of boxes for this bunch of
From the west comes the ring of an egg

snapped on the edge of a porcelain bowl.
Fissures craze above the Pacific, but the waves

tongue along, up from the ocean's invisible floor
we mapped with our echoes. We read the almanac

and harvest early, worrying about the questions
our children don't ask. There's no such thing

as a shy god. We tear down the night's bestiary
to keep our lovers from being eaten. When we wake

to find their side of the bed huge and ghostly,
smelling of them—tomato stems and gin—

we roll onto it, pressing from the absolute cotton
the wide specks of each desertion, the wilderness

another person's silence demands we expand.