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## On the Nature of the Unknown

Cate Peebles

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*On the Nature of the Unknown*

An army of toy soldiers stalks,  
puce & silent at my bedroom door—

they have reason to hold their breath  
like a deep sea séance among eels.

They may need me & then they  
may not. Mostly a little of both.

Reason bent a spoon above  
the clairvoyant's head & we convince

ourselves to crave blue cheese  
& telephone static because

maybe Monday had ugly  
babies with Sunday & Friday

will never get over it,  
will never stop playing scales

at the cocktail hour on Peach  
Tree Street, with the smoke stained

fingers and moldy hula skirts  
hanging over a photo

of peeling Waikiki. In the field  
of decapitated daffodils

someone is happy at last; someone  
has folded hands & a firm

grasp of red skies at night.  
Maybe it will grow back again.

Under the window the neighbors  
paint their dwarfed apple trees white

below the waist & leave their tiki-torches  
out, angled impossibly above the unlit snow.