Improvisation on Sunday

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The day was sparkling and endless
like depression in Heaven,
the water sparkled
and the land shelved down beneath the water;

portrait booths were humming everywhere,
people stood idly outside them
and stared, trying to dispel
the glowing coin of blindness
laid on everything from the flash;

the day like an abandoned factory,
the day like a strawberry
bitten through to the white center;

the portrait booth spooling out citizens
and razoring one from the next—
with their faces in their hands
they stare down at the damp white curl of paper,
like a priest's collar removed—
they get their wallets out
to look at their loved ones, and add themselves in.

The sun like twenty kites,
the sun broken by gulls,
the sun like writing
on the papery skin of the old.