Summer 2008

On the Nature of the Unknown

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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.