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SHIRTS

Somebody has hung their laundry in a small yard to dry.
The shirts, in particular, are people's faces.
Their bodies extend below them invisibly and try
to walk on the ground. In some places

they are damp, as if the pockets had been crying.
The dampness of fabric makes seeing
into it easier, as if anything could be hidden by shirts drying.
I think they get the muscles of their faces to work by being

reminded of it from gusting wind, or the wind
is their breath, and their expressions are made
from shapes sunlight casts into the shade
when they're gathered together. Soon they will be unpinned

from life, it will have only been an afternoon. They begin
to decline in confusion. An angel carries them in.

STATUES

The statue buried in the ground
beneath a city in the dark is drowned

for a thousand years, experiencing a feeling
barely fathomable to humans. It is a feeling

like depression in an empty room, where
every night you are frozen, and the air

is always leaving your body, and the night
is forever, it leans over you with the height

and weight of the earth, which is your sky.
Nothing lasts—even these sensations die.

Eventually a buried statue will try to make
sunlight come out of it, it will take

the dark, it will try to be the thing it's done
wanting. It turns into a sun.

DIAL

Most people make the same piece of art, over
and over. They don't know about the dial
that exists, where if you cover
your eyes with a shirt and walk a mile

and a half out of your old neighborhood
in the rain, you will come upon
a dial in an empty lot. It will feel like it should
be there, you will be drawn

to it like water is drawn through a funnel. Most
dials appear to us as red outdoor
faucet wheel handles. As you get close
to it, as your hand gets close, you will wait for

a hesitation to pass but it never does. Then
you remember. You played here, as children.

MATERIAL

We begin as deposits of organic material
in the earth. There is a compound
in the material that makes us dream. We feel
held in the dreams, we feel lifted from the ground

until we're floating. Thousands of years later,
children are allowed to go by the river alone
and look for us. Their hands are greater
than anything from before. We hadn't known

ourselves, really, until they formed us into
spheres the size of their palms as birds
sang overhead, and lined us up, and threw
some of us into the river. We are like a word

the children invent, we're its letters. A hurricane's
sobs muffle us. Its hands are the rain.