

What you never saw in your book

The parade of you marched like the hard covers of old volumes which cause riots in dusty corners of silent libraries with stale bread and cold floors and musky books that taste like the sound of flesh warm metal. You told me to please hold back the clock work in the dust and I died quietly from the power of cogs. The books shuffled for hours in their impassive rows and you never noticed I was not there beside you and you cursed the times I left you in the dark. The shelves leaned down to bear their teeth and called in mocking tones that binary is base two and not base ten and they repeated their mantra while the carpet struggled to free itself from the floor. The mirror that was broken only to you spoke of the shelves's disgust of the carpet's efforts and how they walked away in blind tumbles so the mirror called out, but She will find She has no mouth to warn with and no hands to grab with and She will fall to the floor and the shrinking shelves will not, can not, could not hear Her. They swam instead to the horizon in paddle boats and their aura faded with a finite je ne sais quoi and then dissipated in the softening air. The spaces they left behind laughed in deep breaths and the sun won through to you and you looked up and saw I was gone and you found nothing and fell heavily against it.

[poem written by Whitney Domigan]