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The Craft

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There are days, I think
I have made him wholly,
pliant strips slopped over
a hollow— my papier-mâché man

I lay him in a classroom—
against right-angles, uniform
chairs, gridded fried-chicken lights
that they might solidify his form

yet still I smell his cigarette
wind drift in from outside as I
watch him exhale in the chair
next to mine (location unwinds)

and I find his pigments clinging to clothes
(or paintings) filling disparate spaces
like my left side as we walk
to my place, his face omitting ellipses

scripting me as ventriloquist
for unfinished lines, we make two
'till I'm aesthetically inclined
to pry him apart, scraps fall

even, keeping time to my dirge
of thigh against thigh

The Craft

| *Daisy DeCoster*