

The Dangerous Shirt

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The shirt in my closet is dangerous.
I shouldn't have ironed it.

Because I have, I will put it on.
If I put it on, I will be dressed.

If I am dressed, I will be drawn toward the door,
The door and not the couch—the door,

Because if I am dressed,
I will not want to lie down.

I will not want to get wrinkled, spoiling,
After all, the hard work of ironing the shirt.

If I am dressed and standing at the door,
I will want to go out and I will go out—

Because what else can I do
If I can't lie on the couch.

So if I get near the door, that's it—
Shake your head for me, because I will open it.

And if I open it, I will go through it.
I will go through it and close it behind me.

The danger of the shirt—of course,
Always, every moment, it is so obvious.