

## What I Might Be with Wings

I am trapped in the folds of their old clothes. Oh, filigree of sweat—I have eaten their wool, chewed a constellation of holes. And now I have wings, flutter up, flutter up. (Remember

the door is shut.) Or—there was a pair of ducks that was me. The left duck didn't know what the right was doing. (Add here much splashing.) "There's a pair of us! Don't tell!

they'd advertise—you know!" The closet, dark, is a very small room and not furnished as we'd like unless we close our eyes (increasing the incense, the unseen, the dark garden).

But one can drown in the water with its infinite reflection—oh raspetty slide of fish scale and the strappings of reeds. And if one is dead (or trapped) (or two) of what use are wings?

Proboscis, four eyes, the very cold ankles of ducks.