Home

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It was August because April was gone and he didn't know why. He walked down the midnight street unseen, and un-seeing, dreamed his steps up the walk: to the door. Above, the nighthawks circled for Insects and dove for heaven-knows-why, whirring down shiver-like and sudden toward the rooftops and into his dreams. Someday one would miss. The doorknob melted warm and silk in his grip. A hawk dove. The grains of sand in the cement between the bricks by the door sparkled facet fuddled in the moon. Someday one would miss. He would hear the splat and know the bird was over.
HOME

Mike Goodwin, csb

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A whisper, he was beyond the screen, and the dark warm womb was lit by that special thickness that comes on syrupy in August; a family thundering through their sleep-pores open, hair askew. Feet since boyhood creaked across the floor. The mice in the sofa where his father lay sleeping, pricked their ears in the cotton and blooded normal again. A blind man’s behind, he exhaled into the chair by the window and listened for the moon-glistened circles of the hawks in the sky.

He took off his shoes. Four clocks omegued, two a tick apart and not counting water meters. Upstairs his sister with the newborn breasts, gurgled, turned an ankle in her sleep and slipped to silence once again. Water shuddered somewhere, soft and hard in the pipes. The refrigerator hummed for a while, tottered imperceptibly, and held its peace. His father breathed in the shallow heat, and here and there a hawk or a pine needle fell through the night. So many things falling and no one to catch them. Heat groined in and out of the window; the chair was carved in his back.

Time, and then, hesitation in motion, he arose and padded to the stairway. Fourteen steps. A curve in the middle. Turning right, he stood in the doorway of his parents’ bedroom. A humid smellscape tided toward him. Articulation and lavender balloons. The soft sweet smell of sleeping women in silken gowns. Thighways lapped by the moon. Oranges like Christmas. Flick! Shutterquick and agoneyed he stood shatterblasted in the mirror. In the bed, mother and daughter stirred in the lightquake, huddled closer in the lemon fever, but did not wake. The minute hand by the perfume bottles tick-quivered down, around. Flick! Prussian blue. The dark again, waterfalled, soft and sigh-sight. Lidded mist images hung, then safaried down his mind—A saffron daughter at her mother’s breast, Calves like cream, And somewhere... very coarse veins. He turned and descended the stairs. The hawks circled, dove one by one. Feet since manhood creaked across the floor. The chair swelled carving about him. White teeth sang in the night. Eyes sparkling, he sat there listening to his father breathe the room in and out. The hawks were done, deep, the sun began to rise.

HAIKU II

Butterfly—wing broke
Pity, carefore, fly away
In hot summer’s sun.

W. Frankenberg, c.s.b.
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