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SIMON PERCHIK

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And the Earth leans against you
from inside, starts its turn
hand over hand —you empty each box

slowly, smoothing the sides
then once it's dark
begin to dig for air

and wait for the corner
half cardboard, half taking you in
and no one home though here you are

opening a door the way every star
smells from dying winds and grass
—you unpack, thinner and thinner

as if the air is losing heart
bending its climb and doors
no longer by the hundreds.