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In a Land with No Sky

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F. DANIEL RZICZNEK

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The fine factory ashes piled like snow, the drone of clouds moving like dense machinery overhead and the damaged hills beneath them, all variations on the same hue: the ruined coats of wolves, the grey our white uniforms turned after we washed them for the first time in the grey undrinkable water.

. . .

The voice we hear even while we sleep howls over the loudspeakers like something fighting with itself. We wake, gather our picks and shovels. We hold them in our arms. Like lost limbs that no longer recall their bodies, they are dry and sorrowful. We love the handles most, the only trees left.

. . .

If my eyes were the eyes of a magician, I would summon the sores from your feet, send them crawling away across the cold ground. I would take a handful of shattered glass from the factory windows and throw it into the air. And for a half-moment it hangs there, going neither up or down and glinting like a patch of stars seen through cloud.