Soon

Jim Simmerman
Soon · Jim Simmerman

I will take an orange and move into the closet. I will deposit a small jar of water outside the door. I will stroll the floor of my closet like a sundial on a cloudy day. And I will say to myself, "Poor Mutton, now you not hurt no one no more; poor wind whipping through the hair of a corpse." As if remorse were a fop in a restoration play. I could live inside a closet if I wanted to; even one haunted by the remnants of no person I had been. I could scream like the darkness on both sides of my skin; I could grin like water, and no one would check the door. I could store a year's worth of sleep among the teeth of a comb, or hone it to a fine point of abstraction and stab myself awake. Take, for example, the water in the jar, how it drinks itself more out of habit than thirst. Take the one thing a man has done alone his entire life and shake it like a rug; shake it until the air begins to clot with dust, until it becomes just
one more reverie in form, a
closet full of soot, a lull
in the lull of waiting. I will
peel my orange as the door hinge
locks with rust. I will hold my
head and sing myself a lullaby. I
will think of heaven as an empty
shelf. I will forgive myself.