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Dawn

Jerry Harp

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Dawn

Brushing against the wind chimes, falling
Into a desk, Dawn curses at the walls and floor.

Drinking espresso all morning, she delivered
Her ontic deposition regarding the human foot,

Her revision, she proclaimed, of Heidegger’s hammer.
Performing dialogues of technological beauty,

She spoke the parts of Brando and Sartre.
Mother Teresa chimed in, giving out

Bread and holy water. “Nietzsche’s
Gone nuts again,” Brando mumbled.

“You know nothing about Feng Shui,” Dawn replied,
Pointing at the mirror but looking at me.

She barricaded herself onto the back porch
Using stacks of hardcover books

And sat decrying housing conditions
For the recently released, and writing inscriptions

On the walls: “The infidel salutes.”
“My enemies are those I need.”

She grabbed a leather jacket and a sickle
And fled to the city’s outskirts to cut away

The long vines creeping into our precincts.
Some months I don’t see her at all, though she calls
In the snow across the field out back
And drops in wearing jackboots and a sari,

Kicking the walls, laughing an uproar, carrying
St. Joseph statues, a rifle, a book, a demitasse,

Shouting her animadversions, handing
Out bandages, proclaiming new states of emergency.