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Soon

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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.