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Strange Chorale

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A Strange Chorale

I keep waiting for this room to change . . .

Twenty-two books on the desk
form a ruining hovel. Thousands and thousands
live in it and can be heard, when the cat
and the baby and the boy and the wife
take their rest and I am left,
sucking deeper breaths and blowing out
my spirit through pursed lips,
can be heard, clucking and hissing,
singing a strange chorale about the world,
its constant death . . .

Dishevelment of place and name,
insufficiency of purpose, deaf and dumb design . . .

No wind blows through this room
until a moment unprepared before the furnace
rumbles; then the air smells burnt.
Yet, in all, somehow I feel
the leaves of this world,
wrested and tumbling, heaped and spiking
like a cowlick, stir and gather,
blow into form, a vortex, past cognition,
surging of my capillaries and my history,
all in the same, I dare
to believe it!

Randall VanderMey