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What One Day Tells the Next

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WHAT ONE DAY TELLS THE NEXT

Before sleep I tidy up, wash dishes, invite
tomorrow’s breakfast in, set up a little shrine
to cocoa and coffee and oatmeal, while upstairs
sleep awaits, where dreams spirit me through
the mansion of my many years, ransack
hidden closets, resurrect so many dead—surprising
how lively, and so well—mix scenes so vivid
you’d never guess they’re from school yards
where I haven’t skinned a knee in fifty years.

I am hapless there, unsurprised by talking dogs,
weightless and then unable to stay aloft, telepathic
yet tongue-tied—and, worst of all, without memory,
waking with no recall, only able to walk downstairs
and see the signs I set up for myself the night before,
the pots and dry dishes that say nothing has changed,
my appliances still heat and cool and toast
and peel, just as they did before I sailed away
on my epic pilgrimage of sleep.

-Will Walker
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Untitled
-Nicole Kelly
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