

Simon Perchik



It starts at the foundry, softens
then flows slowly past
though the nail you've just pulled up

is already bending over, gasping for air
knows all about rust
from the way a summer breeze

will comfort the still warm air
and together eat and eat and eat
—who can make it breathe again

be more merciful, let it wait
till the board finds another board
a corner and though there's nothing inside

it's enough—who but you
digs with a hammer, hand over hand
looking for the others.