

KYLE MCCORD

solnesia

an emergency vehicle is en route to take away the sun.
the sun attacks itself like a frenzied animal.
a dog, dredging a stick from reeds.
i keep losing things. a dog. a stick.
scarf, where are you going?
when two rocks touch
the groundskeeper remembers the deceased
kept small, one picture in the whole house.
now the half-imagined house or a bail of leaves.
see, demoniac sun, how i lumber
around erasing stuff.
the ice cream truck darts into view
like an edgy animal, turns back.
the groundskeeper tosses sticks into the water
and dogs pile in after them.
if your dearest wish is to have returned
what you so willingly discarded, maybe instinct reigns
more than you imagine.
the sun out in the graveyard cuts its shadow with stones.
where are my candles? it keeps asking.
my house is not where i remember.