



IUScholarWorks at Indiana University South Bend

Miniature Festival of Walls (plus a collage)

Lee, David D.

To cite this poem: Lee, David D. "Miniature Festival of Walls (plus a collage)."
JMWW December 18, 2020.

This document has been made available through IUScholarWorks repository, a service of the Indiana University Libraries. Copyrights on documents in IUScholarWorks are held by their respective rights holder(s). Contact iusw@indiana.edu for more information.

Miniature Festival of Walls (plus a collage)

I come to—I'm always coming to—
maybe you've been there; the long yawn—you're dragged,
struggling,

 into orbit, chomping at the light like a gar;
death, the ultimate buoyancy,
 the car on its rubber wheels;
the fog, the fog like a gurney
being pushed to the hospital mortuary. I tell you
this because

 we get so meek behind the
buffet table (remember when we had buffet tables?), the orange
curtains that close

 as we turn
to seat ourselves near a window. There's the face
I wake up with
and the face I sand down
to an even plane in the mirror.

 From there
it's all flaxen—dreams and half-truths
invented by coffee and civilization.

 Dimensions,
and a sudden lack of focus; *Get out of my shipping
lane*, cries the mutinous crowd.

 It's almost noon
by the time I read about the million buried minks,
the apocalypse of their

 squirming, viral bodies
floating up through the already loosened earth;
rabid, unfettered.

 They're no longer human drapery . . .
It's still 2020 the last time I checked, the year of our Lord,
unconscious in the ICU, his face strapped

to a ventilator.

He moans, as beside him
Javier moans, a span of sound
like the dark space that passes through us mindlessly
during sleep—a barge, or a big black sponge plunked down
over both eyes.

hear falling
full of provisions

The rumble of a retreating snowplow at 2 a.m.
;A hush, like the snow you can't
in the wake of the passing ship
and dead people.