

JULIA STORY

The Everywhere

Instead of thoughts,
I have a whip and a bottle
of pills. My head would
look good on your neck.
It's not a thought, but a fact
that exists for everybody.
Coats on other people open
to show us clothes and torsos,
then close and become other people's
coats. A cloud-colored bird
is a cloud. I clear my throat
purely for the effect. You can't
be nowhere and you can't be
everywhere. This is the everywhere
where you're not gone: you've
been replaced by a paper bag
full of bottles on the curb in winter.
One bottle for each type of coldness.

Instead of words, there's this
soft thing, something dark
under a fingernail, or a cake
I can sleep in. My tongue
doesn't work the way it used to.
Sorry. Underneath me, the plastic
horse gets tired. I'm somewhere:
your porch, empty. I'm singing a sand
song. There's a squirrel here instead
of you. A place instead of everywhere.