

SIMON PERCHIK

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And the Earth leans against you  
from inside, starts its turn  
hand over hand —you empty each box

slowly, smoothing the sides  
then once it's dark  
begin to dig for air

and wait for the corner  
half cardboard, half taking you in  
and no one home though here you are

opening a door the way every star  
smells from dying winds and grass  
—you unpack, thinner and thinner

as if the air is losing heart  
bending its climb and doors  
no longer by the hundreds.