

Getting the Done Job

The Books

Ear to the ground
I sift through piles of fallen letters
Copying keys, roll down my sleeves
A part of the hanging garden of the city
Downtown the sounds of single people
Doing nothing

Nose to the wall
I follow paths of tiny fissures
Falling trapeze, the Japanese
Are watching the garden growing on an island
Surround the mound and run your fingers
Through the filings

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