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# Words Found Above A Swinging Gate

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**James Vladimir Gill**

WORDS FOUND ABOVE A SWINGING GATE

Rest, head.

From a pillow recomposed fall crumpled bits of jaundiced note paper, stunned, enigmatic whispers left here, again, on a late Sunday afternoon. When? How do you write them? From what shadow of the mind do they come sauntering out, firefly prophecies?

Could they be dead flies swatted an eternity ago on the walls of constancy? See how they hang on now, precarious, encrusted wings entwined in a vine, refusing to let go.

Have you noticed how they watch us move into this Indian summer of ours, rupturing time and bone? Life to life, you once said, is a long walk in Toledo by failing light. Light enough that one can no longer hide.

Shouldn't we then, very quietly, and please, without another kindly nod, fold ourselves to rest and be endowed with special life, like those dolls blind people make?