

A Story Reconstructed by Witnesses

The angel made of black gingerbread
brought us to his studio apartment
after signing certain agreements with our parents.

The angel's arms were covered with fur.
He asked us questions to determine how clever we were.
He told us about the one hundred most important people
ever. We saw a movie containing Abbott and Costello.

In the darkness of the movie, shapes of light
were projected onto our bodies. It was a fun evening.
One of us was reached into like a bag of peanuts.

We slept at the location, snug in couches
with our clever smiles under eyes cleverly closed
for the entire night in question, our dreams
plucked from his blanketing wings.

We all manifested the grooming gene
that night, each in our own way, inheriting
from the same source, washed in

on the same nucleotides, lifted, left
as shimmery dents, mistaken for footprints
of a journey that never occurred, a story
of empty shells crowding into circus bags.