

Recipe for Unicorn Horns

You take the moans of freight ferries, the balsam scent of an old man's beard, the bobbing erections of sexually confused sailors, the loneliness of dusted-over warehouse-bound movie props, the barista's sorrow, the burnt orange sunlight splashing the windows of suburban office buildings in late afternoon in November, the sweat of the nostalgic crowd singing a dated pop song, the undying love for the sweater full of holes, the midnight dreams of oddball 5-year-olds, the fatigue of the tour guide's pointer finger, the persistence of a littered stream, the broken souls of toppled trees screaming out from the rings of their trunks, the voice of the failed radio DJ, the toddler's yelp and stomp, the docent's effervescence, the actor's pick-me eyes, the singing of the deaf, and all the other little beauties human beings ignore, and that way only the trees, the wind, the nymphs, the dead will ever see it.