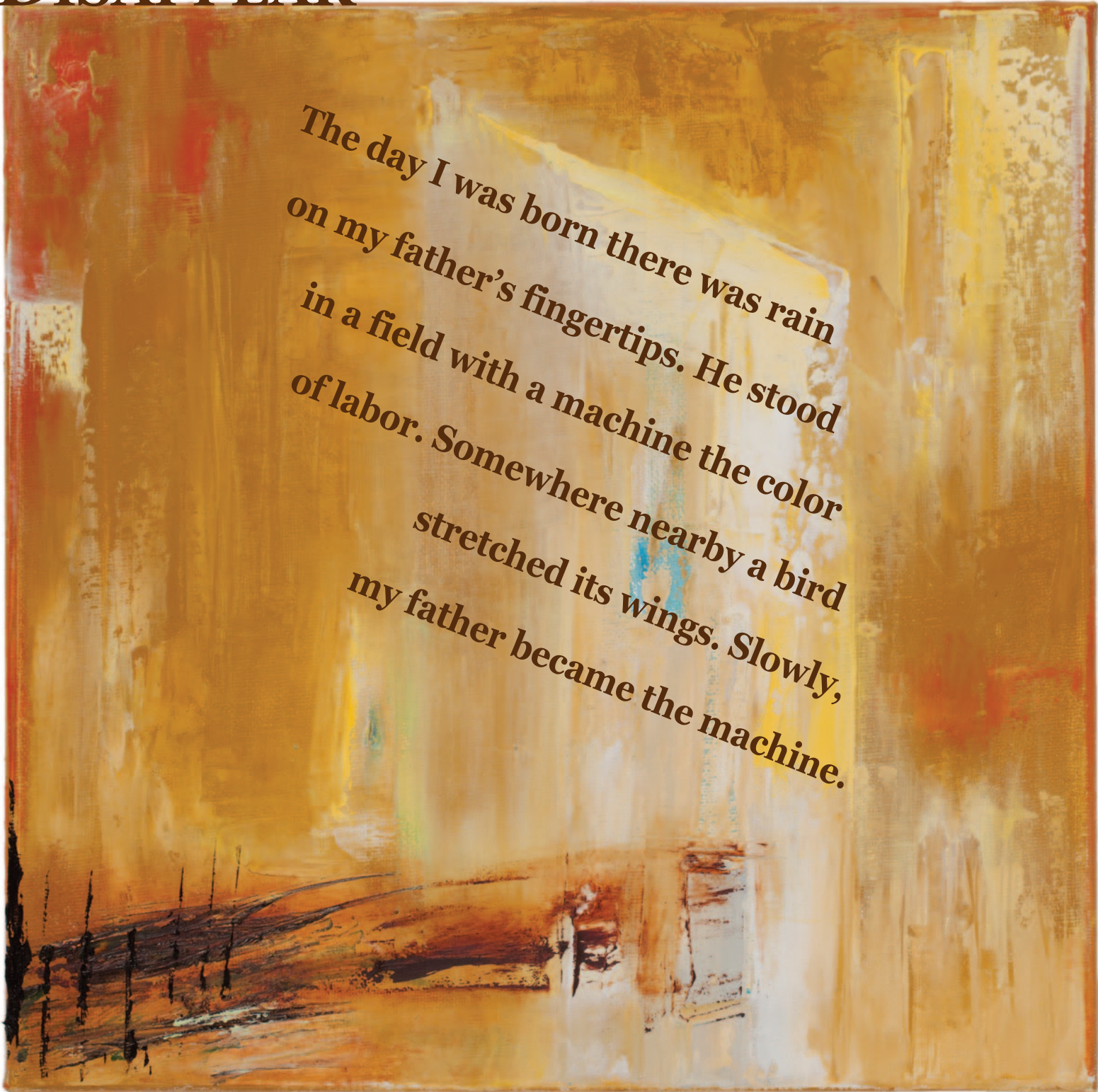


# DISAPPEAR



The day I was born there was rain  
on my father's fingertips. He stood  
in a field with a machine the color  
of labor. Somewhere nearby a bird  
stretched its wings. Slowly,  
my father became the machine.