

MATTHEW



CAN YOU HEAR ME?
I MEANT TO LET THE COYOTES IN
AND BAR OUT THE MEN WITH
THEIR INSOLUBLE COMPOUNDS, THEIR GASEOUS HYDROCARBONS.
I'M SORRY TO TELL YOU THIS
BUT IT'S ALWAYS THE MEN.
THEY HOWL ALL THE SAME.

ONCE, I THINK, I HAD A DRESS
THE COLOR OF FINCH FEATHERS. YOU KNOW
THE BIRDS THAT STUFFED NEWSPRINT AND TWIGS
IN THE EAVES ABOVE THE DOOR,
SCRATCHED THE WOOD AND YOU SAID I PITIED THEM
MORE THAN YOU.
IT'S HARD TO SAY, WITH COLOR SUCH AN AFTERTHOUGHT.
WE HAD A GARDEN, THEN.

SPEAK UP.
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING? ARE YOU
BLINKING? DO YOU REMEMBER THE CARPENTER BEES' MUTTERING?
WILL YOU
SIT WITH ME
AND BREATHE THE MORNING AIR?

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Editor's Note: This is a "Switcheroo," an annual Broadsided feature in which writers submit work in response to art posted on the website.

