

The Neighbor's Sculpture

Basil Wilcox

I'm trying to listen to what you're saying but I've never heard so many leaves shuffle against a window at once. You know so much about jazz and how to make good coffee and I love you for it, but I'm pretty sure I've been in the yard, dancing beside the rusted wire woman. *First arabesque*, you say and I can't lie, I like that there is a name for the way a leg and arm look stretching beside one another. I like that you know it. You've told me a million times how she ended up here, in front of your home in the middle of the woods, but that doesn't matter. It won't be long now. I'll cut through your yard right past her, get to the path through the woods and be lost all over again. By the time I find my way back, it's night and the moon is strawberry and the wire woman dances. You haven't seen her quite like this. I press my ear to her metal lips and listen.