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When You Go Away

[Guillermo Castro](#)

There is, of course, silence,
Even with the phone's ringer on.

Rooms open like an embassy
For asylum-seeking mice. My job is

To check the underside of shadows
With a mirror attached to a pole.

Nothing seems to terrorize me more
Than the moon's queer intentions,

Light dangling from my earlobes.

I poke the very thought of you
In the broken fireplace,

Pry myself and the moon free
From a web of your saliva.

Let me polish your furniture
With woodlice and malice
Until I see my mother's face on every surface.

The wind blows,
See how dusty this house gets?

I pick up a broom and erase
Your foot prints from the floor.

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