

SIMON PERCHIK

[Windswept, this radio]

Windswept, this radio
broken open with its stations
one on top the other

though what you hear
is its dust, bleeding
the way this rag, half doll

half straw, half dirt
scrapes till a darkness
oozes from your fingertips

bent over, garbled—
she can't tell it's you
from far away, listening for her.