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A girl inside a dumpster finds a lockbox
unlocked. Stowed in an opening,
a ring shaped like a five-pronged jack
skips back the long-gone bouncing ball
as intimation in the stare
of somebody in a photograph.
Paper faces unfolding figurines,
the call is muffled, causal,
ahistoric, unwinding in signature,
little stars popping off a name,
a name in unnamed storage, calling
the call of the sibylline.