



*Jon Stone*

**‘The band really cut loose for this one’**

The dark very slowly leaves the room the way the details of the day before  
disaccumulate, or the way blood withdraws from the various tips of a cooling body, or  
the way the house empties as the party wears on into morning.

The air is like somebody waiting at a station with a briefcase larger than they are.

The singing bird is a needle and thread, stitching at the ear’s various folds.

In the earth beneath the bed, clay is sweating, coal is splintering, water is cavilling.  
Every bed is a desert dune, high as a wall.

Thank you for reading! Find more at [www.theharlequin.org](http://www.theharlequin.org).