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The Suit with the Missing Buttons

Robert S. King

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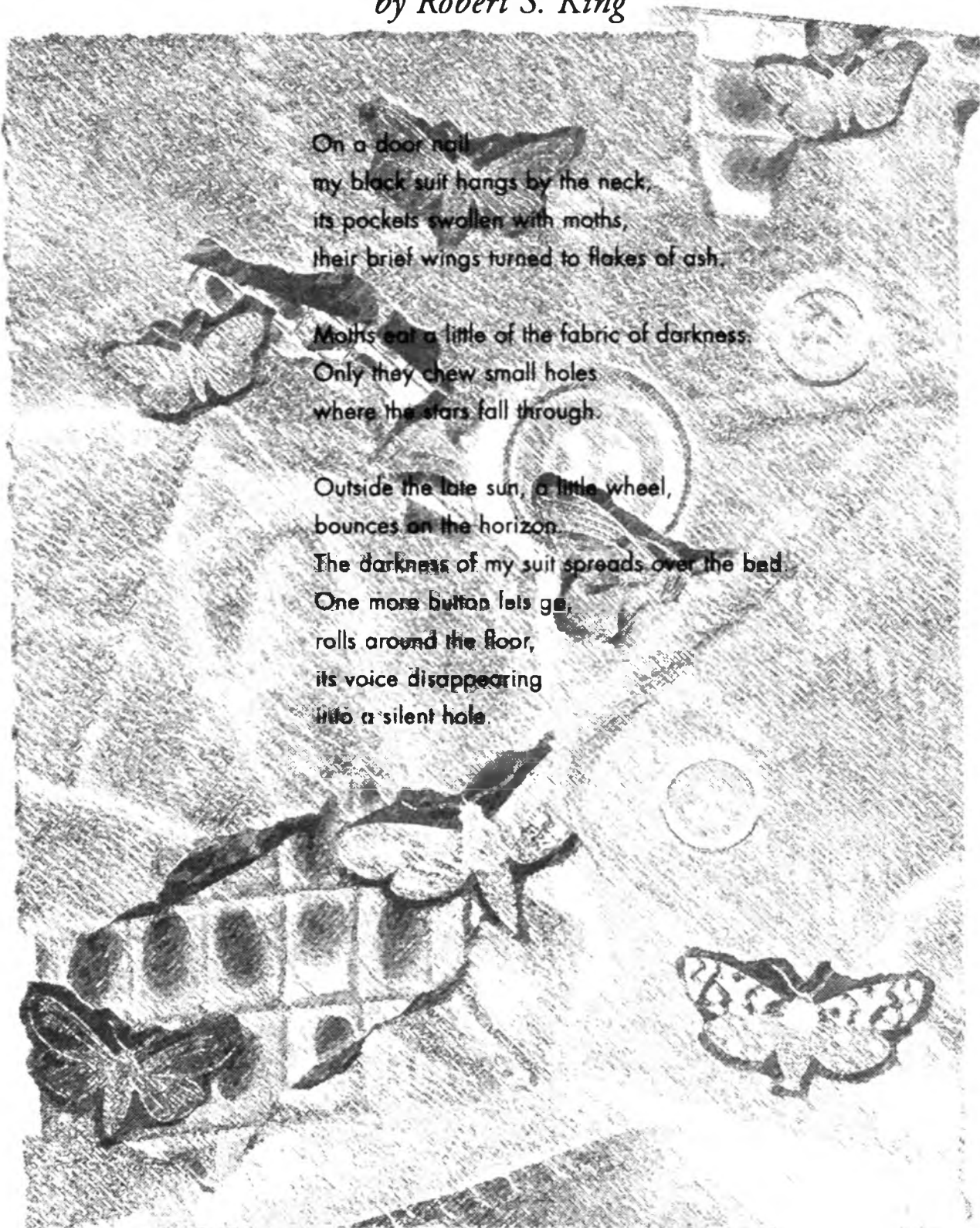
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THE SUIT WITH THE MISSING BUTTONS

by Robert S. King



On a door nail
my black suit hangs by the neck,
its pockets swollen with moths,
their brief wings turned to flakes of ash.

Moths eat a little of the fabric of darkness.
Only they chew small holes
where the stars fall through.

Outside the late sun, a little wheel,
bounces on the horizon.
The darkness of my suit spreads over the bed.
One more button lets go,
rolls around the floor,
its voice disappearing
into a silent hole.

ILLUSTRATION BY COLE RACHEL