

DARA WIER

16 Stickers for Peace

What did the boy when he slid his bed by.
What did you say when you left with your eyes.
A plume of smoke, a feather of soap, a thief we met before leaving.
We found three notes folded in a coat pocket hung on a nail.
You can stand on the balcony for as long as you like after nightfall.
Some are saying we each have different thresholds.
How uncomfortably they look standing around the one
With an armful of cut flowers.
You wanted something long and drawn out, cut from a storm.
A fraction of you, a sliver.
A binary operation of you.
We offered you some shears to make your job simpler.
You no longer had anything we wanted.
We signed on the line that was left out in the open.