

THEODORE WOROZBYT

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*Cavalcade of Stars*

Something happened a moment ago, though I can't remember it. My limbs have been enjambed in an activity. I am just before bed.

Why something and not a sleepier omission. Here the cavalcade of the falling stars, the packed kit seem a dance of fullness.

The rocket was red and white like two fair eyes. It is still in the particular corner where the store was, where the models are.

Waiting to be glued? That color, gurgling. The breeze off the river is a hiss and flash that smells of its own smoke. The copperhead

very on the battery offers the spark to the coil. If there were not a nest of pillows then the Persian flaw would be a sweeter scald.

Between a moment ago and forgetting, a silver balloon that I could rise through like a temperature. And then a moment more.