

Pantoum for Trevin, Who Loves to Vacuum

Nineteen going on six, cocooned without words, he points to machines. Who can save us from dust? A static of birds, the sky chirring *yes*. He points to machines and waits till you name each noise—a static of birds, the sky chirring *yes*. He kisses the vacuum and waits till you name each noise, hello bright world, a ritual he craves. He kisses the vacuum, and the thrumming mouth begins to graze. Hello bright world. A ritual he craves: leaving swoopy trails in shag. And the thrumming mouth begins to graze. Call this a test, leaving swoopy trails in shag, the dirt we take up, the clean left behind. Call this a test: what stations we create, the dirt we take up, the clean left behind. Another day, another vacuum. What stations we create, fermatas of longing, particles of God. Another day, another vacuum: dark matter we pass through, fermatas of longing, particles of God. Just another boy gurgling like a storm—dark matter we pass through. Who can save us from dust? Just another boy gurgling like a storm, nineteen going on six, cocooned without words.

—Lance Larsen

(Originally appeared in *Pool: A Journal of Poetry*)