

Foley: The Sounds Oblivion Makes

THE SOUNDS OBLIVION MAKES

BY

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FOLEY**

**THE MILTON KESSLER MEMORIAL PRIZE
FOR POETRY**

We're in the barn,
my job to pour gasoline
into the carburetor
of the old Toyota wagon,
as he cranks the key repeatedly,
and when the can ignites,
burns my lashes, eyebrows—
I drop it, flaming, onto dry hay
and for a panicked interim
we run back and forth,
moan and yelp like animals,
as we fill buckets from the horse trough,
dump water on flames,
fire lapping the barn walls,
cackling with greedy glee,
and my little sister, on a weekend visit,
caught by another kind of oblivion,
on the lawn watching us,
pets the purring cat.