

HOW THE SOLSTICE DRAGS THE SKY

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Whenever I see a sponge
hard as a dinner plate I think that water
is the cure for cancer—to simply soak
a man in a vase full of ocean. Watch
what happens when we with tweezers
pull a man by his hair out of his aquarium.
I get strangely dissatisfied when people
guess my age incorrectly—more defensive
than a fight between Muhammad Ali
and Muhammad Ali.

I get worried, too,
on less-than-windy days, that the clouds
have stopped to get gas and don't
remember how to crawl. It's a muffin
morning, where each leaf has washed
its face before work. When the small
hand of my daughter stops swooning
over plates of soft cookies, I'll know
that the real her started living
in the woods months ago, that her nails
are long and jagged like the walls of her cave.

On the longest day of the year,
 God holds the earth like a trophy
to see his face in the Pacific Ocean.
 On the shortest, he prays
to the earth and goes to bed early,
 listening to a CD of the seas talking.
Sure. When the clock skips an hour,
 the sky twists backwards against our eyes
like the cap of a closed cola bottle
 being closed a little more,

and I love having more day, more streets, more thick
 glass ceiling to smash into when I think
I'm in the clear, more dwarves peeking
 at the street from under the sewer plate,
more ears flinched at the sound
 of something you can't see coming.