

The world's most useful metaphors

clap patty-cake in the playground of your pocket, or hang
bungeed by a lanyard from your neck, always ready to jump.

Sometimes they are skeletons come to speak of the deadbolts.
They gather in groups on green painted pegboards to hang

above the desk and its leases, the cup full of free pens. They like to live
in ranks according to number, type, location. For some, *open* is

a synonym for *door*; for others, *window*, *diary*, *vault*. They show
an instinctual tendency to migrate towards loss. They never leave

a note and tell your secrets to every pin-head they meet.
Though you search under the flowerpot, under the soil, under

the gardenia's tight cluster of roots, under the mat that welcomes
you in seventeen separate languages, the only thing they wish for you

is that you learn: every *bello* is always and already its own *goodbye*.