

By Li-Young Lee

That scraping of iron on iron when the wind rises, what is it? Something the wind won't quit with, but drags back and forth. Sometimes faint, far, then suddenly, close, just beyond the screened door, as if someone there squats in the dark honing his wares against my threshold. Half steel wire, half metal wing, nothing and anything might make this noise of saws and rasps, a creaking and groaning of bone-growth, or body-death, marriages of rust, or ore abraded. Tonight, something bows that should not bend. Something stiffens that should slide. Something, loose and not right, rakes or forges itself all night.

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