

# The Night of the Shirts

By W. S. Merwin

Oh pile of white shirts who is coming  
to breathe in your shapes to carry your numbers  
to appear  
what hearts  
are moving toward their garments here  
their days  
what troubles beating between arms

you look upward through  
each other saying nothing has happened  
and it has gone away and is sleeping  
having told the same story  
and we exist from within  
eyes of the gods

you lie on your backs  
and the wounds are not made  
the blood has not heard  
the boat has not turned to stone  
and the dark wires to the bulb  
are full of the voice of the unborn

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