

HARRY WILSON

JOANNA PRESTON

## *An Accounting*



And the days spill like soot from a fireplace,  
ash of them dusting skin.

Days hoarded like krugerrands.  
Days transfixed, pinned

like beetles to the pages  
of her clothes. Their passage a shuffle

of dried leaves, hoarse whisper  
of an overdue bill. She plucks

unattended days out of the air  
—*hey presto and a shower of doves.*

Days like confetti litter the streets.  
Days like bankers litter the streets.

How they gather, the days. Haggard moths  
to a lantern. Hungry mouths

to a soup canteen.  
A paper boat of wasted days

unfolds in the gutter, forgets itself  
in the rain.

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