

COREY OGLESBY

Commissioning a Snow Globe

The Mayor looks out
across his constituency
from the top floor of a hotel.

Behind him, a woman
unzips her thigh
from a length of rose velour,
wonders if it's worth
her time to ask what's wrong.

He'd been watching
the cloud shadows inch
water tower to water tower
like an armada of bruises
against the town's flatness,
casting zones in patches
of temporary evening. Now,

he finds himself fixed
on one place in particular—
a street called High View
with a red house at the end.

In the cellar, a man floats
in a sensory deprivation tank
he built from scratch. His son

stands by the door, slowly turning
the temperature dial
toward boiling. He's in too deep
to notice. Upstairs, his wife

combs through family albums,
finds a shot of her husband
decades younger and posing
like he caught a Frisbee
in his mouth. And if you can,

make it so everyone is smiling.