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FAUNTLEROY RECEIVES HIS WINGS

by **Sam Thayn**

From the top of the world, a white handkerchief. Fauntleroy makes a sun and rolls it down the mountain until it melts. In the blizzard, the iron-jawed man walks in the snow, carrying his daughter. He has braided her hair and taken her socks off. Make me an offer, he says. And Fauntleroy has clouds for breakfast from now on, great spoonfuls of cotton which rain down his throat for the rest of the day. When he was alive, he touched the sky with the Glove of Sky Touching. He made sure there were no cigarettes in mouths. That there were no hands in pockets. That the heel of the serpent did not bruise. With his everyday way of being, he moved his office to the highest tower and stood at its articular to find a way down without hands.