

## **The Sleepers**

The kitchen table wants to be a chair. It's tired  
of standing still all the time,

it wants to swipe the floor with its paws  
and be stood on to change light bulbs and help

paint the walls a darker shade of green.  
It wants a little bit of paint to drip across its back

so it can be green too. It's tired of carrying  
the weight of dead things.

Nothing speaks when the knives by the sink get angry.  
It's been years since they've been

sharpened. It's hard to debone chicken  
with blades so dull. The knives complain to an army

of ugly country tile, but it's not listening.  
It daydreams at night, imagining the smell

of its flowers blooming in the spring, how beautiful  
each petal would be if it spread in more

than two dimensions. The dripping faucet only recently  
explained what three dimensions are—

and the living room carpet is disgusted by all  
this dreaming. This is serious, it thinks; we are serious,

it says. But the carpet wants to be a chandelier.  
One night when it was lonely, it almost told

the doorknob its secret. If it had three wishes  
it would say, I want to be a chandelier. I want to be

a chandelier. I want to be a chandelier to feel the pretty tug  
of so much crystal and have my many lights turned

on off on. It wants to be best friends with  
the light switch. It doesn't want to be forced

to talk dirty to the vacuum cleaner just because  
it's clever, because it has leverage and is clever.

The sounds you hear at night are not  
what your parents told you, not the house

settling on its foundation, not possums in the backyard  
rooting through trash. They are the murmur

of all these desires rustling like silk.  
Mingling with the sleeping dreams of children

who want to be adults, adults who want  
to be children.