

CALEB BRASSET

THE UPPER EDGE

The upper edge of the opposite wall had a strip of sunlight a foot deep on its painted bricks. Then it was half a foot of sunlight. And now it is a thread, a centimetre of sunlight at the very top. It is still bright irrational orange. It still contains each of Pablo Neruda's poems that you read when you were nineteen. It is barely a fleck now, on the few jagged areas that reach upward past a straight line.