Everybody knows that a dummy depends on a ventriloquist to bring it to life. But like all poets, Gibson Fay-LeBlanc of Portland is not entirely convinced by what everybody knows.

One of the Dummies at Night
by Gibson Fay-LeBlanc

He slept in the tinder box
his master made, and oak
grain governed the dreaming—

his left eye clouded over,
he closed the other and saw
mild applause in his future.

His bed sat at a crevice
dge, pure pitch below,
and a cold wind slowed

the senses, rising from who
knows where. Later his mind
became its pin, eschewed
dowels and string and leapt
into the dark. The fall
was pleasurable, apt:

there were no voices
in the breeze, no speeches
to open his mouth.