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C.Z.X.P.

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C.Z.X.P.
ANDREW SOLIDAY

Standing in grandfather's
antique toy shoppe, I admire

hollow
porcelain heads
with musty smiles, wanting

to feel flesh
against their dusted-
over shell.

My grandfather sleeps at night
with broken pieces of porcelain
that cling
to his skin
like a quilt.

These were the nights
after his wife had left him,

these were the nights
when love was a luxury.