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Some People Are Sleeping and I am Blowing a Trumpet

Yes, the instruments of my inner life
thumbed along: my xylophone cheekbones,
my bassoon lungs. I was an ensemble of circumstance.
I could pop wide open to scores and scores
of incidental strings. I was flinging notes all over
the neighborhood. My world was so abstract
and loud. It was lonely to be
the only boy on the block with a trumpet
in his throat. I always tried to touch
the notes, to happen in my real voice,
to enjoy my two weeks of summer.
Yes, my father was a megaphone.
My mother was a drum.

C. Dylan Bassett
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C. Dylan Bassett's poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Columbia*, *Copper Nickel*, *CutBank*, *DIAGRAM* and elsewhere. He attended the Iowa Writers' Workshop and has received an Academy of American Poets Prize.