

O You of the Cotton Pajamas!



Sarah Sarai

Note for the pdf version: This was a little chap, no bigger than a gift card. It was blue and hand-stapled. When I hit Seattle, city of the 2014 Dusie exchange, I discovered I'd left out a stanza and made many tiny yellow errata slips; slipped them in. I considered reproducing the original with the errata owning its own pdf, and reconsidered.

Here is *O You of the Cotton Pajamas!* in its entirety.

SS/NYC/6.9.14

O you of the cotton pajamas
and fray bits of life
in your hair every AM!

O niece and nephew,
digging black plastic
picks from Thrifty's
in your do-s.

A meteor caromed into
my nephew's sleep.
My sister was with the Navajos.

Wresting fluff and asteroids
from his dreams
he padded in and with
the inconsequential body of a
boy, rattled me wake.

I settled us one in each bed to
thrash out theology,
Creator's peculiar affections
for us all.

My niece scoped my
acceptability as I daily
handed over sloppy flakes,
and milk in a red and white carton.

The backyard its hangar -ə- -ə- -ə-
see the airplane she builds.

Pilot!
Zoom over L.A. puffing
R E M E M B E R
WE ARE LOVED
in Creator's pastel sky!

O you of the cotton pajamas
and fray bits of life
in your hair every AM!

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digging black plastic
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