

A big motor turning a big wheel, I go to work five days a week. A gear locks into place every hour on the hour eight hours a day. On my way home at the end of the day I strain to pull back the lever that resets the wheel. The motor sputters and idles for the night, humming as I sleep. And in my dreams I'm back at work. I'm seated amongst rows of racks of clothing, like a garden maze of metal and fabric. I can't see above the maze because I'm way too low down. But every once in a while I grab a pair of shoes or a coat and throw it in a big sack I have hidden from everyone. It's like a Santa sack that I've been siphoning clothes into for months. I don't feel bad about stealing, I never even think about it. And when I'm finally called over by my boss and the CEO, they're fluid figures like running watercolours. Shifting features on freakish faces. I think for sure they're going to fire me but instead I'm promoted. The CEO is lying on his back like a sickbed patient. His nose and eyes drip off him as he smiles. He and my boss both thank me for my work and shake my hand. And I awake to the sound of an alarm, and a motor sputters to life.

I wait for the bus stomping my feet and clapping my hands, breath plumes from my mouth. It's cold and quiet out though everyone's going someplace. I'm late again and I don't know how it happened. On the bus I pull a book out of my bag. It's bound in green leather which is chipping at the spine. I set it on the bus floor and reach back into my backpack. I pull out a hardcover collection of Dr. Strange comics and a pocket edition Bible. I lay both on top of the green book and start to make a pile. I stack more books onto the pile until it's man-sized and swaying. I take off my coat and drape it over the books along with my hat and scarf and gloves. I wrap all of my clothes around the pile dressed like me. And when the bus stops, the pile gets off to walk to work. It rides the elevator up nine floors and nobody notices. It sits at my desk, a loose collection of words. Meanwhile I'm naked still on the bus going someplace.

On the weekends I usually take it pretty easy. Sometimes I go out to pay rent or buy groceries. Or sometimes I see my friends to argue about what movie to watch. But most of the time I sit still on my bed, my hands folded in my lap waiting. I close my eyes and hear a rush of wind as a large man enters my room. I hear him shuffle around me, towards my closet to grab an empty hanger. He picks one out and puts his hand on my shoulder. Forcefully, but without hurting me, he folds the hanger into my collar and lifts me up by the hook of it. The cheap plastic of the hanger bends as it supports me. My eyes are still closed and I haven't made a sound. My head lolls forward and I sway lightly back and forth. I'm a few feet off the floor with my toes pointed beneath me. The large man swings me towards my closet and hangs me between my button-ups. I keep my eyes closed as I hear the door shut behind him. My breathing sounds loud tucked inside the closet. It's easy to be still though when I'm only my clothing. I feel neat and arranged and right where I'm meant to be. And I hang there heavy but happy no one can find me. And the weekends go by like that without incident.