

Stories Around People

by Joseph Young

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An Event

Facebook lived in midtown, for there the people and windows shone like water. Though it would board the bus—1 day—and ride to the sea, where people said words like *sea* and where the city shone in the waves and the fish were sidewalks and windows.

Bolt

In the night, the house where *Octopus* lived burned to the ground, all the letters and poems a curled ash. The other books patted its shoulder and gave it roses and tea. It stood admiring the sky and thankful.

A Labor

You do not understand, *vacuum* said, it's never been like that between us. In its jar, it knew this, seized it.

