

**Leonard Gontarek**

**Violet**

The snow that appears violet, later, in a photo,  
now lights up all of the night.

Dark is not an enigma. We are the enigma.

We carry the moon from the well

to the door of the house.

Evil is made to sit in the corner, silent.

A child. Milk. It spills across the floor, moonlight.

The cat licks up the truth, fast as it can. The cat loves the child.

## Returns Department

You lost your receipt?

Is that all you got?

Look at this guy,

his dog ate his receipt

and he waited

two days and fished around

in the stool,

rinsed it, blew it

with a hair dryer,

pressed it overnight

between two big books.

This isn't a receipt,

it is a ticket to my heart.

He should tape it to his forehead

when he stands in line for Paradise.