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Genesis and Chance

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I.

Sometimes I am more deer than person:

I walk through the woods, I see movement in camouflage,

I freeze,

they laugh,

I stare,

my red heart bursts, you *could be shot*

My heart bursts again

I'm bleeding, I burst, I run away.

Don't come back.

Does anybody care what I look like in a field? Does a person in a black cloak ruin a landscape?

The throbbing space between the stars, a bruise.

A cold lake in November,

black coffee,

black squirrels,

my eyes.

In the right light

anyone can look like a darkness.

II.

I sit on the edge of a collapsing concrete foundation staring at the lake,
a stubborn slab: all angles, all unforgiving.

The lake laps at it,

don't touch me.

The foundation slips forward,

the lake whispers what it knows,

The foundation sinks lower,

the foundation kisses the lake and knows it is wrong,

and the lake swallows it.

The foundation loves on the lake's terms

very slowly, and then forever.

III.

Two snowy-eyed deer collide in a field,

their hearts burst.

Two jittering specks blown across

a sunlit cloud of goldenrod,

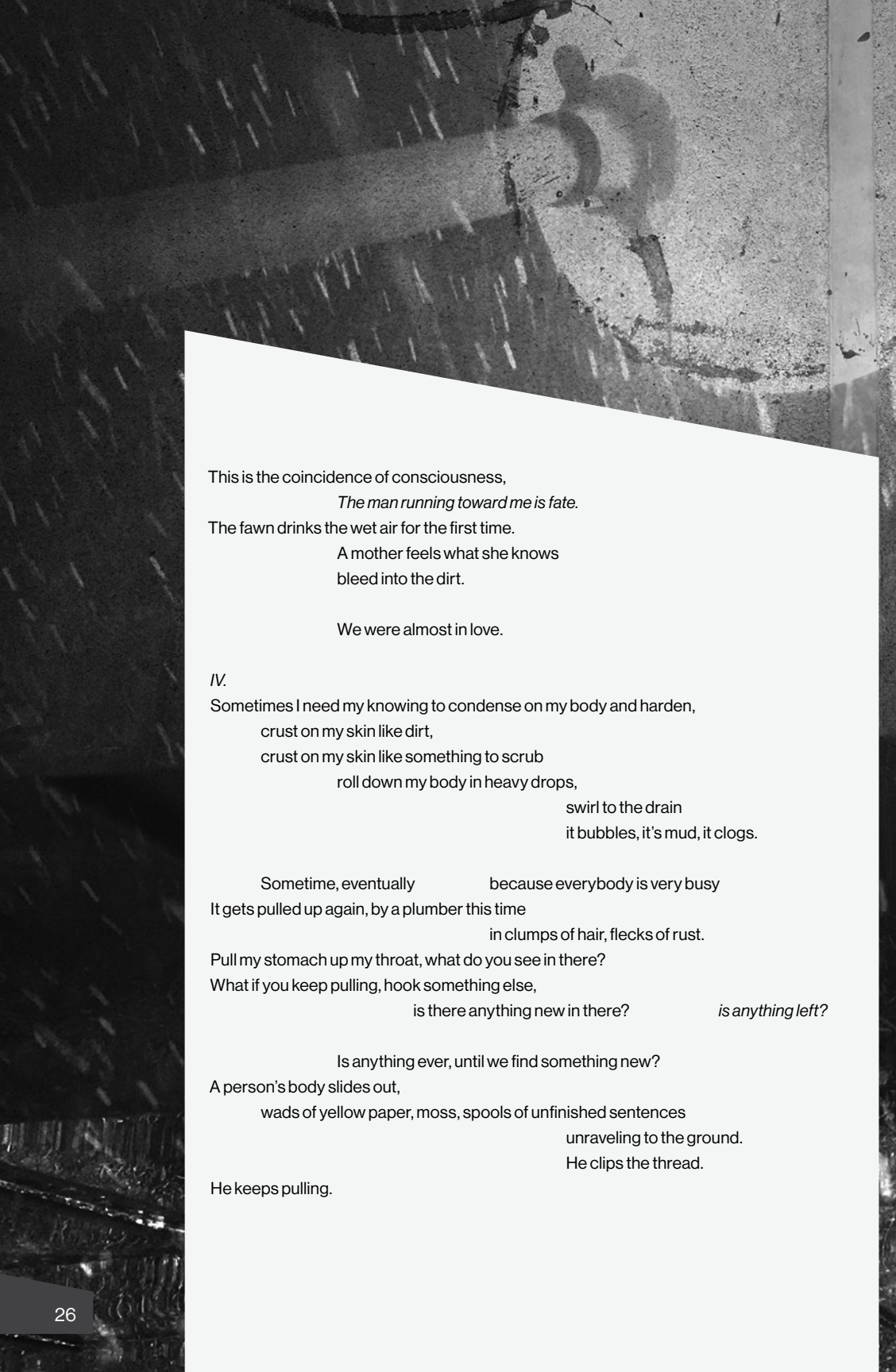
the first neon subtleties of fireflies.

Two hundred flickers of the moon

and a speckled child is born,

weak legged and drowsy;

it shivers in its mother's slime.



This is the coincidence of consciousness,
The man running toward me is fate.
The fawn drinks the wet air for the first time.
A mother feels what she knows
bleed into the dirt.

We were almost in love.

IV.

Sometimes I need my knowing to condense on my body and harden,
crust on my skin like dirt,
crust on my skin like something to scrub
roll down my body in heavy drops,
swirl to the drain
it bubbles, it's mud, it clogs.

Sometime, eventually because everybody is very busy
It gets pulled up again, by a plumber this time
in clumps of hair, flecks of rust.
Pull my stomach up my throat, what do you see in there?
What if you keep pulling, hook something else,
is there anything new in there? *is anything left?*

Is anything ever, until we find something new?
A person's body slides out,
wads of yellow paper, moss, spools of unfinished sentences
unraveling to the ground.
He clips the thread.
He keeps pulling.