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Rest

Maura Sands

Western Michigan University, maura.e.sands@wmich.edu

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Rest

I have never seen
 a Mourning Dove,
smooth grey feathers,
 soft coos in soft light.
I was born grounded,
 deep rooted teeth.
There's too much soil in my toes,
 Grass root in my head,
mud pouring out of my eyes.
I take so much comfort
 in darkness.