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Retraction

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Retraction

Marcus Wicker

The ring slides off her finger
like civil rights, VCRs, and history.
“do I” is stuffed into her mouth,
inhaled through her lungs, and forced from
her brain like perpetual yoga.
Crab-walking from
the sanctuary in slow
motion she slurs,
“?here doing I am What”
Rose petals ascend
from the floor, floating
through the aged air, falling
pitter patter back
on the bush.

A series of openings.

Church doors, car doors, eyes—
A tinted limo speeds south
towards darkening skies
and red lights turned green,
past Division, near Clear View, next to home.

A series of openings.

Car doors, worn doors, arms-
Humble astrologist views her
heart like constellations,
“.him marry to want don't You”
Her green eyes turn pink with passion,
“.to have I but, No”
They kiss for hours like
school kids under monkey bars,
never stopping to think straight,
only backwards.

She dashes from
the house
toe to heel, like a
mad woman.

An opening.

Her limo swings wide
she hops inside, foreclosing the door,
like bank accounts.
Traveling in reverse through a.m.
streets she reaches his lofty lake
house, carefully clamping
her wallet.

A series of openings.

Car doors, ornate doors, purse strings—
She grits her teeth in death
while speaking of life,
“?grand a have I can, Honey”

The smoke goes back in the slim
towards a pack in Virginia.
She vomits Vodka back in the glass
with juice and ice, frowns
like dice
gets fully dressed claiming,
“.stressed really I’m”

Her alarm clock rings,

mere moments before
her love struck husband
laid lost in la-la land
dreaming,
“If I should wake before I die,
marry me.”