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The Ocean is Sitting alone in a Chair in the Corner of a Nearly Empty Room

Jodi Hovey

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The Ocean is Sitting alone in a Chair in the Corner of a Nearly Empty Room

The vase, transparent blue and glowing
in the corner holding the lilies, stems

peaking out through the distorted window.
A caterpillar climbing a tree surrounded

by concrete, island paradise city just outside.
It's the smell of gravity, when the ocean

twists longingly, achingly for the source of her
hearts bursting pressure, as though someone

chiseled off the spells that held the artery
to the bottom of the heart. She had been

on the island so long only sand drips out,
a thumping hourglass. And from the corner

of her eye she sees them. Certain unnamed
angels are smirking nearby.

