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Though Now, You're All Becoming Implied

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THOUGH NOW, YOU'RE ALL BECOMING IMPLIED

Nathan C. Lipps

29

Constant in their place; a cracked violin and impressionist
On the wall, under the banner "This is home, let us now have peace."
This was where a man in clay browns stood waiting for his painted wife
To come down the white spindled stairs. They would be late for church,
Sneaking in the back and making quiet apologies
To those about them, all dressed in
Forceful consideration.

I can see her across the street walking down the sidewalk,
Down the hill, as I go up.
She wears her chastity in an oversized sweatshirt, hiding a
Heaven's worth of scented apple orchards. In no fathomable way
Can I cross over to her, where she walks down.
It is these moments that cause me tolerance toward smoke filled rooms
And unquestioning women
The darkness is not only a....., but also my marriage bed.

Now, you can go all the way to....., but you'll never find
That sweet aftertaste again.
In a ripe field the sky can lay down and become relative to the ground
And no one would know.
Here, we type without watching our fingers, only hearing the tap, tap, tap.
It is not faith; it is the apathetic plethora of an army practicing steps,
Morning to morning, in horizontal figure eights.

Then, a woman in a.....store found my stare amusing. Our toes
Finding each other in the cockerel's dawn, under light sheets and self denial.
I cannot tell her how frustrated
I am. How, were I truly a man I wouldn't be here; I wouldn't have learned her
Face only to soon forget it. But this is where I hang, in cognitive forests,
Perching among pirated thoughts, and gluttoning myself on memories,
On fleshed out images and notions of temperance.
The way is down and out right cracked and you'll need
A long handled shovel to reach me.