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Smooth Stones for Skipping

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Some soldier buddy
of yours over there
took a picture of a haji’s head
he held by its hairs
after the street bomb
near the pet shop.
That one time bird feathers snowed
for months, I wondered
if your rifle barrel stuffed
with tiny beaks
had a morning song.

I read all of your letters
in the bathtub, smudged
the words that didn’t suit you.
Held my breath so long
my hairs turned pewter under
the faucet, imagined not having a body.
Wet at the mirror,
I grew into my face, watched
your piano wire shorthand
crawling off the wet page
slide around my ring finger
and lace my warm neck.

We share a tent
now that you’re home,
kiss and drink whiskey, pouring
overhead. Once humidity
seeps through the zipper,
I head to the car to sleep
for the night.
You’re used to your sleep sack,
the romance of dark ground.