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Further Notes

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Further Notes

Every place I've been is ruled by a group
known as freedom fighters; there would be blood
like an overflowing sink
my unwashed dishes.

The old chair, olive
like the spot in your pocket and the jar
in your cupboard, is made of too many fibers
I only wish I could count.

I waited with you in a cell, a cell like those that scream
white with static.
I miss the flavor of my panic, the lactic
pursuit of one another, it is now always out of place.
Artificial light is the only thing that keeps us up at night
sometimes yellow and sometimes grey,
no matter the source.

A postcard in a womb,
stamped and addressed and without a message,
the face is blank (almost), the photograph
nothing to the recipient. My darling
is a cup; full but cold, a book not finished
but forgotten. Madness echoes

with the breathing
of our solitude, and I wonder
if sadness washes
over starlings as they covet darkness.