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Samhain City Fable

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SAMHAIN CITY FABLE

by Sean Stoto

Down Vine Street,
slushing through yellow
leaves, kicking through sticks
and stacks of broken glass
blanketed with jet stream.
Teary-eyed trumpets sound
through windows and doors and cracks
in concrete.

Nearby a life is sprung
from between the thighs of some
salt-wrung woman.

Nearby is a boy
jumping
in front of the bus
I just missed.