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Detroit Meijer

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DETROIT MEIJER

Lauren Hoepner

Let's always be here in your mother's house.
You leaning on kitchen counters,
me watching you lean,
and both of us dreaming of pale pink,
the way I think we must have done when we were babies.

Show me how you write your name
in sandwich crumbs on a paper plate,
and tell me that thing you told me once
about the smell of freshly cut grass
being a signal of distress.

Sit at this table with all fifty
of your grandmother's notepads,
laundry lists of things to do
before getting cancer.
She took everything but this table with her when she left.

That summer they built a Meijer in Detroit,
and everyone began to feel better about everything.
And inside your mother's house,
we watched the cars' headlights
moving across the walls of your old room.