

2017

Rest

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Recommended Citation

Sands, Maura (2017) "Rest," *The Laureate*: Vol. 16 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol16/iss1/18>

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Rest

I have never seen
 a Mourning Dove,
smooth grey feathers,
 soft coos in soft light.
I was born grounded,
 deep rooted teeth.
There's too much soil in my toes,
 Grass root in my head,
mud pouring out of my eyes.
I take so much comfort
 in darkness.