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Quietly, by the Water

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There’s a bed by Lake Michigan where the imprints of bodies, imprisoned by youth, remain untouchable:

bound to eternity like the casts of Pompeii,
like the smoke in the air, like running naked

against the waves to douse a burning in their lungs.
There’s a copy of Frost’s “Fire and Ice” tucked,

stereotypically, between the sheets or hidden
in the broken shadow of a faulty motel lamp.

Someone forgot to read it. Someone on the beach
is shivering and watching the water swallow the moon.

He has sand beneath his fingernails
and a hand on his leg that’s starting

to earn his trust, starting to make appearances
in the ash and papyrus kept secret in his pillowcase.

There’s a layer of dust preaching on the doorstep
of a darkened room, pretending to ignore drawn curtains,

deadbolt locks, the sound of the wind screaming
over the restless shoreline, There’s nothing here anymore.