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The Spaces Between

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Most days I think of myself
as failing. To reconcile this I say things
like leaves grow and die over and over—
the cycle I am running is my own and I find
consolation in that;
but after grease
popped out of a pan I was browning chicken in
and put a blank dot on my retina
I stopped looking so closely
at unimportant things. That helped
for a time,
but soon most things
seemed unimportant:
another night
out, a visit up the coast, sitting
snowed in with a book—
does this affect the way I love?
Sometimes I think I am not capable
and undeserving.
Sometimes
the hour is late and I think
of the past: like another life
I have died and lost
everyone
and myself:
a person familiar with a certain
arrangement of homes and the spaces

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The Spaces Between

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between them.

I have given up, left
myself behind.

Why is being
erased such an obsession?
How you die is not a matter
of how you lived.

Have you
been with someone who is sick
and waiting for death? What
did you talk about?