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258 French Hands

Emily W. Recchia

Western Michigan Univeristy

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EYE OVER WHITEHALL

Sarah E. Mead



She understood 9/11
fourteen years after the fact.
Heart swathed in rain boots,
dress catching arrows,
she sat on top of the Eiffel Tower
like a varicose weathervane.
Buildings shrank back
into their roots,
buoyed by black rubber bands
under a chalk moon.

Two stars laughed like coyotes
slouching toward Bethlehem.
The rest of the sky was silent.

Cattle disappeared from dry fields,
replaced by 258 French hands.
The skin gave way to boxes, to pulpits, to white

knuckles scraping against burnt air,
pulling up petals instead of weeds,
asking why this hurts,
why this happened,
will it thaw.

258 FRENCH HANDS

Emily W. Recchia