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Uncle Bob & Wooden Duck

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Are you at the bottom of a hole?  
Well you put yourself there.

Rock by rock the night is built,  
walls surrender to a hole of dove-gray sky,  
a sky that has too much to listen for  
to hear you.

What can we do with a hole like that?

Fill it in?

Bury myself in bed for three lightless days,  
bury my feet in dirt to imitate permanence,  
sink every pen in a swamp, the  
unsure earth swallows them from my memory,  
bury my fingernails relentlessly  
inside of you,  
to find water,    

Breath inside a casket, black water at the bottom of a well,  
smoke held in your chest  
until there’s nothing left to expel.