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## Rubbings

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## Rubbings

A cold day in November when leaves shake  
beneath a pale blue sky. Everything,  
a pale blue: amorphous maples from afar,  
seagulls swooping by, fog lying low. And me?  
Sitting at my desk contemplating death,  
its suddenness, its inevitability. A quick swipe  
of a knife. A loose brick. A sharp turn  
of a steering wheel.

Years ago, we made rubbings of tombstones,  
sketched below a white moon in cold wind  
imprinting names like Eleanor and Margaret.  
They could have been anyone. Librarian.  
Lunch lady. Mailman.

Lately people have told me the secret to life  
is counting the days left. I can see it now,  
everyone counting down like mission control  
before takeoff. But, Eleanor, there is another way.  
Eleanor, I know the secret to life: run like  
white moon fire, escape to calling wind, spoon  
fog and chase runaway kites, floating dandelion dust,  
until none is left.

*Tom Wisniewski*