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Flinging From the Pods of the Soul

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Flinging From the Pods of the Soul

-Maxine Kumin: Cento

How can you know I traveled here?
I am putting a dream in your head
A tongue of water
You, my gardener
I come calling with a carrot.

From some uncertain place
Breaking through gauze and violet gels
In which I sang, "Abide With Me."
I spoke to Him to save my soul.
Even the dead at sea have a special path to His bosom.

And he takes us all inside.
Here is a field that never lies fallow.
At night we will set our poems.
Another chapter
That engrosses them is February.

The morning I leave
I am going backward in a home movie.
This is the life I came with
Body, Old Paint, Old Partner—
A flinging from the pods of the soul.

Is that who I was?
The air rings like a bell
Called Mercy. He is calling His children in
And this is the celestial arrangement.
And we will live all in bliss.

O heart, we are
Angels from streets of gold.
Dear friend, last night I dreamed
Of this dream.
Calling to me and me crossing over.

Collection: Our Ground Time Here Will Be Brief

-Kathleen Gunton
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