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Untitled 3

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Untitled 3

It's a short step from winter and the bed

yet you can't hear its sheet narrow, become

the stream pouring from each stone fountain

and graveyard, can't touch her breasts

now that every handful turns to powder

smoothed over the way a motionless cloud

is tracked drop by drop –you count

backwards though every room in this place

is taking on water –what you hear

is the last drop falling through her arm

as a single word –Mickie! louder, louder

and you hold hands, go on drowning.

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