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Figure The Color Of The Wave She Watched

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EMILY HUNT

FIGURE THE COLOR OF THE WAVE SHE WATCHED

goodbye gone kin like water
gone half, first self,
where is that friend
who happened to smoke
the first beautiful sky
where are the hours
she filled to see sink
those hollow shapes made
by wind, goodbye
cleared history, swept steps,
goodbye what’s left
the weather, which leaves
slap and fret to explain
if only the weather
were how it was, the weather
has nothing to do, goodbye
lies I meant deeply

goodbye to each

flowering shock

ahead in the garden

the garden was paper

a plan

stabbed by trees and then

a stripped plot, goodbye

little war after war

a cold goodnight to

both ends of silence

did it begin, did I skate

past the omen, exquisite

caution my armor

I pretended to shed, dear

blank reply, radical portrait
hung on a cloud

girl with big shovel

inventing the flurry

oh lose me my snow