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## To Myself [2]

Bill Knott

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TO MYSELF

When we're always alone  
And when we're never alone  
We share our genitals  
With my penis you wage worlds  
To break the silence  
Of kisses strafing themselves in an open hayfield  
With your clitoris I reign over the snowy steppes  
2 hussars on a seesaw  
Duel for my favors

TO MYSELF

The way the world is not  
Astonished at you  
It doesn't blink a leaf  
Leads me to grop  
That beauty is natural, unremarkable  
And not to be spoken of  
Except in the course of things  
The course of singing and worksharing  
The course of squeezes and neighbors  
The course of you tying back your raving hair to go out  
And the course of course of me  
Astonished at you  
The way the world is not