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Morning

Lawrence Russ

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MORNING

I've been having such
thin dreams lately, like the knives',
like slits in paper.

Waking exhausted, I see
trees on the lawn
like nails
pounded in
to hold things in one piece

or arrows that fell
just missing the house.

SPELLS

You loved to feel
the fine hairs on my body
like delicate vines of dead ivy
covering walls.

You fingered them as carefully
as a thief
toying with a tiny lock.

You said living with me
was like living with a dead man.

But let's not lie about it.
We met, with secret intentions,
like spies, or sorcerors.
We both lost something,
we both took something away.