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Distance

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DISTANCE

All these problems are old ones: the rain
so many days of it now
of being away from your friends, the city you live in
the way its light falls, its rain.

Let's have it that there's a warp of one hour
between where you are and here

and suppose someone is *here*, almost half-way
using the year up like air, money
the work's going well, she knows a few people, a few
places to have a good time

say at midnight
they go to the graveyard, see its black angel, and
some thought of music, and brought wine, so:
to the stones, darkness, the stars and everything
under them. And tomorrow. That smear in the sky line
that's the sun coming around, whatever happens
it isn't news. There were others.
There was moss. A mat of needles
to lie on, bedrock, the salt flats.
And sand. There were seasons.
The worst of the ways of having a bad day
is this one. What if it happens again? take a breath
and again. Look at the gates. One more.
The marble babies. A pain like breathing. And
now? Oh! here's another, yes, the surprise of dying
we have no right to, so many days of it.