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Albert Goldbarth

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*Albert Goldbarth*

Morning. Today, on the planet, a rag-colored cat falls
into its Ninth life and huddles, just like a man in his Only,
shivering skin a little. It’s green out. The sun
unfolds like a Japanese fan. A tree will rise in spirit,
joyously, but first it needs the cut and the burning.
Somewhere today the two rings of a marriage stare like a
walleyed face in its opposite directions. Somewhere a little
happiness sparks from two chipped flints, where’s
tinder? quick! It’s blue out. A tree will rise in spirit.
A soul just needs: a wound; a mood: a hurt—then
there’s ascension, and long content. A factory
somewhere whistles and its shifts switch—or was it
a rooster over two rows of egg hens? Blonde aunt
in a cab. —Her roots, like those of the forest, are
darker. A phone, like a tree, will age in rings. It’s
amethyst out. There’s a soul, and there’s a peaceful place,
and there’s a mind; it only requires this small stab first,
a what-was-said-over-breakfast. The planet,
held in its equinoxes as if in tongs. The day, it’s
rose out, it’s manganese. A tree will go
to axe, to match, and so be released. There’s
good out, really. Believe me, it’s for the best. Today
a tree will fall. A marriage ages in rings. The
little ethereal survives, I know. A cherry. A wine.
Today on the planet: a border war; the poplars slicing
sun like French chefs at buttery leeks; a truck
overturned; a kiss and behind the car ten tin cans
dragged on strings like jangling phone communication
the newlyweds ignore; a tree, a noise, a calm stretch.
“If she said it often enough, it would have to
come true.” Just a cut, just a burn, the day’s
everything, then
the long content, I promise.