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## Storm

Agnes Nemes Nagy

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Hold on for your life! Whoever  
can't will rip away! I wish they would!  
Suffocating bodies, body piled on body,  
a moving heap of cadavers!

He dropped. The dust sifts, powders his mouth with a fine  
ash,  
the brakes cry out like knives,  
moon all around, the razor-sharp shadows of the grass,  
—staggering—the stomach writhes,  
alone, all alone, the hands open up, stretch out,  
what held together holds no more,  
the earth under the heart shudders, pumps in fits,  
and crumbles like a soft shore—

### STORM

A shirt is running on the meadow.  
In an equinoctial storm  
it escaped from the clothesline, and now  
it slumps-runs over the lush green grass  
a wounded soldier's bodiless  
choreography.

They're off and racing. The linens.  
Below the lightning's muzzle-blast  
an army's-worth of ultimate motion,  
they're running, the ensigns, the sheets,  
with an incomparable swishing  
sheared-off foresail, shred,  
in the ceaseless green field  
falling down, getting up,  
the very last linens of a mass grave  
flare up for show.

I step out, though motionless,  
I run out of my skin,  
by a mere shade a more diaphanous runner  
with stretched-out body after them, amongst them,  
and like a half-wit whose birds have flown off  
like an abandoned tree whose birds have flown off  
so, with extended arms, they are being called back—

Now they fall on their faces.  
And with a white-winged, sweeping motion  
the entire army rockets upward simultaneously  
they rocket upward like a motionless illustration  
they rocket upward like the resurrection of the body,  
an eternity born of water  
at the crack of a pistol.

After them nothing remains  
on the meadow, only a calling motion,  
and the grasses' dark-green color. Lake.

### THE GHOST

This was the table. Its surface, its legs.  
This was the cord. This was the lamp.  
And a tumbler was beside it. Here it is.  
This was the water. And I drank from this.

And I looked out the window.  
And I saw: the mist falling slantwise,  
a large heavenly willow trailing its boughs  
in the dark lake of the evening meadow,  
and I looked out the window,  
and I had eyes. And I had arms.

I live among chair-legs now.  
I'm knee-high to everything.  
Back then I shouldered into the place.  
And how many birds there were. How much space.  
As the petals of a wind-blown wreath  
of flame, shredded and streaming,  
were soaring, sputtering in swarms,  
and with one boom burst asunder,  
as a heart would crack asunder  
into bird fragments, would fly apart—  
this was the fire. This was the sky.

I'm leaving. I would touch the tiles of the floor  
over and over with my fingers, if I could.  
I'm a low draft on the road,  
drifting. I don't exist any more.