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Perdita's Sunday

Zona Teti

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PERDITA’S SUNDAY

Winds come down under the moon untouched in its water-veil.

The lower world of shutter and door shakes like a family tree, noisy as a whirl of dropped leaves.

Seeing deepens to a wound when you find how alone always you were, Family a heavy ghost to keep you in line but when you stretched a hand out to it, your fist went through.

Anger flutters like dead spirits in a tree. But you live. Your blood bathes the wound, that blood salted from the first sea, brine to eat deeper each time you see.

PERDITA IN THE BACK ROOM

Darkness comes to the door to show you what you have. Well-manured hurts. Roots firm as hate.

How can anyone find the sword with magic in its cut when this wood is so tangled, intricate as history?

One brush leaves blood in a string of beads more irritating than wool.