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When Rain Pulls the Wind off the Arno at Night

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and strands and loops of rain
pool on desk and floor.
Rain flaying the grapes, rain filling the mouths
of the dead so they stop their endless chatter.
Was I dreaming of my mother rinsing
my tangle of hair with a bowl of rainwater?
How do I lie here seven thousand years
from home? How are the mares? Where are
the six dumb guinea hens? All ride
the earth lightly, our limbs
a brief inflorescence. What did that refrain
mean, "cleft for me," rising perpendicular
from the white board church in Georgia? Bolts
spear the ground, crack along my backbone.
The road in is a river. All fuses are blown.
Shutters could twirl over the fields,
bolts peel off my body, leave me foreign,
clean stripped, electric.