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Untitled

Michael Morse

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Two Poems · *Michael Morse*

UNTITLED

That a body might sag with many weights
and buoy itself with the word,
although the word fails its captain
many a time and to/for no avail
we of the lesser rank do toil:
take a town called Agnes
with its fine people and subpar soil,
its metal gate and burnt red brick
with a clutch of blue gray lichen spin.
All night a mayor's words echoed in my head
and wanting this language myself
and others much like me
found the outskirts of Agnes
and I swear our clapping came like rain.
There were stairs past heavy doors
on shrill hinges and finally a window
looking out over a town,
still Agnes perhaps, all but lights
now and our eyes tracking out to lights end
where water lays a black tarp,
where captains look east and want,
out of the blue, their little red-red.