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# Chanson

Alicia Ostriker

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Two Poems · *Alicia Ostriker*

CHANSON

A hammer flies through the air

Toward  
The window.

Once, they waltzed.  
Once, the nightingale.

At her loom  
The white moon.

If the accountants  
Get at it, forget it.

An orchard like a brocade  
Partially shadows.

The edge, the  
Nothing, hunters and bugles.

Tiny brown  
Horses.

What a blow—morning sunlight  
Cuts streets in half.

Then the flowing petroleum river  
And ferries crossing her

Shiveringly burn.