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Plymouth

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Brian Young

PLYMOUTH

These trees are the wild and twisted red shades
of our lost daughters, limitless is the motion
above the graves, as the sky recoils for winter,
and the fluctuating afternoons beyond the unceasing
and perfect water, the remnant of sky where the crow chokes,
the fingering blackout that waits in the east,
and we aren't really here in these names
we've broken open, as the sky chews on your shining cherry,
and the god which is said to inhabit the hideous dream
of architecture, and the control box which is killing me,
it kills me when you breathe with me.