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Clippings

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George Angel

CLIPPINGS

Church is a word within a box.
Flower him.
Rain fingers evening clasps.
Hat dog mint and burning cars.
Sergeants, doors, treed Buttercup.
Unlikely fireflies, wheelbarrows' torn hands.
Lightleaves, crutch, leanto.
Bird, flower, three dead dogs.
Umbrella grasses bloom.
Bowl, floats, flowers.

When they found her body,
it was an afterthought.
Her mother would not die
and could not be expected to.

It was the walk from the church,
the vining.
Umbra flower,
grass in your mouth grows sour.

Paul, Paul, you seem to wander down
the raining halls
seaming scissors
well and all.
Wheelbarrow hidden
behind the garden wall.

I found her,
it was me.
She was hidden
by the trees.

One wonders and wondering sprouts.
Merely growing and yet devout.
Birds are never murmuring.
We infloress less and less.
Joy has left the lettered mud.
The toys are left for dull scuffed boys.