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The Lost Thing

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Gary Duehr

THE LOST THING

Somewhere a siren's crying its happy jolt
Over the last real day of summer. Soon this stickiness that jams
The air conditioner, the mower with its wad of leaves
Will dry up, and nothing will fall
From the trees' incomplete machinery. There is nothing anyone

Could possibly think of saying, that would not end
In anger. A pool player lifts his shirt to show the scar on his side
From Arizona, a thousand a hand and he won. It looks like
open-heart surgery
In the wrong place. The sky lays down its scalpel

Of blue heat and everyone flinches, reaches
For money or glass, something that stays in the hand.