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Slurred Words

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Taking cover in the closet
With my dark suspicions.
Two of her nightgowns brush my cheeks
As I stand trembling.

At the funeral, I thought I had much to say,
When in truth, I had nothing.
I was just one more crow
Trailing after the pallbearers.

This house is haunted,
Though I've never seen a ghost.
I don't count myself, of course,
Or their bare feet in bed.

Incubus, spreading his black wings
In the slow afternoon hours
And she writhing like a snake
At the end of his long stick.