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# Love for the Wrong Thing

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*Love for the Wrong Thing*

I sit on the part  
of a tumble of wall that splits  
this field of twigs  
from a Rhode Island of moist gray grass,  
and I think about the papers  
we buried in there, receipts  
for something, say candy cigarettes,  
electrical tape,  
a gift of superman band-aids.  
We meant, I guess, to dig  
them out one day,  
married and destroyed by our lives  
like our fathers,  
but tonight, I say those slips  
are lost, or I say  
they were swallowed by seagulls now crossing  
a harbor. Floating to Wickford,  
they are sacred as sea scrolls,  
naked as bone now,  
though we wrapped them  
in the packaging  
of whatever they proved we bought.