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Visitation

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VISITATION

DAVID MOOLTEN

When she sits with her palms to his through the slab
Glass of Frackville's maximum security wall,
They're dancing. When she turns her face, it's hours
They've fought. Here with him now, she afflicts
Each eternal minute she's not, an apparition
In lipstick, a sweater dress, he can't get
Out of his head. He yearns for the torture
Of intimate longing, her smile's merciless quiver,
Chitchat her voice sanctifies, the busted microwave,
Joey losing his job. If what exists fits
In a 12-by-12-foot cage, she exceeds it
With the miraculous ordinary. Here, where twenty years
Equals one night, a 7-Eleven in the rain,
The old man's wide eyes, she reverses time
Though she's fugitive herself, pure aberration
For the guards, their casual oaths, the gray
Sound-dead halls and the yard with its stone stares
And harder rules. She's shorthand for what's still good
In the world, everything about her
Semiotic, a sign. She passes unscathed
Through barbed wire and drug sniffing dogs,
Adit after clanging adit. If she could
Incline to him another second he'd be
Like this still. Frisked, permitted only
Her body properly covered, she smuggles in
His decency, takes it with her when she leaves.

205