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The Last Of The South

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THE LAST OF THE SOUTH

Back stayed the wheat, the composure of the orange tree, the gray-blue coverage of the olive. Back the agrarian arm nourished by lunar seeds and the grand river, the ancient snowstorm of the sacred drum.

They arrived like birds of circular memory, the blinded pupil in the conquerable galaxy, toward the black cloud and tin can paradise, up to the stabbing edge of the tear. They extended the line of exile and dreamed on many nights, along with certified victories, with radio programs and leaders and Sunday's demonstration return.

But they, the sons of the sediment and the tuna, knew of the fire and of the spinning needle and in secret fled the dark smoke that carried them to the stadiums in helpless pilgrimage, that beat them (intermittent gust of wind) in the great warehouse until—at a loss for bread—it impressed on their memory a song of mythic shipwrecks.

And in the nostalgia of attics, to the stereophonic rhythm of the dishwasher, without other petals than those

the plastic legislates, they saw, without flight, the horizon. And determined not to die of forget they asked themselves—fetishists always—when to light the oil lamp, the only ritual reference that could bring back the vegetable days.