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Figure The Color Of The Wave She Watched

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EMILY HUNT

FIGURE THE COLOR OF THE
WAVE SHE WATCHED

goodbye gone kin like water

gone half, first self,

where is that friend

who happened to smoke

the first beautiful sky

where are the hours

she filled to see sink

those hollow shapes made

by wind, goodbye

cleared history, swept steps,

goodbye what's left

the weather, which leaves

slap and fret to explain

if only the weather

were how it was, the weather

has nothing to do, goodbye

lies I meant deeply
goodbye to each
flowering shock
ahead in the garden
the garden was paper
a plan
stabbed by trees and then
a stripped plot, goodbye
little war after war
a cold goodnight to
both ends of silence
did it begin, did I skate
past the omen, exquisite
caution my armor
I pretended to shed, dear
blank reply, radical portrait

hung on a cloud
girl with big shovel
inventing the flurry
oh lose me my snow