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The Height of Winds

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JEFFREY ALLEN

The Height of Winds

My hands quiver inside my New Year's pockets.
My attention steers off to radishes.
It is not fun today.

The bulbs in the garden,
Much like the people's faces on the street,
Are smashed in.

The wind is up my pants again.
The city administers its absinthal lizard breath.
And before the dark tonight, I'm going to swear

The bluest blue from my barstool.
Cope with it, Sherlock. Dangle the most
Intrepid colors you've got.

I believe they designed me
Without an Ariadne's Thread: meaning,
I am the coming-up-short from every success.

Bump me walking in the park one day.
My eyes on the maze. The maze on my eyes.
"It's too cold!" you'll say. "Too cold," I'll cackle.