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Under a Rim of Shade

Katherine Kane

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It is October as I pray, the waterfowl are worried in their dear pear skin.

This morning I saw one floating wrong on the river and a strong dog swim.

Now my house-garage feels like a model of the first ark, God.

Let the animals in.
Let this be a good roof, a mainsail,

match me a soul on this trip if You will.
My woodstove in fall releases the same warmth
one occasionally feels standing near a horse.

You who see all can see the horse my friend carved by the door. I sometimes stand him in the grass, buffed and in two places cracked, but

his life is not so bad!
I keep having to go back to old lonelineses.

Teach me like the river how to glide in limber, living in the light there is.