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Going Public

Zona Teti

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That night of toads, of pine pushed by wind into the moon, was kinder than a night of you.

Leaving I took the butcher knife instead of money so you could not use it on me with its glitter quick as fan blades.

You were only a little soul.
A connoisseur of sore throats, you called me up and screamed I must return the knife by dinner, you could not cook with any other knife, helpless as an echo.

Reassurance was the weighty point as you sputtered like a lamp that you would not stab me with this knife, you had other knives that could cut me small as drizzle if you wanted.

My morning foot, shower-blanced, shows the pink-blue cut you gave me with a metal door you tore from a cabinet. I have been branded. I have been made property for life.