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The Prodigal

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**The Prodigal**

In the illness of surfeit, I’ve seen through the legerdemain of doctors, the placebos they’re forever pulling from their pockets. I long for sleep, that dark pharmacy with its shelves of empty bottles. Dawn hauls its ruddy load over the hill. Cars rasp along, antagonizing trees. One can’t escape the past; I know—I tried.

Hard to believe how soon these cups were drained. I would fain have eaten husks fit for swine. This split I’ve got down the middle prevents me from knowing myself. At least the tree leans against feels solid. When one gets close enough to anything, all one sees are lacunae. It’s good to see the holes, but not to fall through them, as I do now.

The willow droops its tenebrous crown at me. As though it told me so—how odious. Night, that obsidian satyr, has cantered off to other lands. All day I lie in pieces.

The pulchritude of angels leaves me cold; their world will never intersect with mine. This morning, I lost my way in seeking the scope of forests where branches stutter

in an arid wind’s locust-bearing gusts. Now a tattered No coils back on itself, a wastrel shroud scarring the horizon where clouds pile up like fatted calves on altars.