Poem

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Poem

All the more rare and wilder
   In storms of otherwise and then again fettered,
I feel my mind disfiguring itself as if it could not in any other way approach
   The withering, the frightened back of things, the buoyancy crushed. Today
   the fasting girl

Died. Four nurses were sent to watch over her
   But couldn’t cross to where she had installed within herself the darkest field.
Like someone watching trees, they couldn’t turn with her turnings. I wonder at
   that country
   She belonged to, the obligation of not, the eye-blur restlessly steering. It is
   December,

Almost dark at 3:00. They moistened her lips with water as the redness left,
   The skin of a white tiger. She had an air of the knights of chess about her.
Something bitter distills where we can’t see.
   It is hard to seize what is.