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The Red Is Fuschia

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The Red is Fuschia

The red is fuschia growing on the rock behind the grasses I call toothpicks, the other is fuschia too though it is orange, just another wave of the sun, I find a seat after moving two or three times, the bay on one side, the cleft tree on the other, all this to keep from dying, but my main job is keeping the sun out of my eyes, for this I lower my lids and hold my hand up to my forehead, it is hard being this close to a star, for which I wear a thick black shirt—a theory I have—carved lines in my forehead, waves sort of, a curved shadow across my head, a kind of brush stroke, fat at the neck just gone forever, the wind in the hair like lines of nobility, the lower lip about to speak; I have the proof in my hands.