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# Getting Out

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## GETTING OUT

I dusted off what was left from when the addicts  
Broke in, ghostly fingerprints enunciated  
With police powder, and I grabbed the cat, the one  
Witness to it all, but she wasn't talking, and  
I found a case for her, which I knew she would hate—  
It prevented her from looking back, turning to

Her salt lick, and I followed the shadowed figures  
That spoke little, goodness and mercy, out of the  
Canyons, onto the mud flats where cows munched, and the  
Clusters of plastic signs speckled hill skins like new  
Infected pimples. Even though the radio  
Signal had fizzled when the Turnpike climbed, I kept  
Hearing the old songs that had long anchored me there.

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I wondered if I would end incestuously  
In the new territory, out where the world had surely  
Ended, at least for me, breeding Amalekites  
Instead of chosen babies, if the Miracle-  
Gro vegetables I would plant now that I saw dirt,  
Plenty of it, would crunch carcinogenically.