

Poetry

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If I have complained I hope
these words blur together. In ways
that make us grieve. For the silent
crackling of the fireplace, pressed
lilies curling on the kitchen table.

This journey seems to be leftover
of waters pooling in remembered
landscapes. Bringing realization
not that this day does not exist but
that it exists without us. As if

this time, the blessing can arrive
early and with good intentions.
But the distances keep coming.
The stars are like that. Candles
chasing after dead air, white birds

with dry leaves in their beaks
left falling sometime after autumn.
You brush this dirt off and touch
your knees with a tenderness kept
for moments of chosen reminder.

And in the dawn you think you are
no closer except the clocks have stopped.
Now it is understandable to forget
what it was like to be wanted, held
close in the joy of expectant arrival.

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