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A LIGHT AS FORGOTTEN (TO US)

as gnats flitting in the tall grasses, bolster of the shallow ponds, low breezes
among the reeds in the forgotten land. starred aspen, starry, the opening
of the meadow: green with wisps looking upwards, reaching
for their place (when I’m gone, you’ll need a place to be, who comes
too close, who doesn’t know better), the flowers haven’t forced
their way up, to touch them, unkind torsos themselves upon the opened wood
white trunks, bare—as forgotten as the dried, curled leaf, folded into
a shell, curled in the middle, along the ends, folded over. it throws
into relief, it does: dark hummingbird among the small yellows, black-winged
butterfly in the light garden, helicopter churning above the (leaf meal) (bird
step) (grasses) blue-eyed grasses