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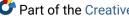
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After the Great Rain

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AFTER THE GREAT RAIN

We tried remembering about roots, mushrooms—all over the place, but which ones? leaves, feces, fire

made from damp wood. We breathed that smoke as if it would bring back the dead. Left emptied, our hands

fumbled for the braille on runes chiseled on rocks wedged like markers in crevices high above the water line.

You came for me in sleep prodding me with your stories: listen for crows when they reel from the branches

of crowned birch. Their calls lead you to hidden fields of berries just ripe. Cross with salamanders the long breast

of road in darkness. Gold stripes rippling down their backs turn incandescent, smouldering with the force of birth.

It may take everything you have to reach for that.—
Though I knew next morning we would not make it through.