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After Giving Me That Look

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AFTER GIVING ME THAT LOOK

The spring rain smells like hands
 rolling change, like
 a question bathing itself clean.

You want me to recall something—
 a bed of black blankets
 draping deep under the lake.

 Sweet Tits,
 there's not enough compassion in me.
 Maybe we can invent something else.
 I'd like it if moons could orbit my skull
 and remind me of the gravitational pull

of bodies. Consider another possibility:
 on the fence

 something
 could cross over and cry
 a monstrous cry and it could be a monster.

Why does it matter
 if we praise the adaptations we've made
 to live together?

Look closer Honey,
 all monsters are deer.