At Arm's Length

Ali Doerscher

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Affliction

it only staggers this dawn

I am waiting for the dew to break
over my fevers
there is more than one and now twenty
years passing under a foot fall I admit
I am young
inside this sad house but it is peripheral
the dawn I mean it is blossoming

and I see two of everything
the voice doubling as a forest the dawn
has already risen there
but water the fevers
one of them is tattooed on my ribs

it is 4am here it is still darkness here
there are some things that refuse to break
what did he tell you of the snowfinches I know
it is still summer but I've been preparing
I folded the sheets I stood up
they are pale birds typically fearless
they are simple repetitive songs and I am small
weathered the weather changing the light
suspended below the surface of the lake
the dew that trembles in the grass
and it is nearly fall what does he know
about tattoos about nests
the typical clutch is from 3 to 6 eggs

Doerscher
Apology

I would have liked to keep you
at a fair distance  I was not made a forest
by choice you know
  these kinds of things are accidents
but the dawn has already risen here

the simple repetitive songs
  cling so tightly to the body

and it’s all too far abstracted to be truth

it’s peripheral  it’s a fair distance
and there is more than one of everything