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Two Poems

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RAINY WHEN YOU'RE GONE

Early as rain I get up, walk into
its rooms. There is a figure down
by the water—merely someone, anyone.

Cold water in tracks on the ground,
that figure gone, the gray horizon
spun on a line to the next place—

you have joined the church of the tall
curtain, the pattering steady prayer,
the sky endlessly whispering to the world.

IT'S LIKE WYOMING

At sunset you have piled the empties and
come to the edge, where the wind kicks up
outside of town. A scatter of rain
rakes the desert. All this year's weather
whistles at once through the fence.

This land so wide, so gray, so still that
it carries you free—no one here need bother
except for their own breathing. You touch
a fencepost and the world steadies onward:
barbed wire, field, you, night.