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For The Unnamed

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FOR THE UNNAMED

Father of my child, the snow is lonely.
They aren't all born blue-eyed,
you alone are red beard and bone.

My womb's gone black with mourning.
I come to you. Listen:
the July moon in my belly wails unease,
your eyes and wine.

My thighs cough this small success.
He comes sudden, arms and legs
urine bathed, limp. It is morning.
The toilet flushes red.