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Facing West

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FACING WEST

In St. Ignatius the swallows hit
the dead-end of the sky
then turn on themselves. Indians
thanked the church long ago
and changed into trees. Boys are tired
of fishing and throw a dog off the bridge.

This loving is bothersome,
the dust of this town
sleeping in the clothes on a chair.
Twice a day you wash your hair
so you won't feel lonely, trusting
the faint wind at the window. Here
a moan all the way from the river
asks you out of town.

A girl takes her hand off and gives
it to you. You set it on the bed
and mumble. On the tip of every finger
are friends who never come to visit.
She puts all her fingers in your mouth,
they taste like trout
dropping their eggs
and making for the sea to die.