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The Possessed

W. M. Ransom

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THE POSSESSED

The quiet mouth of our darkness opens
like a stolen egg.
All the singing of the night fades inside.

The day is a thin gnaw of silence
stumbling early through the trees.
A close brush of leaves
prickles the quiet in an old crow's eye.

The swell of this day glows
under a warm red cavity of sky,
a babble of small tongues grows
and casts us spinning to our trances.