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Blaming the Heat

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BLAMING THE HEAT

Already tired of the irises, reading late, leaves, night no longer brings anything but the dog walking through the rooms. You always think it is something out there like the heat so bad this April so you blame it on no spring, imagine your pine has never scratched the window, pavement always dry, and then there is always: it is night that you think this way. At 3:37 you remember those numbers mean something, but morning’s such a long way off you cannot fully remember, because you only imagine the birds, people next door who went to sleep early and who still sleep. Their dreams include rain in the night. Now you blame it on fear. And that’s why when it rains twoards morning you remember you expected it for April, still awake, wishing you could blame something else, even yourself for trying to go back into a dream. But you haven’t.