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The Clams

Paula Jones

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THE CLAMS

They breathed like the eggs of birds,
a quiet and neighborly gift. That's what he thought
handing you forty across the porch by the kitchen.
They cleaned themselves like a river over rocks,
breathed sand to the bottom till their necks were a long clean tube.
You wanted to whistle when their bodies steamed open.
When your arms passed over them, like wings, they glowed,
this kettle of clams, the tender eyelids of the moon, opening.