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Topographic Gestures

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TOPOGRAPHIC GESTURES

KATIE MARSHALL

I.

I woke with a poem in my mouth
and mistook it for your fingertips.

Do you ever think of her fingertips
and the rushing, broken kingdoms
they built of your skin?

As if branches could forget
the feeling of falling
in love
with the ground
they die on.

II.

Green is
the color desperate.

The color
of a lifetime of summers spent
in love with you.

You wore a scarf of pine trees
the winter you finally realized
there was no chance
of anything blooming
after me.

III.

For once,
I lifted the hem
of my skirt

to relish the feeling
of the wind and the rain
instead of your hands.

IV.

There is a small floodgate,
located near the corner of my mouth,
where parts of me come rushing out.
Like a fire escape,
don't expect anything good
until the pressure is too much.

V.

I stopped apologizing to you
the day I learned
a rotting corpse
has the best ecosphere
for growing tulips
and tomato plants.