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Her Clues

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Her Clues

Gull tracks, hieroglyphs—her printed pages
lead and follow me:
lining the streets which choose
my steps, her phrases glow
like Jack-o'-lanterns, like street lights
glaring their slight pink on potential crime.
In my mind of minds she makes perfect sense
less and less and more and more.

With his fingertips, my child
makes a night sky happen,
the stars like grains of salt,
a chain reaction of lights
on the library computer screen.
Outside the plate glass windows,
rain falls straight down, in chords,
the repetition of some final word.

All afternoon rain comes down,
all afternoon my child plays with the sky,
choosing seasons, nebulae, constellations—
then a math game. Suddenly, the rain doesn't fall
and we go home through grass going up in a cheer,
whole stadiums of green blades rising at once
while her clues glisten in puddles:
you have lost, you have won, you are grass,

pavement, air through which everything flows
in its very own blindness.
You are a verb on a cup hook,
a lower case letter, a run-on sentence;
a covered wagon, a chariot, a toy car
parked in a tow-away zone. Take care,
for you are the language
scribbled on the bottled drifting note.