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Realm of the Hungry Ghosts

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Realm of the Hungry Ghosts

They tell you everything
grows in New Orleans.
Pythons slip from trees at night
in slow contractions like tides
moving through the river.
A native tongue is not spoken
only listened to and there is no sound
now, just a sputtering of streetlamps
and the insomniac nuns of St. Roch
hunched over their own intensities.
Away from the Quarter
the clicking hundred legs of a sax
someone fingers in the drizzle
without blowing.