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Seasonal

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Seasonal

Outside the dark bends over us.
Off the last thin plants,
the brown ears of corn dangle.
I listen for the northern geese
and think I can almost hear
the approaching cold snap.

Every night your white fingers clicking
the spoon on the white bowl.

Today when the blunt winds came
I went indoors. You found me
slicing pearl onions, tinier
and tinier until I knew
what it would be to cut through air.
You watched and said nothing.

Now they are above us,
the spread of hungry cries.

I feel their knotted sounds
in my throat. Braying, clucking,
all the yard animals are in me now,
raising their ecstatic, broken calls.
I hold my hands to the apron,
such disquiet in my ten fingers.

I could open them,
feathers lifted out of the marsh grass.

But they have passed now.
Your spoon makes its tic-tic.
How long have I been standing here?
I will hurry and fill the bowl
before you speak.
And yet, their long slim necks.

Victoria Nedel