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Godmother's Advice

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Godmother's Advice

Sweetheart, the world
and everything in it
and the backward spinning forward
while the chips fall and the blue fruit
consumes us: All

will be later and nothing, too,
where the branches blacken the trees
like winter and winter then suddenly spring:
The men will be angry, and
the blood clots, and
the gallstones

but don't cry: Listen
to the hum and the drum for omens--
for everything happens when we
are just about to relax, and the pigs
are snoring swinely in their pails:

Try to stay alive until you die.
Some night you will find yourself soon
singing in your car
on a street too far from where you live
and the radio on, and your eyes are tired:

Suddenly the street is a river of ice
and you are spinning in both lanes and learning
these simple laws of physics:
All the trees grow in the path of the wind
for a reason, and a billiard ball will roll

at the exact speed of the ball
that hits it from behind: The click
and spin of balls in the dark
and a truck whirls to you like a scream
and the windshield will kiss you

and laughter, and clapping. Remember:
The world is vulgar and everything in it:
The sweet of the melon
and the meat pie steam of being alive.
You will be crying

for just a bit more of that: The clock
will rant in the waiting room
while the pallbearer stumbles in his shoes
and you will be stunned
and stillborn into the street.

Laura Kasischke