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Misericordiae

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MISERICORDIAE

In the land of name days, each one stands as straight as the line is drawn that makes it. Each one casts a narrow shadow. Sleet, sleet. I am looking for my gift. I cannot believe they dared to hide it here. I feel much like the first hitchhiker. The smell of gas comes from a shedding palm, and I worry that something will explode. Someone I knew once wrote, "The opaque blue of the winter sky," and upon writing those words, he became the empty saucepan I see on the horizon, speechless, while I was granted infinite licence. In a place where gratitude is too strong a word, I feel I may already have stayed too long, may be walking downwards, downwards, into the water that turns the wheel, turns the wheel that powers the windmill, powers the mill that lights the lamp, lights the lamp that lights the page, the page of he who writes me through another season, another season lost, so lost, so blue.