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As If Looking Out from Inside a Strong Wind

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AS IF LOOKING OUT FROM INSIDE A STRONG WIND

There ought to be a way
 back in, air-holes, a book of codes
& signals — or they ought
 to drive a rail-spike

someplace vital, bind
 the hands & ankles. You're
wobbling over a point
 on a line, a rupture

in the sequence meant
 to end an important
event — but the rupture keeps
 finding methods of

mending itself, renewing its
 circumstances in the drive to learn
what it stands for. Until now
 survival was legible

only in sacrifice: you
 had to expect to witness
the burial, but it
 wasn't bad. Those were

your own hands
 blooming from the ground.
The mood was grand
 suspicion proved

in the neatness of vanishing. So many
 people say their first
erotic understanding happened
 in the attic & they didn't

see a thing. Do you
 think it was a spook,
or something from your own
 body coming

back to you? I knew
 this other woman — this
is different — who said she saw two
 loose heads rolling

toward her on the blanket.
 They spoke a strange
language which was actually
 this language, speeded up.

I wonder what you're made to remember, finally.
 She built windmills, &
there were awful splinters in the soft
 parts of her hands.