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Yak

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YAK

Led to a bridge
that fails to hold,
down I go,

never to know
your hand
again. Falling,

my horn's
a letter in air,
a turning

prayer wheel.
Tell me, master,
of trees

I've never seen,
of what the wind does
to leaves

and everything
born. The sun bathes
the snow, and you

cannot help.
I feel the cold
splash

of the blue lake.
Your sacks of salt
drag me under.