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## Dead Major

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**DEAR MAJOR,**

These  
are the  
days of  
memory.  
Rain  
filtering  
through  
someone's  
glass  
slipper,  
the mouth  
of a  
bird  
packed with  
dirt, its  
heart's  
throb  
in my  
hand, the  
sun  
wakening  
by the hour,  
the children  
painting themselves  
with mud, the  
wild eye  
I give you.

**DEAR MAJOR,**

In the row of  
houses set back  
from the road  
in my dream  
is a fan, each,  
an almost empty  
bottle  
that learns to sing.  
I think of it,  
my aching arms  
and mouth, from  
clenching  
in my sleep, a  
five-lane ramp,  
an iceberg, bridge,  
island submerged,  
wide open boat, when  
thinking about  
what I would  
write to everyone,  
to you.