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## [The Sad Russian Masters Are Sad No More]

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# Adam Clay

## [THE SAD RUSSIAN MASTERS ARE SAD NO MORE]

The sad Russian Masters are sad no more.

All the clouds in the sky turned out to be dust,  
but it meant nothing in this elaborate field of memory.

How many tears of joy we will allow the Masters? Mud  
to last a lifetime. Mud to soften the step.

This elaborate field offers no air for breathing,  
but I like the taste of ash, waiting here  
at the brass doorway to this tired expanse.