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Finale

Emily Rosko

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Finale

There was a plan for exit, it was called:
“Swan Song of the Rock in the Sling.”
“Adieu,” said the girl from her riverbed;
“So long,” chimed the duo of clowns.
Somewhere the clink of a leaking faucet, outside
a Niagara of thick summer air. The show unraveled
as a series of head-scratches, capped with a punch
that soured in age. I was geared for applause
and promotion; you took to the boot,
the toad, and the fawn. Modesty’s its own
advertisement, the free-for-all a false doubling
with us locked at the knee. I decked the lawn
with a gauze of finery; you set springs
to catch woodcocks. I gave a jab, you a snip,
I a dig, you a fib. We stood cheek to cheek
amidst the foliage of our misdeeds. On the plains
a cracking open, on the homefront the newly blasted
territories divvied up for greed. From then on,
the gold wore teethmarks; from then on, the coal
smoked the trees. We felt the demotion
as rubble; we backfill, we sediment. An avalanche,
the final curtain. We look to learn, we went forward as one.