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At the Museum of the Civil War Soldier

Michael Peterson

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At the Museum of the Civil War Soldier

Now closed.

The eye become a globe.

The lid becomes the splinter by its flight and all the head rehearsing our last summer,
ringing.

Now closed, locked down earthworks shake by my direction.

I mould and prime

I right myself toward abatis, I fidget in my uniform and justify the time of travel,
wind and send and arc and interstate to you,
unraveling housebound by a river.

•

The last evergreens shiver as if to mean the last momentary bareness of a moment
meaning –

a tourist en route, on selfless course outside the bounds and kept year by year from union,
I must believe

a copse will be cleaned from canopy to ground,
all things will clear by register of round
of my eye, bore through muzzle.