

CutBank

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Peter Richards

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PETER RICHARDS

People open to combing seem truly ventilated
and closing their eyes it usually happens
the fears combs have of people are barely real
though often they evolve as fears and seem
dependent on unhappy campaigns of punishment
when a comb denied the rights of command gets
held in a manner inconsistent with the wishing
combs are just normal people in the atmosphere
raking the air for air cannot say it gentle enough

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PETER RICHARDS

The slope here is gradual
and orange
the living aspect a living vault
still the salt of so many others
made it confusing what happens
at any moment
what glare pulsing as spears
through slots in the wood
the horses
on their coats I promise
never to take one for myself
folding her behind my cuirass
all warmth all reflection and on
my heart a great love for the book
for it might change Julia
into an island capable of holding
as many ships as she can
until she herself is the island's
freed ringlet of ships

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PETER RICHARDS

The halls for the most part
held grasses from way back
and on the walls open fields
without hedges thickest
to the southeast and orchards
so the intakes occur
year round by strings of solitary
observers all moving at a time
the waterways arable and clean
and yet that nightingale taste

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PETER RICHARDS

The music onboard sickens at night
this from me who can see music planting
a skull along all the cow paths lining Helsinki
the royal palms there draw water by first
considering the forecast how much the others
might drink then there's the washing all those
newcomers most likely they won't ever find its
one cathedral you enter by wetting your finger