Spring 2011

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WHY THE INLAND PEOPLE CALL SOME KINDS OF WATER KILL

AFTER HEATHER McHUGH

This is the beauty of it.

There is nothing in the drawing room
to suggest my dreams unhinging
tiny red doors
to allow the house to breathe.

Not moths scraping oars across the screen.

Not barred owls demanding, who cooks for you.

Alone,
I find that cold spring’s copper spigot.
I drink two palms of water.

For what it’s worth, what people call kill
is where I was
looking for was,

one hole to lower myself into.