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Hunting

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HUNTING

The first one you followed that night
walked to your door instead of the bed

at the day's ragged edge. The second
you saw propped up at the truck stop,

fingers broken. The last one sketched a
constellation and wept there, his moon

was his heavy head. You watched quietly
from his closet since you weren't invited in.

But the trees had asked to be burned
open. Their pulp, you could make a home

in it & since all their needles spelled your name
you could stop trying to take someone else's.