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The Currant

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THE CURRANT

Now come the thought of a blood-filled bell.
 Now come a rude well of air; mineral blush on the prairie.
 Now come the bat, flown scrap of patience, slung through
 my door for light, destructive as a small god. We're deep with small
 accidents. The hand I adore
 flies through a closed window for love. Not for me
 are pale candles pooled on the floors of the carnival gourds.
 Not for anybody could a clean shape burn through them.
 Frost clocks the sky. One forecast, quiet as the gray pearl
 of a pigeon's breast, descends to a wire fence and grows
 fat for our hurts. One forecast gleams, but a flock of them is
 as common as weapons we took to ourselves and had
 taken to us. What hour can we ask to shepherd us in, so thin,
 clownish with a scar and others? We who dream the freak
 currants of November, dream the high tides,
 the final map of a body lost at last, touch them and go
 blind as the chain-link eyes of the fence. The hand
 I adore wades through the red, raptured currants.
 I dream I will never shut my eyes again, and this time
 I can see it. I heard a bell through blood.