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My girl tells me the droning in the sky
is the sound of our canted planet turning
on its ancient axis, and she thinks our heart is pupate,
maybe three eons from flight. I’m afraid of both:
carrying to term; carrying interminably.
Now it’s October, my last asters and tattered

cosmos drape over the rim, slant
away from their vase, their stems,
a galaxy
of axes.