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Gwendolyn

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GWENDOLYN

In this dream, I'm sitting in the train station at York or Harrogate or some such place holed up in Costa for an impromptu picnic eating those raspberry biscuits they sell each spring, it's a rain and crumbles kind of day—conductors conducting, passengers passing—and all the while I'm reading some treatise on the state of the pound and trying to ignore how each person's bag falls open spilling out ratty socks and dull razors, lost keys and long-forgotten hair barrettes, tea-stained magazines and wrinkled letters lost to the bottom of bags now sprung open and dusting their contents down the platforms, and that's when I see you through the crowd wearing that dress you loved, the one I said looked like a pile of weeds uprooted, the green one you remember and the day you wore it, the picnic when you took off your mackintosh and we set ourselves down, never mind it was hunting season, and we laughed at the danger and we laughed at the squish of the ground and we laughed under the rain-washed ribbons and my hands undid your hair and sunk your hips into the loam-soft ground and it was our grand picnic until the shot and the doe who ran through the meadow blood smeared down her haunches and the doe is you and the doe is me and the doe is everyone running to catch a train and you are everyone running to catch a train and as you leave the station I see you moving away your bangs stuck to your forehead, sweating and ready to bolt.