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In the Occult

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REBECCA LEHMANN

IN THE OCCULT

In the numbers' rise, a fury.
In the onion, raw and chopped to ward
off illness. In the wasp's nest, a pile
of dead ants to ward off parasites.
In the divine, the occult, a bloodful
desire to control the uncontrollable.
Bloodlessly I whispered in the face
of dawn, my feet slapping
the paved trail. In the catchall canyon
of dawn. In the markless void,
inky and filled with loose cats
whose hearts are filled with vengeance
who claw the ankles of coughing children.
In the ventilator's mechanical breath
and pause, breath and pause, we paused
and sighed, we placed our palms
flat against a window, and there was dawn
a cavern, and there was dawn a red
paint drawing on a cave wall, a red handprint
on a doctor's yawning memory. And there
was dawn sashaying and sashed, slashed.
And there was dawn, just dawn.
And the window, just a window,
no charmed shield. No. No.