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Arthur Rimbaud

Terry Nathan

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ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Huts are fashioned
with rhubarb to the ground,
the air dizzy with bees.
Along the rain forest
ants loosen the earth
and tunnel deep for loneliness.

The fever explores
your thigh; women
are nursing invalids
from this hot country.
(In delirium, the expedition
through the Alps, a boat
to Africa. Sails quarrel
with the wind.)

You lie in a hammock
breathing the cotton soaked sweat.
Slaves dance naked through trees.
You imagine
the eye of a panther
skinned to death by flowers.