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Bipolar Sunshine

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the day has its daily breakdown

    as darkness brushes
sideways from the base of a cloud

    something natural
in the way she kisses my hand
while little tremors of electricity
organize a rainbow

something contrived in the way
she approaches my mouth

    as if she’s looking into the pool
realizing what was blue turned black
as it got deeper

    she says the same thing
    every afternoon it rains

but I’m tired of hearing the body
is mostly water

    tired of the spilling narrative
evaporating as the clouds break

but she was on to something

when she said everything
would to purge eventually

so we watched men gone stupid
with color

collecting branches from a gray pool
for a moment the expectation

of pretty & pleasantry
hardly existed

& therefore might have been possible

tonight might be okay
    after all