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Here My Side

Those who talk will declare silence he says

you're the first man now
now you see those birds
up there is joy to be had
in what they are doing
we have maxed out
physical iterations one
after the other two copies
of moments of speech.

All that remains of me is a man who is cold and again I witness raindrops the rain, the house could shield us from the rain and the lightning should it strike and flame flares up like a nave embers as someone's voice out of a burning bush.

I carry myself in a rush of words. Hollow shell and bewilderment. No fellow human heaves at light drinks a tincture of I am enflames under outstretched wings against the turning metal fan.
Just a minute now
of small denominations.

I am no longer sure where I was when
I was carried into prayer
then let go to vibrate
the purple air of dusk
into my hands cupped and waiting.
From across the field a word
rested here before going
into fellowship
and when I walk home
it is my own
voice touching the world.