

## Poetry

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The sky goes on living it goes  
onto dusk that cannot see nor  
cares to see. An expression held  
steady, as if the recollection of  
regret preceded the event itself.

A scene begins, in the spilled blue  
peeking over incandescent  
towers of glass made smooth  
by the moon and you  
offering a vision to bring this

whole thing into focus. The dust  
has settled and the flowers cut  
after first bloom. Left wreathed  
in unfinished pattern, and never  
named because it is dark and you

are hungry. Some day it will rain  
and you will miss home despite  
whistling that old tune. Without  
notice, directions abandon your feet  
and on the far side of the hills

we will be waiting. And when it  
is too late you will start again with  
nothing in your pockets except  
hands and a warmth that kindles  
from the memory of separation.