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Knowing the Place

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KNOWING THE PLACE

The doorbell rings and crows fly into the room. Fresh mud between their teeth, live worms edging their jaws. I could draw you grasses with long winds, take this chalk and make it talk behind your back. We make shadow puppets with words, forget our mouths drunk and flawed. Our fingers rise and fall at different times to imitate the swooping motion of birds. Kiss me. Or better yet shut the shade, move your hands across the screen, one following the other. Everywhere the panel of touch is in its opposite rhythm. Howls appear backwards on the wall, scratch at our ears, making our mouths impossible to close. In trying to make the right kind of light we accidentally invent new poses of our own. Swagger & leap from the ground neighing, our nostrils snorting with the memory of such an animal.