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You are an airport, I am soap

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IV. Her Interest Shifts

Centripetal,
Her love swirls to generations' far edge,
Names & faces blurred

Twilight blue-gray.
The hard monocular focus of sex—
How simple it was,

“his” smile (rather
his chipped front tooth), that lank lock of hair so
supplicant, cocky,

the folds, the smells,
one dirty knucklesome finger able
to pick her tight locks—

give way to heat
for the sweet skin of children and children's
children. No fools,

they're right to be
afraid of the dirty old woman. She'd
eat them if she could.

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For LAx from LUx

Snow, sun, sky.
Reduced to elementals.
A cross, the moon, a tree,
intensify the pain.

*Sometimes people are aided
into erasure.*

Like the bluebells at
Brockhole, hybridised out of
existence. That blue, that
rippling, coalescing indigo
skin, never to be seen
again.

*From the terrace the lake was
dark and inviting.*

Staring at black tulips,
chilled in yew shadows,
conjuring the green-brown
taffeta of old ball gowns.

Looking into the heart
of the night,
the silence,
with stars on my toes.

In the predawn kitchen old embers
flared once more. Possibilities
whispered through plastic bags snared
in the branches of the ash tree.

Cold grey cinders stirred, shifted,
chuckled to themselves. The smell of
burned out candles lay heavy on the air.

*How could we have known that the ash tree
was already dead?*

Finality terrifies.
In conclusion, that
is all we have.
All we ever were.

The soap will slowly
wash away. The airport
blinks on into fading night.