

In the morning . . .

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I wish that I were anywhere but here,

lying on my bed

beside her: my exquisite enemy.

For now, I'm content

to harmonize my sighs

with the peal of ice

against the empty glass.

But the sun warns me

that dawn is crouching outside my window

like a killer;

I wait for the death blow â

the spill of bright blood across

a landscape of winter indifference â

and I measure

another measure of insentience

and dare myself

to lift the pen,

pierce her belly

and let twilight spill out again.

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