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¹⁰⁻¹⁸⁻²⁰¹¹ The Black Rose

Liz Stinson

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Liz Stinson

The Black Rose

Grand Rapids, MI

The beasts were chained together gray leather legs and sides cracked with weight and time

a memorial march, a mourning march —slow moving, a silent train

walking back-to-trunk tails in mouths on a barren Sunday street.

> In our low tent in the middle of the woods I lay on you and thought of another

I couldn't breathe was collapsing in that nowhere.

Through dark windows of the pub we saw Barnum & Bailey, tent down, stakes up lead the saddest most beautiful parade and it almost brought me back.

But I go crazy in the fall snapping branches kicking-up leaves.