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When I'm Talking about Reality and the Bees Keep Buzzing

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When I'm Talking About Reality and the Bees Keep Buzzing

we take our shirts off, feel inside for the weight of somebody's breath, notice

how empty full hands are.

electricity scatters the mauve veins of ancestors, and people wonder why

they only come at night,

why they haven't told us the secrets of the deer,

why we haven't stopped lying to our reflections about the things we want. i want the light the moth craves above a violet ocean,

the cooing innocence of matter.