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Cinqueterre

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ALEXANDRA LIEBENOW

Cinqueterre

I want to grow my hair out and, flying, swirling, swishing, swooshing, sweeping me up, let it take me back to the terraced earth whose five-fingered hand touches ocean.

I want long hair and shaking it slyly, finding croutons in my salad, mushrooms, a cup of wine—
I want to taste herbs and minerals.

Sandals on smooth stones lake like clouded crystals, at the edge of the water I awaken echoes.

Picnic, lipstick, sprinting down the dock—jump in, frantic fish swimming at my feet like actors gesturing around their lines

Pines, and mayonnaise sandwiches, hiking, the ruffles of my skirt dancing—locks of my love moving in the wind.

Papers, the boatmen lounging, reading, speaking in Italian, love letters blowing away with afternoon towards dusky evening.

Planted napkins in packed dirt, hide the evidence, walk away—back to conundrums and corporate working zones

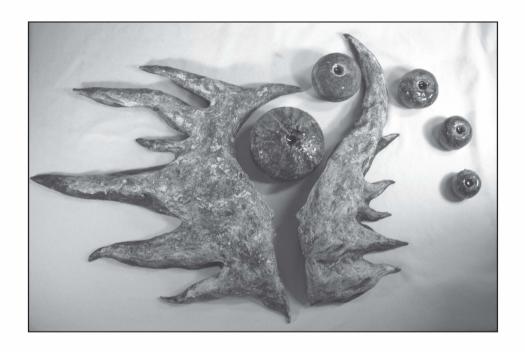
no afternoon pauses for sleep, nor new food savored by the delighted palate forgetting the glory of the infancy of moment.

We returned, we regressed, to living in white boxes, wishing for longer linens to throw on the closet's mess, wasting away in later lingering lulling events

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Maybe in one wishing, swirling remembrance of drinking in the moment like a shot of pure gin—

we won't let plump pears shrivel in the June heat, but will unwrap these gifts, juice on our chins and we will revel in it.



Yesica Moran *My Universe*Ceramic and glazes