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Inertia and What Emerges

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INERTIA AND WHAT EMERGES

Like a man married so many years he fears single beds broods in twilight watches curtains dampen with rain

window gaping and mute cigarette hissing he wants the touch of something impeccable from his past

he wants the feel of a rake in his hand scent of smoldering leaves his wife crossing the yard from shade to sun

the afternoon beneficent and still his wife lacing woolen arms behind his neck smelling of soil, talc, perspiration the aromas of his plausible life

He feels the hollowness begin at dusk another bad imitation of home lovers embracing beneath his window so enamored of the generous world

he wants to bang the window and warn them sees his marriage dissolve in each tender weaving of limbs throws every switch he can find

lights, television, microwave feeds ice cubes to his blender just for the noise finally throws up his hands

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having known all along the limits of brute faith and bombast slams the apartment door behind him taking three stairs at a time to

street level where he pauses to breathe sees a woman crossing the street from shade to sun gust of wind lifting her hair

who takes him by surprise and smiles for no reason, like a man married so many years he can surrender his wife to the world

and blame no one like a man who believes for this moment stepping through the doorway there is grace and vision and in his life.