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Lights Out

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LIGHTS OUT.

The fuse box

is a medicine-bank, an ark

of home remedies.

The buttons crumble like

aspirin, taste like tonic

water washed down with

lime. I feel altogether

brisk, bundled in nerves

that won't quiet-

it's a question of pacing and

I'm having trouble

with your protons. Our bodies

blink like traffic

lights. Green for go. Red

to stop. Yellow,

I forget.