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SB

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Michael Palmer

SB

So a seed or syllable pitched into the well
disturbs the cloud-form, tears

the image from the bone. And so our weathers
ink themselves together,

dorsal crests and billows missewn
for a cloak. And you say,

Gaze of a breeze, empty sleeve.
You say, It has begun, has started

to begin, a little like mist.
And Mr. Dust (Street of Bees) insists

that there were hours, apples and stones,
terms of a circle marking what?

And coins grown dark, dogs
and cats against the factory walls,

tiny islands of gelatin light,
a dim go and all gone,

our thens to void the sunken head,
hands and the voiceless rest,

equal plod equal ground,
measured step by step.