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Sibling

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SIBLING

I had long hair, squat tail, and fins.

I spent warm summers by the beach up in Maine, I picked Plump drupelings and I split their skins, funny how You think you are a crow

Then are shown your original body Then your head's pleated scheme Then all your bestial loss.

I am the receder of ponds, I stand still at the main frent
A darker mesh misleafing in the reeds: silica shreds
Are you ready, bristled Oh all with purpose
From the neck down: Equisetum are you merely willing...

And the pool grows shallow in the spring as a *yellow bowel* & as light *wandered the double eye-did*Septate too, in all the living strings, grew then into a strange delay:

Weren't they bright All knocking at the wrong time?