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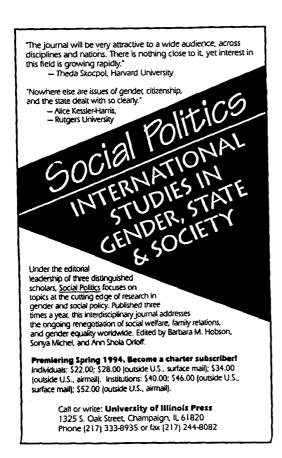
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MARG YEO

pour all over you like rain

when i get my
arms about you when i
fold you and hold
you right up tight and you are kissing my
earlobe of the back of my
neck in a discrete and
neighbourly sort of spirit and my knees
buckle a bit and my heart's going
whump whump and kicking
my breath out

what can i

say

don't

do this to me maybe just for a few minutes while i learn to stop grieving and get back to being in here and alive

what's in

me is so much love and no place to put it so much love no one could stand up under if i were handing it out i keep hold of myself

and still our eyes
meet over the table and right
away my heart's off
again with me just rag
tagging along after it it's a kind of
disco beat a little
latin i wish for
you i could be twenty
one again and relatively
harmless but i'm forty
five and think when a car backfires in the next
street they're killing
children my hands are so
angry they would talk to you in
flames

Marg Yeo has published six volumes of poetry. Her most recent collection, Getting Wise, was published by gynergy books in 1990.