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## With Eyes Closed

Michael Morse  
*NSU University School*

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# WITH EYES CLOSED

MICHAEL MORSE

With eyes closed  
He ran.  
The Machine prodding, pushing,  
and pulling him  
Until he sat up  
Propped up one day  
On that smooth, worn Mississippi bench

Shot up, cut up, set up like a cheap thriller  
Mouth ajar  
With eyes closed he did arrive

It felt, it did feel good  
The heavy robe, the crisp power  
That were and were not his  
To lease, to own, to buy, to borrow

The rumble of radio  
Clips the soft night air  
As he drives on past the courthouse  
Past the cotton fields  
Where he once played as a boy –

The smell stale with regret and dark coffee.