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She whispered to the moon

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She whispered to the moon

Her long hair still dark, and her face gray, she walks.

Bare feet

sliding past

broken twigs and fallen pine needles until the trees drop

away

leaving her with the river and the bouncing moon in the current.

There are wolves in the forest Behind her.

but their howls have stopped. There are eel in the river,

but none graze her toes,
which calmly let the current
pull at them with the cold.

She listens to a tree frog

call out

against the constant screech
of cicadas,
and remembers how cruel
the sound was
when she was eight.
when the only thing that
broke
the pulsating whine
of the summer was the

crack

of a bottle against the wall.

And as the brown glass shattered, she walked.

Bare feet

sliding past fallen shards until the door closed behind her and her father's voice

gave

way

to the cicadas.