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## Augur

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### Description

This poem sketches a character listening for the voice of someone she's lost through her radio.

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# AUGUR

*Rachel Rathbun*

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Through a glass sharply  
she dwells in  
scarred chiaroscuro,  
rendered golden in her  
dying candle's light.

Breath swells with static,  
lulled by the rise and ebb  
of a broken radio's whine.

Broken: she cannot reach you here.

Fingers impressed by  
cold brass as the knobs turn gently,  
searching out the gap to light your way  
back homeward.

She spends her witching hours in  
this minute dance,  
in fits of ghosting voices,  
hollow horns, the hum and brush of  
strings in harmony dimming,  
swallowed in the static sum.

Do you hear her long  
transmission vigil, you  
beyond frequencies' reach,  
who live on through her  
restless searches in caesuras?

There are no dreams for you when  
her bleary eyes find mercy  
in a softer somnolence and  
no one listens for your voice.