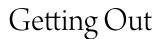
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GETTING OUT

I dusted off what was left from when the addicts Broke in, ghostly fingerprints enunciated With police powder, and I grabbed the cat, the one Witness to it all, but she wasn't talking, and I found a case for her, which I knew she would hate— It prevented her from looking back, turning to

Her salt lick, and I followed the shadowed figures That spoke little, goodness and mercy, out of the Canyons, onto the mud flats where cows munched, and the Clusters of plastic signs speckled hill skins like new Infected pimples. Even though the radio Signal had fizzled when the Turnpike climbed, I kept Hearing the old songs that had long anchored me there.

I wondered if I would end incestuously In the new territory, out where the world had surely Ended, at least for me, breeding Amalekites Instead of chosen babies, if the Miracle-Gro vegetables I would plant now that I saw dirt, Plenty of it, would crunch carcinogenically.