

Masthead Logo

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Dispatch

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Dispatch

The way fences open
in a high wind, nothing
is at our disposal—
i.e., “Like the shy
of a horse’s neck”
was the thought
drifting between us
when the road’s patina
of wet tar and wet gravel
split. On the other bank,
the grass blew silver,
complicit, bent—
an afternoonish trick—
like boys at a tideline
digging with their small
shovels, trenches.

*Let the general’s
fingers drum, they sang,
let him shape out of smoke
lassos. A scythe of sky
rose with the water
at our feet: a star-trough,
a lost scramble
over tin roofs. Because
we said *breath*, we
said *whose*.
Signed, thus, ourselves—
like the weather—Love,
your elaborate shore.*