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Soft Flame

Floyd Skloot

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Soft Flame

He recognizes no one in his dreams.
The brother is not his brother, the child
not his child. His wife, all amber light, streams
through a window that is not there. A wild
current of wind warms the night and he sees
he is no longer himself either. June,
bitter cherry blossoms drift from the trees
to form clouds that slowly cover the moon,

and somewhere he can hear himself calling
in a voice that is not his voice. His name
fills the night, rising with light and falling
around him like the blanket of soft flame
that is his wife whispering him awake,
beckoning him to the brink of daybreak.