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Darling

Christine Zawadiwsky
Grand Valley State University

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DARLING

your red headache bounces down hard in my ears
whose clean basketball are you throwing?
the game is American, English, or unlike
the whistling winds and dumpling plops and
muffled large wagon wheels of your accent

whose sly smile cuts as sharply and as painted
as enamel and bamboo shootss pressed
under the fingernails, third degree
reality, the varnished wooden floors like your
yellow kitchens and white bathrooms, much unlike

the cool of the tears running down your neck.
The hard of your face. The intense red
and compressed smell of animals, the stitched
leather playthings, the white looped nets,
the narrow red rims of your eyes, the brown souls

of your feet, each individual of the toes curling, fortunately
stopped by well-meaning conspiracies of carpet and
couch against real flesh, blood, and intention. Mind
under the matter of emotion, dirt under the fingernails,
blood sea-dragoning over love. The game best cheered

when it's finally over, ox-yokes and horse-
hitches loosened, your red pioneer headache
traveling like the gingerbread boy who'll be eaten
by a fox, bouncing down my pancake roads

and resounding through your tears