

## Poetry

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If I have complained I hope  
these words blur together. In ways  
that make us grieve. For the silent  
crackling of the fireplace, pressed  
lilies curling on the kitchen table.

This journey seems to be leftover  
of waters pooling in remembered  
landscapes. Bringing realization  
not that this day does not exist but  
that it exists without us. As if

this time, the blessing can arrive  
early and with good intentions.  
But the distances keep coming.  
The stars are like that. Candles  
chasing after dead air, white birds

with dry leaves in their beaks  
left falling sometime after autumn.  
You brush this dirt off and touch  
your knees with a tenderness kept  
for moments of chosen reminder.

And in the dawn you think you are  
no closer except the clocks have stopped.  
Now it is understandable to forget  
what it was like to be wanted, held  
close in the joy of expectant arrival.

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