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Glory Box

Kalyn Dunkins
Denison University

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Glory Box

By Kalyn Dunkins

Flowing freely,
nappy twists and locks,
without a care in the world.
In silence I watch with defeat:
With what voice do I have to comment?
Or possession of a breath to inhale?
I've only eyes that sit stiff, fixed upon you,
of your lips that curve at the corners,
assuring creases. My chest, inflamed,
bats berserk in the cave below my bosom,
as Venus catches fire and burns.
Subsiding the awe, I return the favor.

Flowing freely,
sleek, straight, silk feathers,
without a care in the world.
Unattainable wings spread wide, then
contract close. Fuzzes are painted
across the sky, onlookers of the ground only
wishing to be as close to the clouds as these
beauties. I have wished to be as close
to the moon we watched that warm night with
music—as close as you, Jay, blue and abundant,
limitless. The fool in me wants to cage you;
The wise in me admires your flight.