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A Grave Daydream

John Zarchen
Denison University

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A Grave Day-Dream

Yesterday, I met a red-blue Sprite under the wood:
She stood stark-bare with hair accented by her hood.
I reached, she pulled, and the black earth fell away-
Spinning quickly-white, I was unknotted from the clay.

We trilled about licking oily leaves with our feet.
Sprite ran naked-clean, but under Stream missed a beat:
She slid onto a rock, and quite calmly fell
Opening her knees, and I loosed my flesh-bell.
I jangled once loud, and much louder still-
Then we stuck, and burned together 'till we had our fill.

Overnight we slept under cool dirt and moss,
Our bodies wrapped in fine forest floss.
I inhaled bug-beetles, white-worms, and ants:
She fed me blood that had been stolen by Chance.

But when I woke, I knew that Sprite was gone,
And only then did I see one pretty doe-fawn.
She chewed soft grass above my lonely grave,
And I thought of Sprite, and the warm-soft fluid she gave.

John Zarchen