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Tripping on the Yawn of Tomorrow

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Tripping on the Yawn of Tomorrow

Lopsided lazy moon chucking
Uncommon shadows before me;
Night clutching at my sides and
All the trees huddling to hide
Glowing eyes, shuttered wings,
A protesting stillness.

The road, once paved by a vomiting truck,
Has on its back a burping car
Who dissolves
The noise of my clacking shoes,
Who slices my solitude
With unrequested company.

A hill digests this manufactured
Member of the twilight,
Making the woods orchestra chortle
And remind me of my casting
As the foreigner.

The earth grasps, congratulating my feet,
My shadow melts like butter:
The tentacles of the sun hauling
It up over the black trees;
And the stars delicately kissing goodnight
The clear-complexioned sky,

Then closing the door to the night,
Which twitches the birds
Into blossoming harmony.
Sun slaps a smile on my mouth
And the lusting land;
While caws, chirps, questions, curses
Weave through the sky.

A fence, stoic it may be,
Witnesses with me this
Crackling morning of unfastened
Snow and growling spring
Until my mind spins from the field,
Replacing me on the shelf of the
Wrinkled, parched highway home.

Kate Reynolds