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Twilight Loneliness; Molting

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Twilight Loneliness

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The moon and pine trees reflected in this granite quarry. Crickets calling from the woods. Wanting to carry this back to my apartment with its distant train whistles across the river.

Molting

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In the last two days, I've moved the spool table into the bedroom's bay window; bought incense and flowers for the coffeetable I've moved under the window in the livingroom; decided to build a loft so I will have room for the blanket chest my parents just gave me.

Tonight, in the last moments of twilight to the sound of rain, a neighborhood dog, the poems of four strong beautiful women I light the kerosene lamp on the back porch feel my body shiver slide out of this old skin of mine.

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