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## **Moving**

There are hallways and doors  
large windows like a beach house  
I am asking why too much  
I need slippers dresses robes  
coats shoes more  
I'm unsatisfied  
why don't you say I love you enough?  
why don't you love me enough?  
why do you love me at all?  
I am holding onto myself tightly  
barely knowing  
who I am  
the cupboards are a mess of  
mix matched cups.  
I am trying to cook dinner  
without plates or silverware  
I am trying to change  
everything at once  
and it's not working  
I am not working.  
shelve upon shelve of broken clocks

## **Vernon County Main**

Last the carnival swings soar  
above  
the open mouth of the valley  
past gone flooded streets  
blue heeled pups  
in veterinarian boxes  
butter princesses  
of corn husk dress  
apple apple everything  
local boys with plastic guns  
goodbye

the long day of babies  
and chicken yellow tents  
Families break down  
for the last taste of  
caramel  
before the rain  
grandma's fishing pond  
closes to little fisher men  
the popcorn lights go down  
disappearing is the parade  
beyond a littered road  
past the orchards  
and dirt paved lots

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## Nick

Stop through town on your way to the next whirlworld. Bring your books and look me in the eyes. Putting on a dress is the simplest act and also the most effective. Yes, I did dress up for you. How can it be helped- The things we do for other people. It's windy when you come through, dust flickering in our faces. Small towns you are. Bosnian church you are. Cruel friendship it just so happens. I can taste the ice cream when you are beside me. We can write letters after. Novelty clouds. Cinematic you. An hour, two hours, never enough for someone like me. But it's always perfect although. We part, never untouched, embracing each other's thoughts of each other. A lovely, stuttering song.

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