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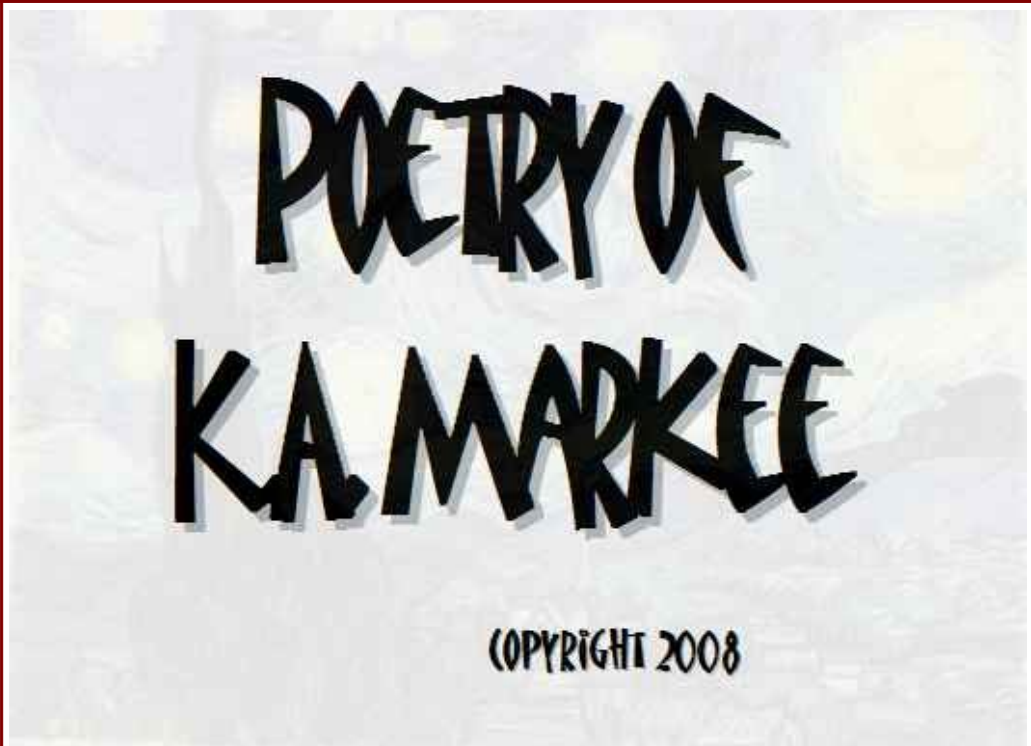
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It's Only the Wind

Winter arrives
like a startled horse
kicking the clapboards and doors:
Weary with excitement, a woman
knitting the red scarf of her heart
snaps on the porch light then peeks
through the curtains, even though
she knows its just old man winter
throwing his coat over the railing
and stamping his boots on the stoop.
She's played this game before. .

The Watch

The foggy faced wrist-watch he wore
during the war to end all wars,
with the expandable wristband
indented his flesh, like the shrapnel scars
on his chest, which he kept hidden
and never mentioned, except
on rare occasions to scare us children.

He once told me the hands were oars
pulling through the profusion of time.
An heirloom passed down;

the hands familiar, wound and wound again,
the face grown misty with stories.

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