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YESTERDAY, WHAT WAS BY ANTHONY LICCIONE

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I remember us-
how we danced those endless nights;
twelve struck with a magical stroke,
the moon above would melt
in our eyes,
 young love graced as one.

Summer days heat
we would go to the beach:
feet sank into sand
double-fudge dripped off our cones.
She would wrap herself
in the cool blue lake
and stroke,
 afloat the thrusting waves.

Yesterday pictures,
a frame can only hold.
White and gray ran with me
and bent the concepts captured in.
I sit with two alone-
when I talk to her today,
only the birds answer back.
The t.v. gives me intention,
the radio motion;
she is half-conscious
and I am her stranger:
that feeds, diapers and
tucks her expired eyes to bed.
Her face is half-beaten
with gravity, muscles weak to
control her bladder.
 It hurts to smile.

But still I hope for the better.
Soon the day will end
and it will be dark. I
will wash her nipples
and change her sheets. Then
at the stroke of twelve,
I shall dance again—

	to the thousand beats of eternity; that you will never be skeleton when I am in ghost.
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Anthony Liccione lives in Texas with his wife and two children. He has three collections of poetry: *Heaven's Shadow*, *Parched and Colorless*, and *Back Words and Forward*. His forth book, *Please Pass Me, the Blood & Butter* is now available.

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