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poem for the places I am in the closet

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poem for the places I am in the closet

a tiny porcelain zebra wobbles on the corner of my bookshelf. I'm nursing a bandaged thumb, bloody baguette serrated knife job gone wrong. my grimy fingers & crooked nails twitch in the sliver of light leftover from my kitchen window. I am a woman in the same way we refer to ships as women. barely but mighty anyway. I want you the same way the wolf howls at the moon. only in the dark. throw me overboard already. I'll tread water until you toss me the line. the roads here are so tangled I can't see very far ahead. I don't have names for all the shades of green. suddenly, it's june—the carpenter ants are drilling holes in my aching floor. I sleep to the sound of your memory. what I would give to put my feet in the sand again, on your dashboard, dance around barefoot on your kitchen floor. I light candles at dusk, give thanks for your split ends, hope there is an end to distance & to shame. good lord, let me be proud. I have walked so far in the rain. the clouds must break ahead. a crested bow & soft starboard. my sails are drawn.