

HERON TREE

SIX : 2019

ancestors anvil blackbird
bone bowl continent dogwood
dusk eyes flint fogs
grass halves laundry loss
morsels name needle number
paths ravines ribs room
silt surfaces teeth
tongue tunnel veils veins
waves



HERON TREE : SIX

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HERON TREE
CONWAY, ARKANSAS

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KELLY R. SAMUELS

Breakage

Of chalk this, that which crumbles
in the hand. And, too, dusts it.
The banged erasers in the courtyard, the remnants drifting,
and your hands so white nothing made them clean but water.

Which, frozen, is the glacier. Melting and then solidifying
and then melting again, and then surging, cascading,
like those falls found in another landmass across another sea,
seen better from the top, from the rim of the cut gorge.

And the river and its sister, water, too, working

with the flint, that compressed form with its seized coral and flora,
like the seam you saw leading out into that deep lake
with no other shore in sight. The milky white lode,
somehow obscene, as if you could dip
and coat your fingers in it, but not, no.
Solid and sharp it was, with its flecks of blue and green.
Something that could harm, something that could work

with the water over and over again laboring the plunge, shaping
the pit, leading to fracture, yet another fragmentation.

See it break, here. An island, not peninsula.

Where you wish to go more than anywhere,
even all those cities of love.

From the harbor of that other continent again, the mounded
and solid archipelagos are the closest you will come for now.
Stones skipped.

Step back
and gather

and run

and leap.

YVONNE ZIPTER

For Want of 10
Righteous Persons

We are all Lot's
wife now, nameless
and aimless, forced
to leave behind
what we thought
we always knew,
holding our dear
ones close, closer,
yearning for one last
look at a landscape
we'd grown to love
before it's transformed
to smoke and ash,
becomes as un-
recognizable as we
are to one another.
We are immobilized,
brittle, common, sharp-
edged, corrosive,
vulnerable to fogs
and squalls and
floods and even
our own tears.

SANDRA KOHLER

Nel Lago del Cor

November roses bloom, perfectly formed conic
blossoms, the petals furled, rose pink, shell,
palest yellow, cream, in the afternoon's shifting

light: blue, gray, amber, umber. UMBER:
the shade of autumn, of November, dawn
and dusk, the sky's scant slant refracted

glance. O brightening glance. Dante
the pilgrim walked in morning light, woke
to it after terror, a piteous night, pitiful

knight, and the light, the sweet season
touched him, spoke, the way sun speaks
when it touches earth, woke his spirit,

stirred it to hope. This morning I sit in
a cold room full of warm color, looking at
a clutch of autumn flowers cut yesterday:

red-violet aster, scarlet rose, orange zinnia,
burgundy chrysanthemum. In the tops
of the gold ginkgos the sun is sounding,

the sky reaches into blue cold. My body's
cold, warm, hurting, healing. Eight hundred
years ago, Dante heard the sun, the season

speak. This morning I will do laundry,
lug trash and recycling out to the curb,
put clean sheets on my bed. As light rises

from the horizon's tea green, amber, rose,
I drag words out of what will surely betray
me: what Dante calls the lake of my heart.

PAUL BLUESTEIN

Legacy

I will not see summer again,
so I walk the winter shoreline
and take from December's days what I can.
The dogs run ahead, snarling and snapping,
playing the wolf-games taught to them by ancestors
that lie sleeping just beneath their skins.

The waves come and go in an ancient rhythm,
a cymbal crash and snare tattoo,
played for a million years
before I stepped onto this snow-covered sand.

I walk the low tide at a slow pace,
down to the stone pier
where under an August sun,
I would have sat to watch the resolve of the rocks
worn away
by the patience of the sea.
But it is too late in a short day to linger,
and before the waves can smooth the sand,
I follow my footsteps back
to where I began.

SCOTT M. BADE

All this was done that it might be fulfilled . . .

After Rene Magritte's The Lovers

Even now there is a distance we must
traverse beneath the cornice's sharp gaze.

Where amongst the folds will I find you
woolen with want? This room desires us

just as the forest desires the beasts. Who
claims anything beyond the body? And

the body's blindness to its fictions. I learn
most tangibly through a metaphor's warp

and weft. We've been sacked. And humor
is sad so often it feels strange to say it but still,

shouldn't we try to speak with an uplift
toward the end? An opening punctuation is.

Syntax, too, can provide, often the space to
place a door or room, bi-colored to provide

something there that is both contrast and balance,
like the fog over lake face or her bare arm under

the masked head's embrace. Enter. You. Me.
I love you she said between the muslin folds

meaning where are the moments that this moment
supersedes, crushes into pigment its atoms

of anonymity? I love you he said but the room
said it louder; its formal control like ravines

on either side of the road or, as is often the case
with lovers, like spinning above a missing floor.

AISHA DOWN

Yaremche Series

I.

Snow brindled the hills late last night,
 behind the gray clouds impending at the south horizon
 rise white clouds, flared pink like a cut thumb,
 an empty seashell opened to draining light.
 Here are the hands, volunteering to be yours again,
 knotted, bruised at the wrist. Here is flour, here the heart
 that will fail you, the water's comprehending stain,
 the bread that comes together, brief flesh
 in your palms. Here are the inadequate resuscitations of art.
 Here is yeast and yeast's rising—sightless belly,
 soured breath.

Enrich it with eggs, with honey and caraway.
 When the time comes, eat, let it be gone, scatter its remains
 to the finches and the ravaging cats. Let the days
 come as milk down the river, as tin roofs on churches, as the wakening rain.
 It has had its green hours, your life, the time mounded
 between yesterday and birth. It has wept clean years
 as the peeled-back bark of the willow, the first good wound.
 Now, perhaps at last, you can recognize it:
 now the snowmelt, running stream will be your mirror.

II.

Tinned bulb of a country church in each cold hamlet,
 turned earth, baled hay, plumed smoke rising
 from the valley where someone burns raspberry brambles
 off his grandmother's field. The potatoes' weeping
 when you sliver them, alone today in the kitchen
 is not your weeping—starch, no salt. The loneliness
 is merely each form being true to itself, within
 it recalling its old stamping between dawn and sun:
 woven fence, white wall, cracked vein, iron cross.
 This cold light calls us to assembly, one by one,
 even the autumn's last apples, coppered fists

clenched against the silvering time. The new year
moves beneath its ice like a spear, a soundless fish.

III.

At four o'clock in winter the dark condenses
out of the light, like iron or lead from the river
in this Carpathian valley. It gives weight to the distance
between hour and hour, between the humped barn
and lone horse, the pull and flush of the heart's December.
Walking downhill, you think about silence:
does it fall in flakes like old light, umber
leaves, or is it the inward marrow of us,
ache of a hand left too long in water. Far
to the horizon, the yellowed proclamation of space:
the sky getting emptier, brushed with smoke
beneath which all's arranged, in place,
the barn with peeling paint, the unknown home,
the thing that drops through the ribs of you, rusted lock.

SANDRA KOHLER

Winter Love Poem

A coating of snow ices the alley below
the garden, the sidewalks I'd walk going
to the river. A cardinal appears and vanishes
on the porch floor, ground feeder, scarlet flash
in the white. On the eve of our twenty-eighth
anniversary, I'm able to imagine making friends
with my death but not yours. You're worried
about whether you'll live to your eightieth
birthday in March, the one your father missed
reaching. Is planning next fall's trip to Greece
a way of talking yourself past this corner?
One of my selves is looking forward to life,
one to death, one does nothing but write
poems, one wants and takes pleasure.
I am spendthrift, letting riches fall through
my fingers, minutes, hours. A friend says
she's sure there's something she ought to
learn caring for her dying in-laws, but what,
it changes daily—except that everything
is transitory, which she knew already. Do
we ever know it? Do we know anything
else? In yesterday's freeze we set out two
new feeders and a male cardinal comes
to the red dogwood, brighter than its leaves
in October, one bloom. This morning,
the snowy yard's quiet, no one's going
anywhere in the Sunday hush, the white
mute world. And me? I'm going to make
coffee, make love, read the papers; I'm
going to Greece, to live, to die. I'm
going to love you for how many
years more of your life, or mine?

JENNIFER MARTELLI

Possum Haibun

Moon creature, she waddled past my clay pots
of sleeping English lavender, Genovese basil,

black peppermint and lemon balm. Sweet
thing not of this earth, long-tailed haibun:

I, too, don't sleep through. I prayed
for relief, I prayed my dark thoughts

desiccate: tiny seeds floating out
through my ribcage. But I'm an atheist and

this is what I got: pearl-glow, warm-
blooded nighttime carrier with an anvil

in her inner ear. She traveled across
my tiny backyard, through the white

light of my television bleeding through
the French panes. She lactates deep blue

milk, lets her babies / cling to her opalescent
pelt warm and lunar.

DEVON MILLER-DUGGAN

Izaak Walton and the Death of Donne

And the eyes of those two Indian ponies
still as surfaces where Izaak Walton wrote out
the death of John Donne, or angled
in darkwet spring waters, coldwet to his bones
and keeping still, still with joy,
fishing for salmon, for trout,
either of which could be God, as could the arc of his line,
the pushing water, or the eyes of Indian ponies
nowhere near England, or the vision
toward which Donne gazed—steady, starved, ecstatic—for days.
The ponies' eyes, four roundnesses of concern
and unconcern with human things
in shining equal measure. Thus variable (the light),
thus virtuous (their unbusy gaze), thus excellent (their
togetherness in spring), thus exemplary (their beautiful
skins twitching in nervousness as I reach out
my open, sensitive palm toward their open, sensitive muzzles,
hoping one, at least, will come toward me
not as a trout moves
toward the angler's gentle-calling fly
and death). As Walton says Donne searched
until he *saw* the hand he'd reached so dearly for.
What is it to be seen by
spring and ponies' coal-unburnt-yet-lit eyes?
What is it to be breathed upon by strangeness
come willingly to greet your palm,
to be reached for instead of reaching?

LINDA PARSONS

Pasture

When thoughts arise on well-worn paths
let passing breath bend fountain grass,

stretch out near gate's hinged swing.
Your way, good or dire, choose where

attention lands: goldfinch stitch on
locust fence, Three Sisters' stubble field—

or merely mirrored pond. The senses graze,
rain or shine, this pasture of the mind.

Your give or take of peace dropped slow,
this room of heart's require, uncloud

your thoughts, unending storm, your
troubled yesteryear. Let dead be dead—

be upturned stone, be foxfire glow,
earth melting latent snow. When thoughts

arise, sing high the body's tune. Return,
return, to cress beneath your feet,

return to real and true.

JESSE MIKSIC

A Crossing of Lines

Stepping out rain just subsided
to find a world fragmented
into birdsong

Passed in passing by the stone gate, spotting
a woodpecker poised upon oak bark
waiting for the sound
of his work

I walk
to close the gaps between the trees,
The gaps are gone when
I've joined their line and
come among their number

The crow upon a wing
sweeps low across my path
for now, she has no song perhaps
it's time
to circle back

MICKI BLENKUSH

Cartography of Ruins

I slow my drive
past the abandoned gravel pit
where, as we were growing up
the trees and shrubs
had not yet taken over

and we could still climb
the lilt of land
carved by machines
into bowls and hills unlike anything
formed in nature.

Then we measured the earth
in newborn snakes,
against the weight
of buttercups carried home
in drooping bouquets.

Now from the road,
the canopy of trees grown taller
than when we squeezed
between them
at the entrance of long ago.

Gone must be
the hollows where we sat
on our first picnic of spring,
dainty as teacups
on the still-brown grass

peeling Easter eggs
across the damp soil,
leaving shells scattered
in pastel mosaic offering
to gods we wanted to know.

SARA MOORE WAGNER

Because the Little Mermaid Wanted Something Else, Too

Make this land a red garden,
round and hot as the sun on the waves,
fill it with blood poppies.
I mention it because
I've grown so tired
of all this blue stillness,
the turning earth seems
silent to me, down here
where everything lives
or is already dead.
Give me a drowning man
caught just above our heads,
his lungs blooming red
as a giant tube worm.
Any little glow down here
is a falsehood, a bioluminescence.
I am so tired of all this
blue light, dim
as the inside of a vein.
I want to burst out of my own chest
like a red tentacle. Give me
a garden to prove
this hunger existed.

EMILY BANKS

Queen Anne's Lace

I used to rip it up
out of the ground and chew
the leathery taproot,
which tasted like a carrot
but felt like wood
inside my mouth and had to be spit out
into the grass. More of a party trick
than anything—I was proud I knew
the secret of the root,
what hardened pragmatism lies beneath
the feathered, dainty white.
They say Queen Anne once pricked
her finger with a needle
sewing lace; that's why
at the flower's center you can see
a tiny drop of red. The violence
of creating such an intricate
pattern, petals so delicate
you have to stare up close
to see them each as individual parts.
I didn't care
if dirt got in my mouth.
I'd throw the plant, flower and all,
into the roadside ditch
and saunter on. Some herbalists
still recommend the seeds
for birth control. Chew up
one teaspoon every day.
The volatile oils they contain
will slick your uterus
so the egg has nowhere
to hold on. She pricked her finger bloody
making lace—was it an accident?
Or was she bored
with her own nimble digits,
glass-smooth skin? Did she just want to see
what would happen?

DAVID ALLEN SULLIVAN

In a Name

What was the Tibetan name
for that tiny red, crescent-shaped berry?

Sweet-sour punch in the mouth.
Our friend Pema pulled them off a bush,

handed us each one. I can taste the bite
and pop, the squinched juice.

How he flinched when I asked
What's it like in Tibet? Meaning

further west, meaning Lhasa.
He spat: *This is Tibet.*

ANDRE DECUIR

Vision

In the garden
stands a statue
of some forgotten saint
gray hollows for eyes
maybe gouged out over time
by the thorns
of a wild rose bush
oblivious to a robe
not soft and flowing any longer
but dry and cracked,
white chips scattered in the dirt
and the blackbird at your feet, searching,
with wings like stained glass
epaulets red
as blood in the sun.

PATRICK COLE

In the dark

In the dark at the bottom of the Great Lake,
the wooden shipwreck
has time to think.

“I’ll go back to my materials,” it states.
“They always said, ‘You go back
to your materials when you sink.
In fact you can at any time!’”

But there’s hardly any rush. It could
be centuries, in this blackness, in
this cold. “Do I even remember how
to go back to my materials?”

Who does? “As a ship, I no longer
belong. I never really did. But how hard
it is to believe in this eternity which
surrounds me!” So it doesn’t begin.

“Why can’t I give up the ship-form,
even here, even now?—Because one day
I could be found. And then a ship I’ll
still be. But how unlikely! Oh, to decay!
To pieces, to rot, rot, rot!”

It’s uncanny, this not belonging
at the bottom of a lake. The Captain’s
quarters, as he left them. Soup spoon,
goblet, fork, beside the plate upon the table.

Poor hard ceramics, so much work to
do, to be undone. What say you, old bowl,
tureen?

“I am my materials, always was, never not.
Like the bones of the Captain there, himself. Still
the crumbs from the star that spilt them. Never more,
never less. There is no going back to your materials,
shipwreck, nor darkness, nor wet, nor cold.”

And if I ask the bones?

“You can ask the bones, but the bones don’t answer.

Ask the bones, but the bones don’t answer.

Ask the bones, but the bones don’t answer.

Now how will you answer the bone?”

KELLY R. SAMUELS

Summer Branch Drop / Sudden Demise

Here, reclining under the tree—lounging
in the summer months, in the coveted shade. Shade
of the full leaved, as green as it will come.

How relaxed on your side, your cheek cupped
in your hand, a book open, its pages riffling from wind—flung
forward in the narrative, this rush you deny.

What tree, what kind of tree?
(That which he said connected heaven
and earth. Symbol of.)
The hackberry stationed
on the lot line?
The pine along
the road?
The birch whose branches
scraped against the house
you once owned?

The elm, the Siberian elm. Weighted with rain and then
cooling. Weary and spent, relinquishing what it cannot
maintain. Not ripening, but renouncement precipitating grief.

Here, and there. In that famous garden written of, stories set
in. And the poem. And the painting. This continent
and that one, both with a crack of lightning and no cloud.

SARA MOORE WAGNER

Moth Muse: A Sapphic

Find him—mention loneliness. He forgets you.
 Give this God your skinny soul. Feed him meat from
 under breastbones. Monument. Find him—paper lantern
 in electric wires. Bring him down. Give him water.
 Make him a tiny

ship to carry something dirty, decorated light,
 flinching eyes turned orbital. Look around at
 particles of life. At the rise and fall of
 soundless planets, musical measure—feet on
 pavement, a rhythm

means someone wants feasting, a handful, basin,
 river—veins pumping in a liquid prayer:
*Father, give me hundreds of mornings. Nightly,
 give me meter, beating drum of madness, sparrow
 wing your eye is*

on the sparrow—cry, it's not wings or teeth or
 little folded hands—this thing wanted—faint desire
 for a belly like we have. Give him limited
 access, beastly child, underneath his wing are
 raspberries. Eat them.

EMILY BANKS

After the Pond

Stripping off the tight false skin
of a one-piece bathing suit
I'd kneel in the bathtub, repentant saint
spraying off soft particles of decomposing logs,

grass blades that lashed my legs
with sticky rough tongues that clung
by tiny perforations to my pores.
Lowering into the warm embrace

of clean water, I'd lie and wait
for all the unhuman to wash away:
miniscule shells of dead crustaceans,
sheath of secretions from a frog's egg sac

and that sweet smell of rot, of death
communal too strong to be mourned,
where animal and vegetable turn one
in deep brown musk.

And I'd step out soft-skinned as a child
leaving a train of silt to fill the drain,
toweling my body dry, gently
as though emerging from a grave.

YVONNE ZIPTER

Blue Wild Indigo

I have long admired their dark oval bodies,
wagging like chow tongues in the breeze.
Yet for all the pods' deep bruise of color
it's the plant's modest, green elliptical leaves,
with their secret concentrations of indican
(tryptophan's less sleepy cousin),
that yield the dye prized, once, by shamans,
slavers, rag traders, and kings, the powder
that was *more powerful than the gun*,
that was worth, in a length of cloth,
a human body. It's the pod's interior, though,
that's the real marvel to me, seeds lined up
like piglets at suckle, like rowers in a scull,
like socks in a gentleman's drawer, like
footlights glowing golden against the pod's
black backdrop, ready to illuminate the next
stage of their cycle: heroes of their own story.
The two halves of a pod rest side by side on my desk
like pages of an open book about some captives
making their escape in two rough-hewn boats.

Italicized words are quoted from *Indigo: In Search of the Color That Seduced the World* by Catherine E McKinley (Bloomsbury 2011).

CAMERON MORSE

Visitation

I am sitting in the driveway
waiting for the scent, the hint of what direction
you might have taken, and shadow of a chicken hawk
splashes my periphery. What now?

When my visitor perches in the sprawling empty branches of God
knows what tree across the circle? As if to say, *describe me,*
my white-speckled breast, my magnificent wingspan
outstretched as I swoop high and float above the ground.

Caught, I cannot argue. I am not a proud head turning
hooked beak, perusing fallen leaves for trembling
morsels of meat. I'm not even a healthy representative of my own species.

Still, I rise to receive you. For a long time,
you ignore me. And then you leave.

JOSEPH SOMOZA

That Feeling of Leaving

as if one
might not be back.
Might not
be.
“Might”—
such an anxious concern—

unlike “is”
that is so much more
stabilizing,
rooted like trees
with the sky shining
through their branches

as it always has,
as “always” makes itself so
available
to the tongue,

as long as one is
“here,”
where sunlight
shellacs the picket fence
in the mornings
as the black cat meanders
over
to find a spot to lie down.

AARON BRAME

Circles

for Martín Ramírez

All the train tracks in the world link
to form the divine circle. A train flares
from one tunnel for a short time
under pale skies only to vanish into another.

If I could paint my memory, I would
make a ring in the sky. The sun
sits inside a track burnt immaculate
and we ride a locomotive from tunnel to tunnel
on its rim. The smoke goes straight up forever.

LINDA PARSONS

Be Peace

Stone for my pillow, no cover
for my bed, another night wrestling

my better angels for a rung up the ladder—
visitation of dead dog, dead love moldering

in the garden's back corner. Not even
ring-eyed sleeplessness calms my dragon

nature. I exhale heat and havoc, mishmash
of what happened on its endless reel:

Venus in retrograde, Mercury in Leo,
misalignments and stirrings, the gone forever.

The eight worldly winds of samsara swirl—
wheels grinding out sorrow, blame, retribution.

Then I sit in the green chair, picture
the rowboat's sway, petals of jade light,

the riverrock's descent into quiet. I sink
in over my head. Two herons trace

an awkward contrail, nothing like kitetails
or wedding veils, but signs of lives cast

off, flown far. Impossible blessings
I breathe in, pure as burned sage—

the breath unswayed, rooted in everything
sacred and still, even peace.

ANDRE DECUIR

On Looking at an Illustration for Rapunzel

We wondered:
What was the last thing
Rapunzel's prince
saw when he leapt
from the window
falling into the briars below
eyes plucked out
like gooseberries.

Was it Rapunzel's hair?
Gold of course,
one strand long enough
to give a dozen nests
of brown, dry twigs
a secret treasure,
sometimes gleaming,
when the sun shines
just right.

Or the sky?
Cloudless that day,
strangely
rampion violet-blue.

Or the iridescent green
sprinkled like dust
on our bodies
that flew from the shadows
of the tower roof
to the man
falling
his hands never once grasping
at our wings.

JENNIFER MARTELLI

Gigantic Maples

I miss the maples on my block
because a witch lived in each rotted

hollow trunk. The trees
kept so silent, even when storms

tore off their muscular arms
from axillary knots, flung

them down onto the electrical wires,
never made a sound, not

when, each autumn, they would die
an alcoholic's death: red, bleeding inside,

aware, all witch in their sweet
sugary wooden veins. Persephone, queen

of witches, understood a god could tear
holes in the earth's hot mantle, become

marble, snake-like, anaconda-
noosed, could drag her down to pomegranate

shade: the flowers glowed at night:
moon flowers, Jessamine, hemlock.

The maples on my block housed
one witch, two witch, three witch, four.

They asked only for invisible silk
strands of webs hanging from their old

fingers, tiny green worms, phosphorescence.

DEBORAH L. DAVITT

Lost Whispers

Twin beds pushed together; metal frames mate
in lonely silence, they recall past sounds:
Lovers in this hotel room, lunatics
keening cries when this was an asylum.

In lonely silence, they recall past sounds—
whispered promises no one meant to keep;
keening cries that this was their asylum;
voices now lost and drifting through decades.

Whispered promises no one meant to keep—
“I’ll always love you,” “I’ll keep the child,” said
voices now lost and drifting through decades,
lost like the inmates before them. Leaving.

“I’ll always love you,” “I’ll keep the child,” said
lovers in this hotel room; lunatics
lost like the inmates before them, leaving
twin beds pushed together; metal frames mate.

DONNA VORREYER

Purgatory

When the train goes by, it will rattle the trees
like a great wind come down from the mountains
though there are no mountains here

still the wind is brute and biting, and it shivers
everything as it rushes by the darkening
windows of the passenger car

and everything is untranslatable, like I am watching a foreign
film with no subtitles, but I cannot tell if I'm missing anything
because so far no one has said anything,

it's just trees and landscape and a small boy staring out a window
dotted with condensation—wait, now someone has spoken
and it is not a language I understand—

and this is what the train feels like, near dusk and rocking
on the old tracks, rocking back and forth so hard
that I can barely write, and I feel disoriented,

locked in a reality where I don't belong,
one of movement and bustle and voices who are
not speaking to me and even if they were,

I wouldn't understand them,
unlike the howl of the wind which I can hear over
the rumble of the train, and I understand it perfectly,

how it just wants to run and run and not stay anywhere,
how it speaks only in whispers, how it wants to
move through and around and into everything.

DARYL SCROGGINS

Saving Seeds

Keep the breath small.
Hold the shallow bowl
at an angle.

Puff chaff away
as if coaxing a spark
to flame in tinder

made from loss.
Soft blossoms arriving
after my hands are gone.

LAURA L. HANSEN

Leaving Instructions

Go now and pick the tomatoes from the garden.
The late September rain has chilled them to the bone.

There will be no more warming sun to ripen them.
We will eat them green and blessed by this last long wash of rain.

In the garden beds, the zinnia heads are turning brown,
but the parsley still abounds on springy bright green stalks.

All that is not picked will soften and drop
and we will put our garden calloused hands to rest.

The raised beds will fallow over winter looking
like outsized coffins in the snowbound yard.

Only the rabbits and squirrels, a handful of hardy birds,
and a feral cat or two will dig in the dirt

and detritus from now until spring.
I am gone away but will be home soon.

My garden gloves are on the table.
My straw hat hangs by the door.

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ancestors avil blackbird

bone bowl continent dogwood

dusk eyes flint fogs

grass halves laundry loss

morsels name needle number

paths ravines ribs room

silt surfaces teeth

tongue tunnel veils veins

waves