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## abel resuscitated

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## abel resuscitated

i have seen triangular days—sharp light,  
un-curved dawns of pointed peaks and plateaus.  
i know the horror of perpetual morning.

i followed the firstling of my flock,  
my fat no insulation against the bitter metal  
of barred gates and ghost songs.

i was born again to pace dead landscapes.  
i stopped to caress barren, seedless lilies,  
aligned in rows unsheltered from the rain;  
i saw them and knew—*they* were my brothers.

i have revolved with the tides' phallic crests and foams,  
pale, slimy greens, salty blues, liquid lives,  
loathing that i could never transform beams  
of pale, prismic brilliance into wet food.

i have been the vagabond with the blank view  
of chalk powder days ahead,  
childless years behind,  
facing nothing with readiness.

and did you not think that i would return?  
or that, when i did, i should be gentler  
than the pure, heavenly hands of angels?

i refuse to touch—  
you are your own keeper.

| *Emily Kay Carson*