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i stumbled when I saw

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i stumbled

Our smoking bench, outside
our first hate verses, rare antonyms, shadows
--a gabble of broken relationships
and the cigarettes we smoked to fix them

And how they were never fixed
but linger in my head
a small place with whitewashed walls
no doors, just windows
an immense orange hazard sign reading
DO NOT ENTER. TRESSPASSERS WILL BE SHOT.

I can't fill it with everything that came after.

I stumbled when I saw

I can only see it through new-fangled eyes
morphing all those slaps in the face
to touches that wake you from too-long sleep,
startling your senses from a quickly fading dream
to a cold sweat with a heartbeat.

when i saw

By Betty Holloway

