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ALONE

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That's where I'm stranded,
having lunch, sitting
at the huge table in my kitchen
with a cluttered mess
that seems to accumulate
like forgetfulness on life's strand,
bottles, cutlery, all the manners of gears
that seem by themselves to have dropped here...
I am listening to the honest ripeness
of a Johnny Cash's song in a stripe
of March sunlight, heady and already bold
spreading forth the grit of gold.
Well, this is my kitchen,
but why am I stranded?
Because this honestly looks like
the last land where I have possibly landed
surrounded by a seas' swarming
and all the gods leaving
and the sun's gold making
the metal of my cluttered gears
cluster in my breathing...
sunlight after all always looking so pure
filling my kitchen with the same old lure.

The new spring's sunbeam from the window,
honest grip of undiluted heat.
I am alone,
facing the fear of a naked and shiny
luminous bone.