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## **Romulus**

L. Ward Abel

We're under high alert again Out here on the farm They've even made a new level And this could mean us.

They always play the old movies This time of yearling a tint of rust But newly made rust freshly bled out From a sun making red clay red.

The cuts make the line to point Between blood and iron and that Folks can't help it when they Manifest.

My weather radio has taken on New ways it cries all hours Whether or not storms or any other caution because

We're told to carry on or some odd By Romulus he stands he sings To an ilk that only recently talked About the end of history.