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Mentioning Exile

Matthew Mutiva

Erosion is the single raindrop meandering down
this pillow, paddling through a requiem of flightless birds
in sagebrush that has not been plowed
Who knew at night a pair of covers could be a drawbridge
And you could vanish beneath a sunless land,
a dark peace, a self-imposed exile where volunteers are summoned
I envy the boatmen who still venture across that river without much equipment
to plant me with the same depth as the purple orchid to rescue this dying landscape
This is a conversation piece with a botanical garden
I used to come here to relax and be hand drawn,
and I was silhouetted in front of the shooter
and the teeth of animals made elaborate constellations before nightfall,
before their stomach contents became yours

One was lowered and the other was raised
And now, a red foliage is soaking in the brazen wind
and we were chilly, but not freezing.
Parts of you are scattered across long distances
A doleful cry will be discovered in the morning, empty.
However long night sweats last, they will be quenched by the spume
of a fervent ocean that gave way to its own tremors.