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A.M.

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KALLIE SWYER

A.M.

00:34

She said forgiveness lasted until midnight.
I measure it now in shadows
cast on roots—above ground & twisted,

I lost a full day to penance,
then left it in water to watch it
float. A lesson in density:

whittle your guilt & you can, too.
A lesson in honesty: I live in the river
silts; they are deeper than they seem.

02:06

today I asked
the gardener why she
liked weeds, & her mouth
filled with pesticide. I see them
growing by moonlight. I resolve: tomorrow:
find a shovel.

03:41

fear changes,
she said; it stills
in the thorns, appears
when late turns early—

as if I didn't feel it
each night, curled
near my pillow,
river water pooling
by its talon feet

while memory sleeps
lost in the duvet until
it is too cold not to find it

05:22

overthinking is like grabbing at roses, the way your hands come
away red & dripping, like you can't remember if your skin was
always this unreliable & holey

07:59

an hour carving *this is not me* into a bed post in a minute i will change my mind