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Snow Child

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RACHEL BRITTON

Snow Child

For Mansour

every day you asked me which book was i reading: decaf tea in a styrofoam cup, i was walking dead in this haunted mansion

of empty, coughing hallways. of child cancer patients and half-eaten red gelatin.

you worked night shifts: twelve hours black skies and snoring. but you were the first face i saw in the morning; reassurance my heart hadn't killed me.

plastic scrambled eggs and orthostatic measure—lay down, sit up, stand and feel blood free fall from my head.

outside, leaves are falling and i can't see them.

today you will ask me which book i am reading