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Oil and Wine // Northern Gold

Jack White
SUNY Brockport

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Oil and Wine

Sunrise splinters from the willow tree.
October's breath slept on your chest
before she woke and wound around me.

The grass fogs and forgets your tracks;
any records, scratches, or cracks
to stumble and fall for.

Thumb wiped on my shirt,
I point toward what hurts;
press and pry to come up.

You put me to bed and I shake.
Sunrise splinters and you
tell me I shake.

JACK WHITE

Northern Gold

Call me dirt and gravel. Sunken
dew tickling a cracked bench.

Exhale my name into a cold
that drizzles and steams
against a morning's unbending warmth,
brisk stone steps or the breeze that skims them.

Watch me through the dust of a cabin air,
tapping on a locked window and weeping into oak.

As I was in the morning,
I will be in the night.