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New World

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New World

to exorcise
the white-hot
of “mercy” pleas caught in my throat

to cure the illness of you
in my stomach
behind my eyes

to bask
in warm patterns of sun
on new baby skin, soft, safe and neglected

to be baptized clean
by forgetting the serration
of you,

you, you,

 you, (always, only you)...

while the past nineteen years surrender
down my legs with sage scented soap

my dad is dead now

and everything is the same

(but simpler.)