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Poem for Ann

Elizabeth Muscari

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THE FELIX CHRISTOPHER MCKEAN MEMORIAL AWARD (UNDERGRADUATE) WINNER

Poem For Ann

Elizabeth Muscari

Tonight the cotton moon has sucked the light
into its stomach, the excess seeps through
its pores like a holy aura. You float
on your back wherever it is my body
keeps you. I only find you when it's necessary.
You must be somewhere convenient because
you come through my throat suddenly.
You appear in the shadows of my
forgetfulness and in either howls or hushes
we inherited each other. But I've never
been one to look for the lost.
The night you smoked as children slept,
the starved afternoon of *Am I dead yet?*
I only heard about these things.
We collect death in our back pocket
like coins until we pay our debts. Besides—
what I do remember about you happened
also to me in a yard which is now
paved over. The violation of skin still
simulates with cement. But I'm not
one to look for the lost. For now, the dark
arrives in murmured speech where it eats
the flame from my hands and I find comfort
in the fact I might lose you come morning.