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March 10th Spring

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March 10th Spring
by Katherine McCord

Spring

The lake at the halfway point of my two-hour commute looks green, metallic, oxidized. Copper. Slick as if peeled back from something and here—for boats to heat up and skate on. If you pop over the next hill, you see junkyard cars in the distance sparkling like jewels. Then at dinner you smell Pine Sol. Some old desert café trying to be clean, the glitter of someone you knew like dust in the air.

The wind rising from the ground again. A storm of sorts. Home is the capsule of air within, the soft lead of a pencil, silk, against the page, the answer back, past, an abandoned house, weedy yard, then wood for miles, then a mid-day field, the foundations of houses, blank, staring square at the sky. Waiting. New. I will not live here. In my mind, they'll never be built. Thick gray pages. Sweet grass. We are heating up and rising toward the sun. We are witnessing summer. We are new.

You are blackbirds, any, that swoop before my speeding car. Did I ever tell you that? That you are *blackbirds* that dip before my car?