

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 7 | Issue 2

Article 43

December 2008

Long Marriage 13

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Recommended Citation

Clark, Karla (2008) "Long Marriage 13," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 7: Iss. 2, Article 43.
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol7/iss2/43>

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Clark: Long Marriage 13

LONG MARRIAGE 13

Karla Clark

Yesterday fish:

gray, slimy, on the end of that boy's spear.

Scraggly ironwood, shaggy sugar cane, red earth gouged,
broken where new monster homes dig in.

You can go to the drive-in for burgers. Watch whales
while you're stalled in hip-deep traffic above the Lahaina Roads.

How did this happen? We belong on this island
where everyone is too young or too old.

Yi, yi, there's a full moon. Let's drink iced gin
and get it on all night:

pretend this place is not full of violence:

pretend we're that far from home.