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In His Sleep

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Scudder: In His Sleep

IN HIS SLEEP

Emily Scudder

J. made a sound in his sleep, sad, like
he had lost something. And he has lost things:
his mother too young, his old Kentucky home.

The sound lasted a second. He tightened his jaw.
When he sleeps I like to look at him, his long legs
like the ocean, blue jeaned, flat out.

J. sleeps best in afternoon sun.
He looks like summer waves, if a person can.