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Weathervane

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WEATHERVANE

Sara Tracey

It's a dead battery night on the interstate,
a black ice morning. You've been mumbling
at the doorjamb of sleep again, telling secrets
neither of us will remember come tomorrow.
I'd say goodnight and start walking home
if I knew where that was anymore,
but I've been carrying this suitcase
more days than I've been setting it down.
Instead, I'll stand on the back porch
and listen for the wind to point the way.
Finger licked and aiming skyward.
When I come to your bed, my lips
will taste like wood and earth.
Your breath will drown out the wind.