

today

Kate Greenstreet

like every day
what's missing

what might be missing

Landmarked, cut through, covered with gold type.
I'm sure he looked at me. No wisdom came.

For rain to happen, learn to pound on someone's chest.

The pit sits idle, filling
with water.

I say "new place" too fast.

she ventures in

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I change the focus of my eyes,
then I can see.

It's come over him. Not from afar.
That's him grown—what does he hear?