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About Halfway Down the Page

Michelle Boisseau

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Michelle Boisseau

About Halfway Down the Page

I climbed out of the passage and turned to see the way I'd come, the disarming opening where I'd put my stuff down as if to hunt for keys but finding the door ajar and haloed like a cloud, now the junction that befuddled me with all those signs vying like tour operators, but soon I was in the straightaway and swept along

though urged to dawdle. What was it that glinted from the back of a stall? What brushed against my hip like sifted flour? All places are haunted for those who are paying attention.

Go ahead and brag when the time comes you'll stare death in the face and fight. Be the banner of seaweed that flaps from the flattened battlement of sand. As for me, let me tip like a dipper. The tide comes in leaping over itself then slides back, stepping from its clothes.

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