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## Climbing The Organ, Something Bent

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L. S. Asekoff

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The geese, of course, landed in a perfect V, skidding across the ice.  
A splayed & drunken W—VOWEL collapsed into OWL.  
You stood before the dusky rose-shuttered station  
Reciting the names of forgotten kings  
& thinking of the great gift that had been given to you  
Before the mother's blind farewell.  
You heard the black Lab bark as the father in cowboy hat  
Chased his autistic son around the Jeep,  
& thought, *Blood of my blood, I am coming home,*  
*Returning to the scene of the crime.*  
*A fake who has become almost real to himself.*  
*What is lost in winter will be returned by spring.*  
The Sunnyside Dairy truck backed into the dock.  
Green as a daiquiri glass, your breath frosted the pane.  
The conductor's face was plain as a punched ticket,  
Yet something was lost to you,  
Quick & vivid as dazzle of iced branches,  
White shadows of melting ragtag angels,  
Metal half-moon of coal shovel in bucket of ashes,  
Corncob pipe, George Washington tobacco tin,  
Gray water tower & blue hills of Trapelo,  
Smell of that purple & brown mitten buried under snow.  
Oh, TW3-6402, what comes back to you  
Is the sometimes thought of but then too lateness of—  
Salt from the Dead Sea, or "escargot"  
As they clear the plates away & you are left at  
Some mute angle to the sky,  
An inward shiver whose slow momentum carries you  
Further & further beyond the wreck.