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## Swimming Poetess

Lilly Penhall

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## Watch Her Fall

*Donna Atkins Gilbert*

Listen to her fall like a million dying butterflies  
Roosting finally in the swelling puddles of  
the yard,  
Lying down fitfully in sheets of sweet  
quivering wings  
Death-dancing on the surface then gracefully  
ceding life.

Look at her fall like a trillion tiny quarter notes  
Trinkling in unforgiving air outside open  
windows through which we  
Gaze, waiting for the other's voice to soften,  
waiting for  
The rain to stop.

I know I'm confusing my sensory perceptions  
that inform  
Metaphor; rain changes me that way, makes  
me listen when  
I should be watching, makes me watch when  
I should be  
Listening to the precise pitch of your sighs, so  
I could guess

When you'd be leaving.  
I could linger watching butterflies softly singing  
in the storm  
Hearing their fragile wings flapping helplessly  
when they land  
Upon the surface of the freshly fallen water.

## Swimming Poetess

*Lilly Penhall*

bathing in you  
drowning in you  
life obliterated in you  
only to coagulate  
into a goddess model  
with you as my god  
worship at your naked temple  
collecting pennies for your fountain  
reciting Maithuna over your crippling  
one dozen short-stemmed black dead roses  
resuscitate your soul if only for evaporation  
under imitation skylight  
clouded luminescence heavenward  
beyond our capabilities

daily you make dolphins swim  
refreshed in the perspiration  
of 6 thousand, 9 hundred and 1 days of  
celibacy  
over 165,648 hours survived in  
abstinence  
now releasing into a single bead of  
emanation

then you silhouette beneath moonbeams  
silently creating  
mass world destruction  
my ecdysiast sleeping in the master's  
personal chasm  
sporadically interrupted  
at the hand of graceful clamor  
originating in your genius  
incoherently collapsing again  
into an apparition of bliss  
later waking to a reality of Elysium