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Temporary Sounds

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Temporary Sounds

Tracy Carroll

I've no idea what streams are collecting while
I listen to this again and again,
Thinking only of one thing,
One thing broken

And scattered where you can't see it.
The human inhale is painful:
It waits for your up-glance.

And I wonder how silly it all is to

Think about you in this way.
What clouds are turning, there
Over your silver slip of a moon? I
Know the water is streaming back to
Where it breaks upon
Your ocean,
There where stars were flung upon velvet.