

I lingered

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I lingered
before absent flowers
that winter,
and morning woke
from dreams
like soft bees
or flies
gathering about,
I poured subconscious coffee
buttered the toast
and got bored very easily,
watching the handball match
in indoor brains;
too athletic.
rather, I prefer
photographs of bones
carried outside
to sun the coma;
a bleached label
where vacant blunders
come away to die,
and sensitivity needs no language