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Anna Harrison

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Need

The dead woman whom I adore keeps her distance.
If the separation is temporary, I do not mind it.
I could use the break.

Her appetite was voracious.
My cannibal, caught in death's maw, regurgitated me.
I scramble to reassemble my self.
To be outside is freedom.

But I will want her back
To yell "shut up," to demand a Klondike bar, and then a second, and maybe a third,
to mutter—irresistible as a warm, weary child—"close the light," to cry out through
repentant, bullying, beckoning tears, "I have always loved you."
Where is the cocoon of noise and need?
I am an uneaten meal, a full glass.

—*Anna Harrison*