Stranger Still

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Stranger Still

Water blows in six directions
Though my compass points to just
Five of any thing
incidental
January snow ghosts scatter
Across the county roads
Seek the deep drifts and
Wrap themselves in trailing cloaks
Like silver spirits beneath
Crystal headstones mourning
glories
Open toward the sun but
Cactus blooms at night
Where mice play and
Scorpions dance without musical
fabric
Fibers wear thin on elbows where
Patches would fit if
Things could be mended
discarded
Dreams don't impact on eggshells
Only nothing important
matters

—C. I. Edwards