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holy holy holy

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holy holy holy

What if everything you leave out is holy? And the rest is cursed? Or, if not cursed, condemned?

Like an old house? Like an old house,

when you and your buddies, all eleven and twelve, busted out a back window and, to your great and
near religious amazement, found

the water still working? And the electricity to turn on? Was it abandoned? Had no one lived there
since you were born? So you went there

on a worn path in the woods, a mile back, behind the trailer park you and all of your un-showered
buddies lived in? And it was summer and you

were out of school? And your buddies would meet there--drinking water, flicking the lights, punching
each other on the shoulders because

you were still boys? And you hadn't seen pornography yet? And you didn't know if your dad
was being ridiculous or just out-of-his-mind

drunk? And you thought it was okay to leave a dog tied up her entire life to a tree because
that's what you'd seen? In a pen pacing

forever? Everything always the totality of what you took in and never let out? In a pen pacing
forever? And you still climbed trees because

it was so fun? And the idea of burning anything down was so new to you, so clear? It seems inevitable
now: your secret place, bringing it down?

All of your buddies who are poor, who dropped out, who died, who will never
read any of this no matter
what you've written? Or will write? What

happened to them? What's happening to them? The secret house? At night?
A tower of pure orange
crackling? Are we all holy now?

About Casey Fuller

Casey Fuller is an English PhD candidate at the University of North Dakota.
His poems have appeared in *Nothing to Declare: A Guide to the Flash
Sequence*, *The Portland Review*, *ZYZYVVA*, and other places.