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Muzzie

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Muzzie

Emily Dabney Clark, 1898-1981

Nothing, not even iron,
could hold a grudge like you.
Thirty years you made my father wait
in the car outside, ringed by starlings.
So much less
than you hoped for.

I too have kept my anger
staved in my chest.
But the dead are too heavy
to carry, that is why I've laid you down,
here, among the others.

Their beautiful, high foreheads
are yellow as candles. They light the dusk.
They sweeten the earth. Crows
fly from my mouth.

About Rick Rohdenburg

Rick Rohdenburg lives in Atlanta, Georgia with his wife and a racing of greyhounds. He works as a systems analyst.