

*...april 30, 1992...*

*i will wash the rainbows  
from an eyelash memory  
exploding earth in primulas  
that only i can see  
promising kaleidoscopic  
hours yet to be –*

*i listen to the whispers  
that swell an easing dawn –  
as a new sun captures  
the winter of my skin  
letting the cardboard of this world  
grow real and whole again.*

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