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felt tongue (158)

Guy R. Beining

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felt tongue (158)

by Guy R. Beining

i saw him near
the ticket booth.
he had left
hills of ice,
& was getting
a ticket to
the sun, having
lost all the
lots in hell.
he no longer
wanted his ice eden,
being buried so long
in the memory
of his mother
growing out of silt,
making it through
the splash of
gun fire, fitting
into a bog
with no name,
covered up by the
coats of many winters.