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Ophelia's Pantoum

by Kelly Parker

Someone stole my name and walked away laughing,
but I don't get angry with specific spirits.
Take back their yellow joy! Their warmth doesn't soothe.
Give me a season of cold fingers and no gloves.

I never get angry with specific spirits,
specific bodies of water, or cows lowing in the fields.
Not even the season of cold fingers, chilly dust bones.
I've been here before, I've seen these weeds.

The specifics of lowing: *One* cow. *One* field.
There is straw ablaze in the gloaming.
I've been here before, I've seen better weeds.
Fennel, rue, unhappy love. Did I mention the daisy?

Straw houses blaze in the gloaming.
The last good thought I had, smoke in a bottle.
Fennel, rue, unhappy love. Did I mention the daisy?
I'm content here. I like this blue, how it cools.

My last good thought, a cloud in the hand.
And now left to this: I lower myself in.
I'm content with this buoyancy. It's the way with blue.
O, how the wheel becomes it!

I've lowered myself in, every inch to my face.
In the end I will toss like the tree tops.
O, how the wheel becomes it!
I remember such dancing.

In the end I will toss and thrash about.
Take back the yellow joy. Its warmth doesn't soothe.
Bring back the dancing.
Someone stole my name and left me half laughing.

