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The Only Room That Matters

John Graves Morris

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THE ONLY ROOM THAT MATTERS

John Graves Morris

Across the tundra
Stretching for miles,
The despair I've thickened to,
You're a thread of smoke
From the only room that matters.

In your absence,
Three chairs, a table, a lamp,
Still faintly glow,
The weathered books are half-open
& lit-up like the gold tooth
Of the reclining old man
In the bookmark photograph.
He is renewing himself:
The hills crest green,
& each dandelion
Is lording its stalk,
Pointing the way
In the breeze that is always blowing.



ILLUSTRATION BY STACY DUMLER