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## *from Datum*

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## **FROM DATUM**

by **Nick Gulig**

Dear ~~xxxxxxxx~~

When it snows, the words become a river ending in your mouth. I think that maybe you are near me, maybe not. It isn't getting easier. Depending on the season, depending on the year, the day is what subtracts us. Either way, at times it feels impossible to draw the world around your name without remembering. We are disconnected perfectly. Errorlight, for instance, is the the empty space beside a person sitting on a bench. Today the day is silver. I do not believe it

(if I am honest, if I am here

Dear ~~xxxxxxxx~~

Today the redwings interrupted off the fencepost. Between one place, where you are, and another. After harvest. We are not together as the single oak outside the house begins to empty and we are not together when it fills. Every distance has been rendered. The days are absolute. When I walk into the yard a multitude of insects flick their little lights incessantly. I flicker back. Against the early dark, I plant the desperate parts, forgive me. As the river lowers, as the sumac reddens like a warning. The weather, good or bad, reverses every rage. Both is and isn't happening, this this. Larkspur in the far field bending

(belladonna in the grass

Dear ~~xxxxxxxx~~

Do you remember? Once we walked into the wilderness and waited. I was afraid. *Your body was a book of margins.* A blue door opening. As when I placed myself beside you, finally, a field of errant light through which to know the world is not precisely what we hoped for. A door in the wilderness, a landscape happening beneath. A landscape happening. Such terror there except that I have memories which feel like somewhere else

(like someone absolutely other than, and far