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ONE NICE UNIT TO MEASURE

by Abigail Zimmer

When I am flung into the air and cannot stumble
(because I jumped north and west, because the mass
of my body is greater than) but I have the feeling
of stumbling and a woman passing by says *fairy tale*
and my hair falls to frame your face and you have lost
your face because I am afraid of / take care of /
have been told twice to live (enliven) to enlarge
my mouth against the sky / I've seen this scene
before, everything bounded / my border fills
with piled up dragonflies (take one at a time)
pieces of wings small scattering. I can't help that
we're both a little motion sick from all this slanting.
At the core of my kindness is a rotting bird, eyeless,
found in a stroller along the lake path / I have lost
my bearings where is north and what is strong /
in the fifteen minutes of perfect light, I take a picture
/ dear line, you are blocking the sky, dear line, you have
no words, dear line, you've been drinking too much,
dear line, the wind, don't throw a fit it's unbecoming.