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The Cord

Mark Crimmins

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Mark Crimmins

THE CORD

I walk a cracked path
Strewn with the big confetti
Of autumn.

Maples, their limbs coarse with age,
Scatter crisp paper shapes
About me, on me,
Making air a winding stair.

Across the stream,
Frayed roots clutch for water,
And saplings, their extremities
Dissipated to hair,
Lean west,
Shadows pulsing in their leaves.

I dream of broken bottles under trees,
Paper cups among chrysanthemums,
Rusting cans on green divans.

Waking, I find a spider
Has fastened my hair
To a blade of grass
With a home-spun thread,
And though the sun is setting,
Reminding me I am moored
To shafts of concrete,
I am reluctant to sever
The sensitive silver cord.
