Scenes from France

The Promise Ring

I sleep quite violently waking warm with thunder
and I'm the magician's girl.
Buttoning my cuffs at the wrist,
and split from my neck to my knees,
how badly I photograph.
To dream of a duel, speaking furious in Latin, the scald scar of water.
Woke snug as a virgin quietly humming.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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