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Prescience: Originally appeared in 38.1

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Prescience

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My ribs grow more inward by day. Each night,
I sleep with you in a small room, in which
we steadily, by each hour, suck up all the air.

I dreamt tonight of a glass-bottomed boat
floating through a pine forest, needles pierced
above and below my reflection in the lake surface.

We live in a house full of breakable things
and reassuring porcelain that we never touch.
Foxgloves with their toxic mouths open for us.