

Lily brushing

Lily radiates stamen-paintbrushes.
Time grinds her, like an old woman
into translucence and loss of mass.
The level of water in her glass
drops more slowly.

Lily's stroke on my blouse as I carry her
for the last time
is rust Japanese script:
"going for a walk and looking around"
"sketch"
unlike the hobo who accepts a westbound freight—
and sleep.

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