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Atonement

John Brown

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Vintage

Its frozen epidermis feels none cold and numb,
 Its hoarse breath the frozen skin of the remembered victim,
 Its gushes of tropical air issue forth from its pit
 Blowing across forgotten tundra, loosening topsoil and becoming
 mist,

JOHN BROWN

Atonement

Arise and true, across the nature the autumnal rest,
 Mississippi delta flows fill the misty blue wintry lake.
 Anthracite nights in West Virginia, I find the exact fishhole,
 Husbands in blackface face their nocturnal performance.
 Thirty-six enter the gaping monster
 Twenty-two it spits out.
 Bituminous apologies in West Virginia.
 Widows in black dress prepare for their matinee show.
 Snow goes deeper and deeper until sunlight finally appears.
 Spring's fertile warmth feels good as I reel in my empty line.