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10.21

Kayla O'Meara

University of Massachusetts, Amherst

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10.21

Kayla O'Meara

I crossed the town twice
looking for you,
walking a fool's hope
from one end to the next.

I told myself
“if I see her, c'est le destin”

bars yawn light
de l'or sous mes pas

le brasier rêvé
de tes bras, de ma bouche
sur la tienne.
silence d'une langue qui s'excuse
de tout.

orange leaves frill
sur l'arbre de nuit
ses branches ancrées
comme la lisière du ciel

I didn't see you.

en route –
ton absence profonde
ronge le jour à venir.

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Kayla O'Meara

Deux fois, j'ai traversé la ville,

en promenant
mon fol espoir
d'un bout à l'autre bout.

je me suis dit
"si je la vois, it's fate"

ablaze with the dream
of your warmth, of my mouth
against yours.

silence is the language of absolution.

Je ne te voyais pas.

en route –

your profound absence
consumes the coming day.

moi qui te cherchait,

les bars bâillent de l'or,
light on my feet

les feuilles en flammes
frémissent
on the tree in the night,
its branches anchored
like the dark fringe of sky