

## PANHANDLE

We marry and watch for  
the kind of fog  
we knew back in tobacco fields.  
Put the fish in garlic  
and curry while the coconut oils  
soak into other vegetables.  
Surely there is a cathedral rotting  
somewhere in a greener rain,  
but no red birds and it's  
the red and steaming feathers  
you need for the heart to settle into  
its untaught center.

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