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The Virgin Mary is a Collapsed Umbrella

Walk down the street getting wet from the rain washes sheets onto clothes stuck to skin. Take clothes off; walk down the street naked and alone. It is night time; the sky

is dark. There is no moon, stars hidden behind mass of cloud, pollution. Every city dweller sleeps. Walk for hours, wet and nude. Body hot will not cool.

Lick lips parched fat with longing. Walkabout—this series of hallucinations: a dog with no name, black and hairless, his bright eyes the only light for miles,

his speech unintelligible for the sirens. Police cars followed by ambulances, fire engines. Would that there were men on them—here, just hippopotami

and flamingos. Brain a pack of ground beef. Your children are empty—walk around them as they lie on the street, arms akimbo, hands begging kisses.

Walk on—no destination. A train track. Station. The back of the caboose. Noose around neck will not be removed. Heavy shoes, legs filled with weights. No hate

here, no love—just you, walking wet and naked,

pulled in two directions by head and feet, children
left behind, and no one to pray to.