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Untitled

Greg Brace
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“SUSPICIOUS”

the doctor says,
 “Could be nothing,
 but there’s a possibility...”
 The Big C? Not I.

I pray
 over breakfast cereal,
 under a sickle moon at midnight.
 Never prayed this much.
 God might not love a hypocrite.

I walk the dog
 beside the river.
 Never noticed that fallen tree
 or the duck that limps behind the others.
 Down a side street an old man yells,
 “Don’t let your dog piss on my grass!”
 “Life’s too short to...” I begin,
 He slams his door.

I apologize
 to tailgaters I blocked,
 dawdlers whose shopping carts I rammed,
 those I cut down with my words.

“Possibilities” swarm in my mind.
 In the end I’ll probably die
 from over-scheduling:
 haircut, manicure, books to buy
 before the hospital,
 letters to write, bills to pay,
 and all those poems to send out,
 to give me immortality.

— *Constance Vogel*

UNTITLED

Love is a catalyst,
 when it’s in your heart
 it opens your eyes.
 Love is a catalyst,
 when it’s gone
 you become
 a little less
 sound of
 mind.

— *Greg Brace*