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Oil

Tom Hill
College of DuPage

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Oil

Tom Hill

The dogs are lean and free
They light out across the field
And I walk to a place where
Grass meets corn,
And back,
dogs at my heels.
The sky changes:
Tomato soup to dark sludge
The dogs can't see;
Move slow
Towards pockets of window light
Far away.
Out here, the idea of you
is more possible.
But it's so dark,
And I wonder what you'd say
To see me drunk on constellations,
High on wildflowers.
I feel my body, loose and long
and ready.
I keep moving.