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The taste of each day

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The taste of each day

-Jason Snart-

On the end
Of your tongue, like a cliff-
diver. There is the smell of waiting, and

there is a bird near a shorefront restaurant, be-
lieving only in what comes next. He
doesn't seem real, has forgotten or never
known how strange the salt air is.

Under a big moon I imagined a river
of our days, the shallows of your
skin, and the inlets where you have
welcomed and hated and loved me.

-Patience is a virtue, she said, keeping
the antique store on the corner,
and died of old age. There was always
the smell of new and old candles.

Let's take our day to an island c
lose to the shore, but far
enough. Talk to the ruins of a windmill,
tell the old cemetery, you are peaceful.

Tell me you love me. Your breath close
to my ear, an echo of salt, I saw
the bird, then, your breathe like a cliff-
diver, jumping