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POETRY | FALL 2018

## X-Ray

By Harriet Heydemann

Inside a dark room,  
A single light shines behind the glass.  
Supine splendor of grey on black film.

Turn it upside, a branch bent in the wind.  
Flip it around, a seahorse singing in the waves.

Someone in a white coat defaces the image,  
Marking “eighty-five degrees” where high scores don’t bode well.  
That’s impossible, I say.  
This is not a math problem.



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