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after, tigers

every night the girl's options wave in the dark
like dirty raincoats.

the girl remembers her heart in the theater
like a problem she is trying to solve.

it was not supposed to look like that.

every year the girl grew there had always been new advice.
those words used to be round at the edges:

count to four, and again,
and go get 'em
but don't really.

and that was how it was supposed to be,
but now people
keep going to higher and higher extremes.

rip 'em apart,
someone says,
commit murder,
and
pull the lettuce

like light,
like that.

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