

it does not mark the place where you ran
your fingers through the ivy and the rustling

did not just remind you but turned you into

rain.

poetry is this *attempt* to *know*
how *these words* become
 a shoreline *we can stand on*

These words / a shoreline where we can stand.

—James Gurley.¹

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¹Gurley, J. (2002). *Human Cartography*. Kirksville, Missouri: Truman State University Press.