

LILAC LAND

Near the street where he lives,
the scent of otherwise.
Of parents who aren't orphans

of children who aren't parents.
No lies or lack in lilac land.
He strolls in and out, heart aching.

A violet-water man lost among lilacs
with only her hand to hold him.
Violet water, violent water, wave

and burden, churning, churning,
the lathe in the wave, the wave
in the bones of a lazy island,

no sooner glimpsed than unminded,
its alligator carcass washing up
still, still on the lap of lilac land.

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