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The First Time I Realized I Never Wanted To See Her Again

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Flat against the bed
laid my back to rest in
the hollow between the
sinewy coils
of springs

Halfway into cold sleep
breezed my arms against the
rounded gold pillows
and delicacy
of sheets

Tick tock of headboard
beat rhythm with my head as
vines of subtle breath
subdue every bit
of time

Forward through the air
opened my eyes or dreamed with
a sweet angel arrow’s
golden touch
of silk

Lifeless bodies meld
showing no threat of movement, so
rotted wood planks
drift in a sea
of subtlety

--Bryan Mahoney