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Sixth and Second

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Sixth and Second

Cover Page Footnote

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SIXTH AND SECOND

BY MEGHAN PRICHARD

In the corners of every crease I can see it.
When you say,
"I'm done. That's it. Go. Come back. Say you'll never leave."
So I stepped onto the corner
Of Sixth and Second Street,
Said what I meant
Without the poignancy.
But I knew,
Making plans would ruin this
I wish you saw, what I can always see.

I started humming
Pushing keys through lips
On tiles white and green.
And it's the saddest song I ever sang.
The saddest song I could never really sing.
I walked down to McGregor's:
The last bar without a cover.
The boys here
Will all be sick when morning comes.
The girls, hurling,
Crying for their cotton colored mothers.
I'll be wasted on my front stoop—
Too exposed for chicken soup or my father's lemon tea.
You'll be somewhere sleeping.
A bed, eight pillows, four blankets
Everything you need.
Everything but me.
On our way home
I gave my cell to Sara.
If it were up to me, I'd call 'til I couldn't.
Until my face and hands are clouds.
If you say you mean, I'll believe it.
Confess a quiet conscience
That under liquor, comes out loud.

I've been here for an hour.
It could be three or four a.m.

I should never drink alone like this.

But you're not here

To tell me when...

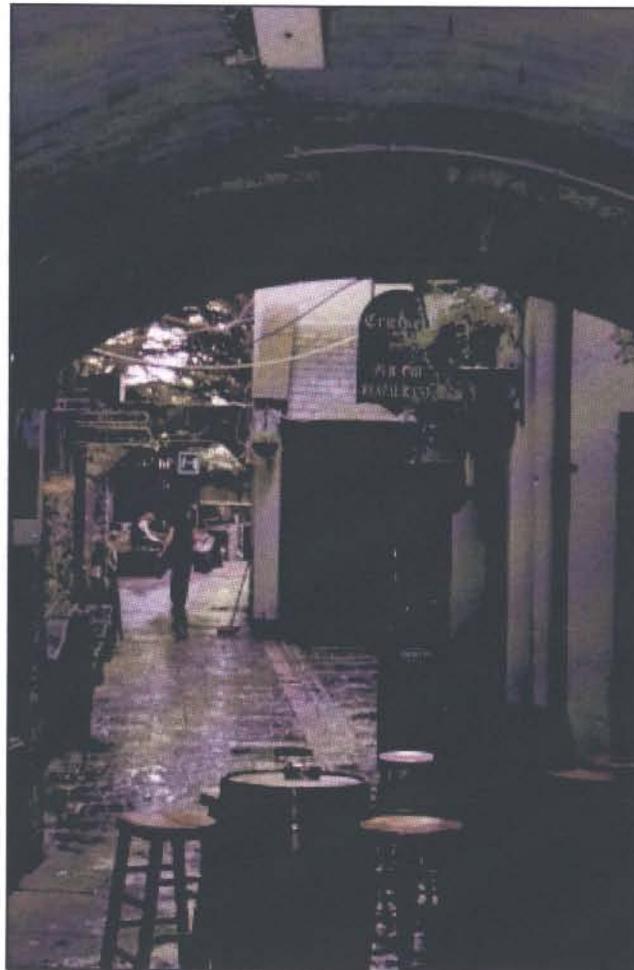
I should stop.

I should count.

I should quit while I'm behind.

Someone just to say,

"When I get old, I'm gonna miss you all the time."



ALLEY WAY

ROBERT GOODWIN