



The Ribcage Becomes Stranded on a Deserted Island

J. Bradley

It takes you 37 days to write
send conversation. You use all
of your tips to make the letters
fat and wet in the sand.

You wait for the lover you fashioned
for his coconut mouth to open,
for him to sigh when you caress
his stone stacked stomach,
for him to cry when you finally
leave him.



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