

The daisy petal bent by breeze

by: Joe Cottonwood

I am drawn to women with imperfect teeth,
to cupolas on rooftops
with creaky weathervanes,
to barbwire fences sagging with honeysuckle.



Leave my mail in a letterbox
held by a wooden sailor
hand-made
smoking a pipe.

The beagle has a limp
yet he chases, he runs.
Will you hunt with me
for an imperfect life?



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