

Outside X Marks the Spot

Smells like dead fish,
dead remains of last year's growth.
Brambles prickle and

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over touching the ground
Crunching feet of chirping birds,
elephant ear green foliage
bat houses like Indian burial platforms
trees not yet blossoming,
caught in a spider web.
Clouds floating on a blue river sky,
craggily old tree
whirring engine
cut grass



photo by Rachael Johnson