REFLECTION

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Listening To The Heart

Night lilies and fireflies,
I lean over the bed
grip
the safety rail
that trembles.

My patient
scrapes the nail of his thumb.
I listen on that river
under his arm.

An egret lifts
bypassing
a giant boulder,
blood rolling
a back water of clots.

When it comes to death
every murmur
sounds the same.
This heart will destroy
the white embroidered
tablecloth of a mind,
his life's work.

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