Monday's Child

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I recognize you everywhere: you are a little bird, your bright wings, a melancholy quiver that wakes the sky from a deep cloud sleep. We walk to the river, after the flood; count star trains. I play with the buttons on your coat. You bite my lip, speak of moonlit crowns, white hot vigils; mourning and hymns. I tell you stories: my first car, bench seat and wing windows; a girl without a name, hiked skirt, black heels; a shared flask of schnapps. I climb to the top of the hill overlooking the water; throw stones at the devil.

Alex Stolis