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The woman slid her arm inside her husband's as they began the long walk home. He turned to her and spoke his first words of the evening:

'Happy Anniversary, dear.'

**Goodbye, Emily Dickinson**

*Adam Brown*

Scattered remnants of your — Death
The floor strewn — with Bruises
in a Chest beneath the bed
Thick with Blood unwept
Doubtful —
That you Slept — at dusk
A loaded gun — your Life stood
I wait to say —
Hello

**Letter Home**

*Adam Brown*

Shudders ripple through my back
while thoughts of her caress my mind.
I think I see her passing and call-out,
for she is but a world away...
Yet she hears me not
and continues to walk out of sight,
along the snowy, summer path of my mind's eye.
I wander up and down,
east and west,
always getting closer and farther away.
I see her talking to plants while avoiding stereotypes,
stroking leaves with a passionate calm
I can only feel
in dreams of past times