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# maria takolander

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## *The Arrivals*

We saw it on TV, in black and white:  
they were coming.

—

The days became dirty with time.  
Dogs panted at the debris  
of a world already absenting itself;  
hollowing out.  
An ordinary rock might kill a bird,  
though the sky was empty as a clothesline.  
In the trees only the breeze swung:  
history passing.

—

Nights were a scullery,  
close as a womb.  
It seemed like eternity.  
We kept each other clean;  
pulled each other from dreams,  
like animals in all our shuddering and panicking.  
Meanwhile the fire glowed;  
the knives on the table mirrored its flush.

—

It is true: we had kept the channels free  
in case they wanted to contact us.