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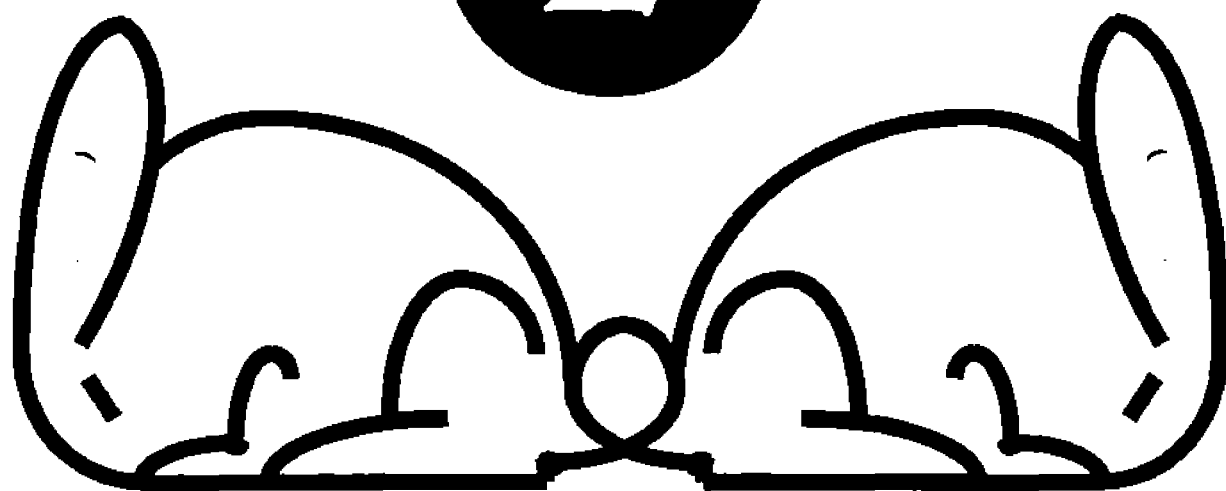
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ANN VICKERY

J U L Y I S T H E P S Y C H I C M O N T H

Dawn exposure for those not as faithful
or as courageous as Rin Tin Tin
barking at black metal bands
who've now made it big. Try harder
to make the 32 seconds, or
was it 32 pages, out of oblivion.
It's been a long season
of cooking tips and love sonnets
crossing over before the crowned
cathedrals of Wyatt and Keats.
I count grocery beads, a hail dairy
for each breakfast of nails, TV allegory,
and Afghanistan embedment.
Living half-dressed in a Western
suburb, I try not to have projects.
Somewhere a train is going through space
fast—not through a living room although it
still impresses one behind closed doors.
Maupassant never did train-spotting with

mantelpiece, although Flaubert
did suggest it. This Sunday, I'm reading
Panic and Plenitude, Suspicion and Sympathy,
great novels Jane Austen never wrote
but which moonlight persuasively as
quasi-Ludo policy for refugees, shelved
preastolatio preastolatio
in Capital Hill's kitchen cupboard
beside Christmas Island, Sri Lankan sambol,
and a code-red cod liver oil. Chutney me now
and lyric paste the remains. Forbes as
extra from the final Harry Potter flick
holds aloft the ashen magic-stick and
bids Voldemort a cheerful goodbye.
Irony proper is piqued. And so spirit-imbibing,
we smash our glasses and burn a toast
to Rasputin's torrid resurrection:
hellebore to the plains; be Caesar flanked!