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## Untitled

Bill Lynch  
*Concordia University - Portland*

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## UNTITLED

*Bill Lynch*

She wants to hustle to New York City, New York  
to the bowery to hang out  
with Chuck Close when he was thirty-three.  
She's in love with his self-portrait,  
all six feet, every blown dandelion detail,  
every hair fine enough to float gauges.  
Even the smoke that no machine can capture  
all signal to her the need to thumb back east.

We came out on the last cut of my uncle's blood money,  
buying a Volvo, trading for a hot air balloon  
stored in a farm house in Oregon City, Oregon.  
Below us, the grapevines were wired taut over the hills,  
the concentric circles of a surveyor's map,  
and as she tugged and torched the air, we took to the wind,  
hoping to avoid the black of I-5 asphalt.  
Before dark we amateurs dropped our basket on a hill,  
broke down in the grass,  
tangled like Gulliver in the lines, let the balloon deflate  
the way our baby had leaked out her legs,  
the fingers miraculously detailed  
right down to the whorls of the painstaking tips,  
the shoots of follicles sown lovingly in the lids.