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Wisteria

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Wisteria

This tough vine cracks telephone poles,
Abandoned bridges, and long leaf pines.

Its purple blooms scent the ripe
Afternoon and mix, in their presence,

What I remember of you, your head bent,
Your hair wet, your back against that fence,

The rain curling down your neck,
Your arms and legs shaking like foals,

Getting up into they knew not what,
Nor for how long, nor even why nor for whom.

Peter Huggins