February Poem

some roads learn
to hide what happened

the shine looks harmless
under streetlight

just wet pavement
just another way
the night gives back
what little light it has

then your foot goes

and for one clean second
your whole body
belongs to the earth

not as punishment

only reminder

that walking was always
an agreement

not a right

I have been saved
more than once

by the hand
that reached out

before either of us

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February Poem

had time

to become good

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