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## Fontanelle

Sara Judy

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Sara Judy  
*Fontanelle*

*for Jahan*

not the ruin, but the ivy  
not the crumbling fence, but the flowering bush  
not the salt, but the crystal  
not the heat, but the sweat  
not the moon, but the streetlamp, seen thru the trees  
not the records on the wall, but the one missing  
not the lines, but what's left after  
not the bird, but the beak  
which, as we walk thru streets, runs somewhere  
thru the fountain, not the endless,  
but the never shut off  
not the stream, but the hand covering the spigot  
the mouth leaning in to drink