Who can make you feel better

Alexander Benedict

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Alexander Benedict
responding through cento to
Woodward Review 1

**Who can make you feel better**

I want to know the yellowthroat’s quick trill as
I went ——— *a multitude*
I know, too, in the glow of a screen at a black site…
I am in control of this dream.
I was born bald, but she couldn’t find the pictures to prove it.
I tried to stockpile sleep the way
I am in the passenger seat of the white old car of the best friend
    I once loved and still,
“I go apeshit for so much less” but see,
I do not understand men.
“I made you a birthday cake” to my friend while
I nearly fainted and vowed immediately never to use the hand soap
    again
I only saw an expanse of clean, matte gray tiles with a black
I and all our friends could be there together again, even one afternoon
    under trees whose shade
I should pawn
I mean.
“I paid for that, you know.”
I cannot heave my heart into my mouth
I swallow a bird. The bird carries thread inside
I know
I
I ask
I went, winter
I had killed it with a wayward stone.
I knew.