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Aunt Ida and Lord Byron

by Walter Griffin

She read his lines with reverence,
one could almost hear his
lame foot dragging across the floor.
How unfamiliar Texas must have been
behind the dust piled windows:
The spectre dissolved in yellow light
as she slowly closed the book
and her breath seemed caught
in the kindling fire, while I,
pulling my toes through my socks
longed for summer and the sharp
blades of grass that cut
red ribbons on my knees.

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