

## **Snake Dance**

### **Poems**

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Silence was so loud-  
a pain ago, would you  
resume me now,  
between a scion and stock.

The sap had dried up.  
A tiny human inside a pen  
draws the borders  
of bleeding lacerations.

Black mouths,  
confront the grizzled gods.  
I want them now  
in water.

Suicide of a fig tree was  
evident. It had eaten its  
own figs. No leaves  
were left now.