

## Nostalgia

Isocetes Rainier

pinks into blue twilight,  
the long day's glacial melt

over. Coasting across Aurora, St.  
Helens comes to mind, and I find  
myself desiring that grand Pompeiian  
moment. There can be no other way  
to keep the playfields, houses,  
highways, and families.

Rilke was wrong.

You must save your life.

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