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I





## LIME

In each grove, one ripens past ripeness.  
One lime hangs to its branch,  
greening until it shines in the dark:  
a lamp brighter than foxfire.

It is night, and the stars  
won't look at the steady row of trees.  
Each row is one hundred brothers in a line  
or one tree repeated  
into the always far-off horizon.  
I am running, and the last branch is farther.

The lime took  
its light from my eye.  
The night before tonight, it stole  
my glimmer when I fluttered asleep.

It found me.  
I am no longer lost. I find  
myself in its shine.  
I am a hollow moth  
pinned by a lime's light.  
I am stuck through by a pin to this tree.

