



Cross x3
Alex Stolis

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The day before the earthquake Kansas was drinking red wine,
remembering the first time, knowing how easy it is to confuse
wine for blood, blood for love, love for suffering. She knows
redemption is simple knows what she cannot see, makes a toast;
to the flit of wings and the buzz of leaves in an autumn wind.
She remembers everything, how the world became rock and sky;
quartz and pyrite, how her name, on his lips, became weightless.