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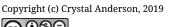
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١.

The plastic tyre hung from the red-bud tree. When bee season was over, the purple canopy having dissipated, I revolved; the diameter of me resisted the centrifugal. The nearest stable bodies – bushes – stretched into green moments of separation.

I've filled a need: flying without flying.

II.

Legs working like hummingbird wings. They are short. They are mine. Hills are the hardest, the tensity at odds with what I am supposed to be.

I ended up on my back, bits of the tor's scree giving me up, bouncing my head off winter-wet grass and mud. I sucked in biting breath, laughed

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fast as two wing beats.

Vision became my childhood tyre, all the while your footfalls settled print by print. The Mother Hill held you but had shivered off the roads.

III.

At the Crushing Stone, the ewe held up a front hoof as if in pain. With measured steps on the three remaining limbs, it kept its distance from the site's many visitors.

You said she might be put down. We'll never know. Both are causes for grief.

IV.

We found the farm after the rain tapered off; roots-like-bones delivered us as a limb running from flock to shepherd.

The intention was to let the owners in on the secret limping through the underbrush. In the courtyard, the black cat met us alone.