

# Snake

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Originally published in  
*Cider Press Review* 6, 2005  
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Even the vines lush  
with attitude. I watch  
the sweet of his gestures,  
the flutter of her perfume; I pray  
for overcast, the invasion of snowflake,  
rootless flower. My coiling mind  
waits: for them leisure is still jigsaw  
with pleasure. But soon  
flavor will be a locus: its essence memory.