

**Recommended for You Because You**

*Yet the fortified city will be desolate,  
The habitation forsaken and left like  
a wilderness*

Watched: war in Ukraine documentary on Patsy Cline  
the largest alligator in the world Amy Winehouse  
at some point says *These are hard to sing.*  
The sad lily of her body, small.  
She lifts her leg, lightly. Lamb in heels. Body appearing  
almost wasp stung. I was told our restlessness  
is only. God. God, like apricots, a thick  
sweet light like screens, like eyelids.

*There the calf will feed and there it  
will lie down  
And consume its branches*

eBay informs me only 13 hours left  
to buy \_\_\_\_\_. I get drunk most Tuesdays.  
Like my sister—drunk most Tuesdays and  
dating a dead girl's brother, saying everything  
he does he does because  
it hurts. Every time he hurts me, he  
doesn't. He hurts. He  
loves. To which I say.  
She told me in the missile-proof room: he, and—  
I said no. Which was almost  
funny. And then we talked in a missile-proof room  
about the ducks on a pond in Arkansas.  
The ducks on the pond in our almost  
hometown, \_\_\_\_\_, which  
continues to decline despite  
those warm floods swelling  
the sides of highways. Turning the ground  
a sudden green. Cartoon-poison, that green.  
The soybeans, a dollhouse jungle we walk through.  
Fearing feral dogs, we carry sticks. We go back  
mostly for funerals. We tread water to the car in our black skirts,  
watch the TV lady say *Worry about the coffins*. Will they  
float. Rain thickens. We're left swallowing the bugs on our tongues—  
they taste like I imagine moon grit, and killing  
spiders with juice glasses,  
wine glasses, whatever will. Slowly,  
the watermelons lose their seeds.  
But still, we are heirs to this earth you gave us, this earth.

*When its boughs are withered, they  
will be broken off;  
The women come and set them on fire.*

She says take away  
any identifying features. I linger over  
certain events. I think I want to chew  
the ground. My sister opens bottles  
with her teeth. I have daydreams  
where I choke on their caps.  
Folded into the couch we eat apricots.  
The juice finds the hollows in us.  
On EURONEWS No Comment  
a man in a tracksuit says *My son died here  
and sometimes I look for him.* Background shot of shoe  
and jaw edge, in dirt. Digging  
for bottles we found a bayonet  
in an orchard, wasted time  
determining what war had made it like coral.

*For it is a people of no understanding;  
Therefore, He who made them will not  
have mercy on them*

I thought for sure it was white, the color  
of those walls. I couldn't look. Like the last look  
given that last time, always like.

We've scattered ourselves.

Six thousand miles. Settled with God, we are  
the betting kind. Listless fans shake, silver,  
or lead paint, cracking. Like the end  
of a videotape, which we watched  
before these videos now,  
with no clear end.

Recently I realized my thoughts  
are image clips, like I'm living all this  
breathless, well lit.

*And He who formed them will show  
them no favor.*

Browse now plenty of beautiful  
Ukrainian brides; Russian  
cupid.com; Alena-marriage-  
agency. Related searches include.  
So much sublime in wife-profiles.  
I shop for deals like I'm serious.  
Smart,gorgeous,landscapes,the girl  
is looking. Keeping smiling. I like to know.  
It is difficult to prompts myself.  
Those with perfect English are less desirable.  
I pass them over, biblically,  
as if their doors were smeared with blood.  
HOTSTYLE: I am clever, kind,  
was a more stripped down. Has filed  
a tender offer statement. \_sweetlady\_:  
a woman must always remember  
that she is a woman regardless of.  
little\_lily asks, did you see me  
in your dreams? I am very tender. I can be  
a good person. To talk to. Many-sided  
people. I like to meet new. And—  
we are unlikely to have problems in finding  
common. Ky33 is I AM. Femininity is the word  
which often describes me.  
I am not very religious but.  
I could teach you. Open your.  
If, I believe we could.

*And it shall come to pass in that day  
That the Lord will thresh*

I was told our restlessness is only God  
And God is only. Seeking.  
Desperate after. Us, running,  
on cut feet and bread alone.  
Through our dark, God. Through  
our cold. Our closed  
mouths, God. And what I want from God  
is possibly a bad thing to ask. To ask  
often is. He is sometimes quiet,  
a choke. And hold. An early night,  
stark as vinegar. And what I want to say is  
give me your hands, if even  
they are thistle. Give me your hands.

**Note:** The sections of this poem take their epigraphs from Isaiah 27: 10-12.