

EMMA BOLDEN  
FIRST PLACE

**It was no more predictable**

than a lunch or a  
death it wasn't September or the house before  
windows opened wouldn't I know if we all had  
grown gossamer there is too much wool on  
your tongue & after the sherbets & armagnacs  
& he was standing by that evergreen in the  
center of France & that was the one time &  
everything looking & so we decided not to  
decide god was not happy god was at the  
same time never & always & any way god was  
never a part of this plan & I said in your hands of  
course there's a sweetness of course it was the  
last thing I meant when we lay & let the night  
give us back our clothing I was thinking of your  
mouth & its fullness its stars it was full of  
them in their distance & thousands & we would  
never be anything more or less than light