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ANNA YIN

PICKING UP A DANDELION

Before dawn,
I pick you up,
then bring you closer.
My fingers slowly roll
over your body,
removing seeds attached to you,
free them into the air.
I hear you sigh
as if breezes swirl at the bottom
of mountains. Through wheels
of twilight, I see you naked and fresh.
A shadow, and now a thin split cocoon,
your face opens to the sky,
then turns to me, shivering in joy.