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Haint

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Haint *Emily Thomas*

Sometimes I feel you when everyone is asleep.
Standing in my doorway, guarding the dark.

It took me a long time to realize it was you.
After all, we have never met exactly.

Standing in front of your grave for the first time,
I remember my own father tensing up.

Maybe choked on his breath.
Buried in a cement vault, you

won't come floating in the Louisiana rain.
But I know it's you who comes at night.

You stand like Korea
and Vietnam
and the Southdown sugarcanes.

Threshing, threshing,

I've swung your rusted machete around at imaginary fields,
cutting them down to let in the light.