

## Alone at the Fire

Valerie Salerno

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“WICKET”  
“wick wick it”  
“WICKET”  
“wick wick it”

Look up, at the edge of the clearing.  
a wide white lap  
on the hips  
of a 30-foot angel.  
Standing barked,  
Half-cracked and sorry.

heavenly shoulders slack open,  
you were born too soon.

*runner*