a flag flaps in the wind

memory viewed from above watching as they climbed the narrow metal stairs wet from the spray the rush of bitter wind flying more violently than before on dark days the ice and penetrating fog gnaws at their bones gravity and ghosts embalmed with light

on the observation deck

the water descends with great force to the falling river below standing solidly and craning over the edge of a stage the mighty roar of the falls washes over a black hole memory picturing nothing to see

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