

School's Out

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Green thunder rips space
time a whole new worm
hole as black as clouds
full of ice pounding out
hot July microbursts.
Doesn't matter what you wear,
the dog leads the lion
how we came here, alone,
absurd, but for summer—
time's end when Old Main's faux
bells toll brick red, and blue
terrapins sun on logs fat
with clocks seeping seconds