

# Shame

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I hid the deed:

—would my life end?

The grackle called it back again.

The grackle then

became

my life. A swan's neck  
curling to ask

*what if*

uncurled

to reach into the reed,

and struck the stone  
of what I did.

The grackle called it back again.

The grackle called it back again.