

## Love Poem Three Autumns Later

In East Oakland, in my temporary flat,  
I wash your empty plant pot  
at the kitchen sink.  
In the dirt, loosened from the crevices,  
tiny flecks of sand—the same  
slant of auburn as the pot—  
I gather and carry them to the lake.  
The water is still. The sky  
drifts to the left where memory lives.  
*Forty years a swamp, I say, opening my palm.*

Charif Shanahan

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