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Orphan, Indiana

David Dodd Lee

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Orphan, Indiana
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David Dodd Lee

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Heat stopped publishing 6 miles back
where the décor was a door hanging free from a hinge.
—Catherine Meng, Tonight’s the Night

I’m speeding west somewhere in the top of Ohio or Indiana,
and to my right is the Arctic Circle, all white and scary.
—Arthur Vogelsang, A Planet
He Never Failed Strangely to Greet It

It all starts with the sentence, chain of lakes like your blushing neutrality—

Houses in his little hand like dice

Then the windows reappear

I begin to pray in the dark

I stand up

Flashes of light like the moon

Headlights all over the highway . . .

Blood falls off the antlers

The suburb is smothered in rain coats

Smoke curlies out of a red brick chimney

Nobody says a word

Not one of the other dreaming passengers