

# Red Logic

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Small good mornings etch themselves into the brick  
walls of an alley: Rubble arranged in a

tomato garden; an illusion of blood  
drips like water into a

coffeepot: The red echo that keeps  
a newborn awake in his crib.

Ink marks the spot where meaning  
loses its grip: A grand cliff in Arizona

that causes an allergic reaction; your skin  
becomes raised and exposed: A negative

processed in chemicals.