

# Stopped

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I am reading page 132  
Of a book I began years ago.  
Tell me what to turn and where to do.  
December is still caught in my throat  
And into April air I cough:  
I fly a kite while wearing a coat.  
Turn green! I stand at your crossing.  
My office awaits, briefcase handle  
Squeaks. Come back from the commercial.  
I've been to the fridge. I'm still starving.  
Do you love me?