

**She used to talk so much God-language  
by Maria Garcia Teutsch**

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She traveled inside a hole.  
She shouted and pointed  
her gun of daisies.

Look as she becomes  
smoke around the rooftiles.

She talks tigerlily  
with antennae like thorns.

She used to talk to god  
at a pew of park benches.

Thought god saw her under  
nape of moonlight  
writing letters on breasts in ink.

And now?  
She travels inside a smaller hole.