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## THE HARBOUR

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## **Abstract**

Angel, how numb your shoulders are, how they sag with the burden of feathers that pull you down to the dark rim of a darkening earth. And when you lift your eyes from the oily slap of water, they gleam briefly, a flint that no light gives you, not the burning iron ships, nor the harboured moon, nor the flare of a match, your eyes gleam with the agony of presence.

# Alison Croggon

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