

Roy Schwartzman

## **Messy Erasure**

First trip to the Appalachians:  
heard you could see five states from Lookout Mountain.  
No dotted border lines, no proof. Demanded refund.

First all-nighter, no surrender to sleep.  
Good-night kisses only drowsy imprints  
of clumsy closure, fizzled reassurance.

Last time I hit the backspace key  
backpedaled into illusions of clean slates,  
faint traces of regret the signature of adventure.

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