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Transfiguration



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[Marilyn Krysl](#)

The blind talk of a way out. I see



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The last day was a day of excrement —
on the sheets, sarongs messed with it,
every other woman needing a bedpan,
then you had to empty them, rinse

and begin again. I began over.

Washing another woman my mantra.
This is the way to the worms' home.
Soon it will be your turn.

The sun sank. Late light, huge,
diminuendoed toward black. The room
stank, though it was still the cathedral.
The beds were low, you had to kneel:

I dipped a handful of rag in a bowl,
watched the water gather in its threads.
Little by little the water filled it
to the lip with the shine of wetness.

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