

## Postcard from Texas

This morning, miss you means the hawthorn's  
blooming, air so sweet it threatens to attract bees.  
Miss you is a street full of pecans that roll under  
my feet. I falter, yes. Miss you means not falling,  
means this distance feels bigger than Texas, than  
long tall clouds high enough to be laced with snow.

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Hear the author read her poem [HERE](#)

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