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## I Find the Messiah

on the carpet, in my daughter's sour blossoms of vomit  
that I scrub with a shredded rag

inside the jammed printer, in the delicate cuts

collecting in the webs of my fingers

in the dried tendrils of millipedes that have squeezed  
through the screens and dried up in the corners

on the blue clouds of mold sprouting over  
the cucumbers in the refrigerator drawer

in the trilling crescendo of the Ford's loose fan belt  
in the smoldering stars of grease in the oven

I find him—not on mountains or in fragrant temples—  
but in the dusty village of my life

where I search for a cup of crystalline water  
and find his hair blowing wild in the wind.

-Tania Runyan