

August II

These long hot days
That look just like the others
Trapped in the basement
While the heat outside smothers
The last bits of life
That grow in the garden
Their roots to dry up
Their soil to harden
The sweat on my neck
Forms a film of sweet oil
Oh, press with a napkin
The places that boil!
Then float on through evening
Thrash in a soft bed
Love is a leaving
Home is a moss bed

How vibrant red Mars
In the raw blue of midnight?
Musings of last year
Awash now in clear sight
Meadow awoken
I'll sit still til sunrise
The hush of your breathing
The glint in your dark eyes
Now stretch and take flight
Slip back through the crevice
Wait for your mother
To call you to breakfast
And I'll run on home
When I'm heat-struck and restless
But I linger for now
And alone in the brown grass
I think of what will be
The things that I will do
Like changing the curtain
That's spotted with mildew.