

*August II*

One more turn  
Of the  
Big wheel drags us  
Forward. You  
Can sense the  
Push and pull,  
Feel gravity, just  
By standing still  
And paying  
Attention. Yesterday  
I wept into the  
Brown grass  
In an attempt  
To turn it green.  
The soil hardened  
Like clay in the  
Kiln, and the roots,  
Without wiggle  
Room, surrendered.

August always  
Has been a  
Rebirth,  
Even when it  
Feels like a  
Slow death.  
I outgrew my  
Old bike and  
Placed it on  
The curb. In its  
Absence I  
Let the wind  
Carry me.  
I must breathe  
Life into everything  
I love. I  
Must ride this  
Wave that is  
Bent on moving  
Through me.  
I miss doing  
Nothing with  
You.