

August

August
floats us
under its expansive chest
carrying the kite we built
for a moment or so.

But mostly it leads our kite
to the highest leaves
which turn and twinkle;
signaling to us
over the din of the slow summer glare
that they are now retaining our kite
as hostage.

So we stretch underneath
and I watch the pulse
in your neck and sometimes the tree
but you cleverly keep your eyes
trained on our offering
maybe thinking to the tree
laying on your back; bartering
with your hands tucked behind your head.

The air touches every part of us
and we lie tranquil
surrendered.

Crystal Lass

dew frost crusting her eyelids
brought the morning sun down with a shock

cooling tides in night quiet parted
our invaded cities emptied

revealing her corpse
drawn between a trash bin and a car
in a small parking lot

by capillary action perhaps
as the night froze around her

it was the last gesture she had to give
yet not as brilliant
as she ever gave.