

#341

darkening maple leaves sift summer rain,
grapefruit sun turns from slipping beads
terrified to sleep in dry dirt

remember the love i saved
for myself in a june without its moon,
our town caught under warm porchlight
given by the lord

days come back to me,
illuminated house
full of dinner spills across a fading lawn.
i catch drops of water,
let them dance like golden glass