

FLICKERING

I slip into my dark
glitter
slip.

Step over the heat carefully as if
a body moving could somehow cause a thunderstorm to happen
before they say it might

(as if weathermen are ever right).

July keeps the city
trapped / waiting for something

spectacularly grieving
& hard to define.

Hangs around the fire escape & yellow
café lights stringing over Avenue A.

A patio bird taps on cement.

Someone laughs into a napkin.

Order me a cold rose.

I want to say *nothing*
ever dies.

When will it ever begin to rain?

The heart always feels so humid
in the eyes.

A citronella whispering dark lines into the night.

How did I get here with my black satin
satchel filled with things—?

My dead mother's garnet
pillbox.

Pages & pages about puzzling
summer clouds.

Nails the color of tonight
after everything has been turned off.

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