

Mayflies

Every spring the boundless sex
of mayflies & each evening
we greet stillness on the front
steps, predicting small barometric
changes. But even these rituals
falter & each day must end in the slow
glacial wearing of a stone
worn smooth, the hand worn

more tenderly. The glass
of sweet-tea left out over night
lured all sorts of things
with the residual promise

of sex & sugar. Heaven help me,
but even the hum of these trapped
wings seem lazy with you
all the way over there & out of reach.