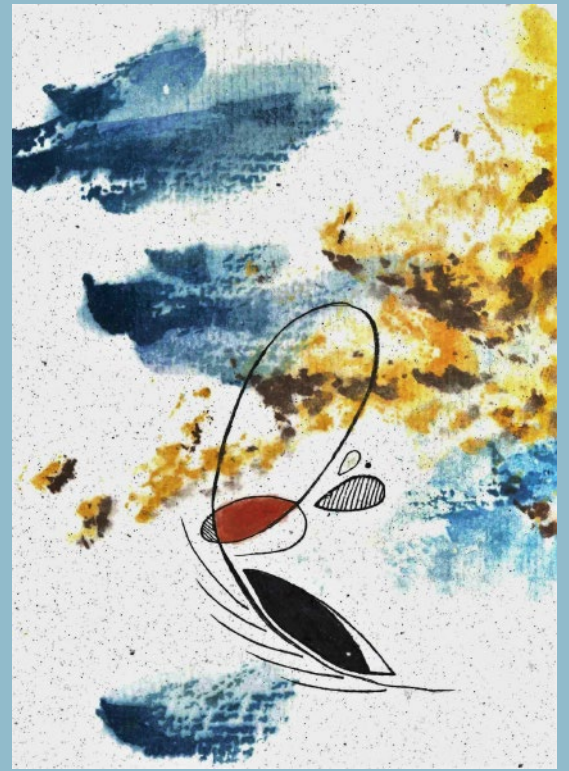


Summer Nocturne



I heard, for a second, someone moving
a trashcan and thought it was thunder,
but then I realized that the thunder
was someone moving a trashcan
in heaven. As if those flies even care
what I see. I can see from my porch,

down the row of shotguns, through
their porches, to the end of the block.
There's a kid talking to lights, dim,
drawing up termites. Her arms swing,
picking up wings as she conducts

them as though she's lived one hundred
years, died, and has returned with them
to haunt the block in an evening storm.