

Clark Anne, The Spinning Turning Of The Summer

The spinning turning of the summer earth
has stretched and wound the air
into a tight blue band around
its swollen girth

Dizzy and relentless the suffocated streets
wind on and toil and soils
gasp their quick and tiny breath

Parched dry tongues scrape over reptile lips
and every word we speak
steams and crackles in the heat

lizard still we perch upon the stones
merging carved and curled this rough
dry heat unfurls pervades the flash
marrow that once waxed now wanes the bones

High upon the sky
the one unblinking eye pours down
its slippery butter, yellow drops
melting oily fire on our backs

fingers without touch
fell for relief

and every move we make
strains as if about to break
something has to give