Blaming the Heat

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BLAMING THE HEAT

Already tired of the irises, 
reading late, leaves, night no longer 
brings anything but the dog walking 
through the rooms. You always 
think it is something out there 
like the heat so bad this April so 
you blame it on no spring, imagine 
your pine has never scratched the window, 
pavement always dry, and then there is 
always: it is night that you think this way. 
At 3:37 you remember those numbers 
mean something, but morning’s such 
a long way off you cannot 
fully remember, because you only imagine 
the birds, people next door who went 
to sleep early and who still sleep. 
Their dreams include rain in the night. 
Now you blame it on fear. And that’s why 
when it rains twoards morning you remember 
you expected it for April, still awake, 
wishing you could blame something else, 
even yourself for trying to go back 
into a dream. But you haven’t.