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Heat Wave

Linda Bierds

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HEAT WAVE

The killing sun is setting. We leave our withered horses, our windless, stone-dry wheat, to come to these lawns, these galleries, where Nick and Nora and stiff-legged Asta hang from the sky. Our children are slumped on the grass like empty jackets. A lung of cicadas rattles.

How green we are. How sun through the elm leaves greens us. How sun through the windows of celadon vases

greens us. The saxes and trumpets are bleating, The clays of a thousand years tremble, regather.

Oh Nora. Oh Nick with your whiskey, your ascot, your eye swelling now like the moon from a hundred miles; give us your clear-headed glances. Skim over our bodies like rain.