

# CutBank

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## Yes

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YES,

the white estrellas at Las Casas were magnificent;  
red meadow  
and noon-time stars, and the wild, blood-  
streaked mums  
waiting in silence; the short-stemmed sun  
was fat  
with shade; a common cardinal whirred up up up  
from the  
crimson cover along the border of the red-  
haired corn.

Did you signal, beckon me as we picked the wild-  
flowers?  
Was I slow? What could I give you? Listen, it is  
better  
without touch, better to just sit in each other's  
hearts,  
fragrant, vased fresh. Sun kisses estrella and  
moves on.

The planned furrow's dark and wormful, dull with  
love of  
rusting vegetables. Far love is much better; we can  
be like  
two blood-red birds racing up up up to burst  
together  
into that thin air crammed with figs and fat  
promises  
chameleons search for endlessly, gorge them-  
selves on.

