

## BURNING SEASON

how your hands work against the grain of my skin

pulling out the stitches roots attached & quivering

like so many fingers crawling from a smoky river

somewhere i am small lying in perfected stillness

on top of the picnic table in my childhood backyard

i am pretending to be dead i leach the day through patient eyelids

& fever in the sun i can smell the boy next door

draped over the fence yesterday's rain now a layer of ash in his shirt

& moist earth trapped beneath his fingernails

i can feel his eyes birthing a song over my body

a sea breaks its lines unseen

a story swells like a castle of shadows & stretches over my bones

my skin furrows into valleys of violets & folds into

a slow burn

how your hands winter on the west side of my body

how sometimes they are full of weeping

how sometimes they sing to restitch me:

*Let me show you a new way to remember this.*