

## la madrague

here is my kaleidoscopic daydream  
bells & birdsong in the spring  
sunlight  
a beloved kitchen table

i'm waiting  
always waiting for the summer  
that ruinous luminous  
foliaceous season of my dreams

the summer that does come is good  
but it's never good enough

the corn grows tall by the side of the road  
i watch it  
when it's grown it means goodbye

we're driving under the tree tunnel  
quiet  
my dad knows i like long drives  
so he takes the long way home  
quiet

& it's all like  
twisting the stem of an apple  
*one.*  
june  
*two.*  
july  
*three.*  
august

give the apple  
a name  
something to set it apart  
you'll be gone  
by the time it's cut loose  
carved into crescents at the kitchen table