

**midsummer apparatus**

**by Anna Zwade**

August is for remembering  
that time passes on  
when mayflies' silence trembles  
and the peach on marble counter  
collects tones of the mellow sort

remember the gentle pursuits:  
skin on skin // your lover's laughter  
sweetness of ripe tangerines

to feel her bloom:  
a thousand crimson butterflies  
vibrating winter's succession

remember dandelions' wax  
succulent and malleable  
peppering summer valleys

remember warmth on aching skin  
curl inside August's machine,  
feel love quiver against your palm

**anti-ode to alzheimer's**

catch the memories this time 'round  
cling to the way they drift  
careful not to lose sight,  
cat scratch fever. that's the name, right?  
candy canes taste like mint,  
carolanne is your daughter,  
carolanne is your daughter,  
carolanne is your daughter,

cupid tied his knot when you were—  
caribbean is a sea somewhere,  
cry when you remember,  
cave when you don't.  
catch the memories, lock them in,  
curse your mind for—