

August on the Mississippi

Itchy and hot, sweat on the back of my
knees. I swallow the warnings to not
roll in the grass. Scratch my back please,
circulate the poison, remind me why I
love walnut trees and my parents and
the shapelessness of heat lightning. In
the morning, I'll collect bites from the river,
lose a beer to the undertow of words. It's
bad for your hair, to swim this much.
Sticky and knotted, it tastes like
mud and tarnished metal. You taste like
mud, like oxybenzone. Your tongue in my
ear, in my mouth, in the current
of my breath, rippling through the sheets of
your lofted twin bed. Hot flashes and skin,
cementing our fate in a clammy, cotton casket.
Tell me I'm incredible and go to sleep.