

Holding the orange sun in hand I
Pick burnt citrus from the meadow where
you grow (go)
one by one, wrinkled fingers
Hoping the dry grasses will survive the
summer heat, this year

In Junes passed they buried me alive at
the desert's stake, told me
Holding the atmosphere would carry me
away, three
Ripe avocados in my hand, heavy with
green sadness I carry for the four of us.
When the sandstorm came, I fell,
unprepared, weary: into another universe
of green, grabbing the fingers of creatures
with purple skin and white eyes we are all
aliens here
Sitting in the silence of the dawn with
nothing to offer except confusion,
Using celsius and measuring particles of
sand stuck to the sweat of our inner
thighs,
We do not question
It

(After carving the dawn's crescent rouge,
I stare the grasses in the eye and count to
ten, graceful in expectant watch,
grasping / gasping;

In the end he warned us much too late)

Who decides who tells the Truth? ...In a
matter of time we all rise from orange
flame