

the light

sitting in the car with my mom listening to David Gray

“now the whole frosted night is just a song”

except it's summer

and the corn is growing taller by the day

and we both know what it will mean

when the leafy stalks will be cut loose

like metal expanding

the house was old and rusty when i was born

now it's just old

and the smell of those early days is woven in the walls

staining the air like

peaches growing old in a basket

stone fruit i think :

i am the stone.

i am the ant crawling its way back out

caught by the knife

we will watch the corn grow tall and we will know and say nothing

& i will eat the stoneless fruit happily.