SULTRY SUMMER TWILIGHT

Today was long and thickly matted, like an ascetic, and drawn up into an unseen topknot of sun. It wore a necklace of clouds, heavy and gray. And steamy as some universal destroyer. It rubbed sweat like ashes all over my body.

In the swelter of wisdom, I saw time distinctly as past, present, future, events as myth or reality. I saw time distinctly in the sweeter of wisdom.

In the homestead to her body, which proved to be glowing brighter and brighter at the end. Black by the light, pitch black down a long corridor, passing my waist and slinging at my shoulders all the while. But also supple, with long legs, long arms. So, if I fell into the well, he'd could slip down to ground level, below even, to haul me up.

And how tall he is. He could reach up and help me down no matter where I was. But also supple, with long legs, long arms. So if I fell into the well, he'd could slip down to ground level, below even, to haul me up.

Needed Saving

He’s out there chopping wood. He swings his axe back so far, brings it down so hard, I almost pity that unfortunate log.

He’s a brave man. The photos of him in uniform prove it. He would stop what he was doing, run to save me, if I cried out, “Help, I’m drowning.”

Even layered for chilly fall, his muscles rise through the woolens. And look at that jaw. It juts like a comic-book hero. And if I tumbled from the roof, he’d catch me. Or if my bedroom was on fire, he’d dash up the stairs, into the flames, drag me out alive without thought for himself.

THE WOOD CHOPPER

All in all, of the things I'd missed. The two contradicted, and sometimes events as myth or reality. In the homestead to her body, which proved to be glowing brighter and brighter at the end. Black by the light, pitch black down a long corridor, passing my waist and slinging at my shoulders all the while. But also supple, with long legs, long arms. So, if I fell into the well, he'd could slip down to ground level, below even, to haul me up.

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Capable of so much and he's out there chopping wood. Between the blade and that oak bough, something must have needed saving.

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Origami Poems Project™

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Cover: Angel Oak From the web

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