

Vernal

The equinox passed
two equal halves

unnoticed. Day lined up
back to back with night.

Spring measuring their height
with her thawing hand.

Twelve hours tall each
and then a swell of light.

Coaxing buds and bare legs.
Pollen a tongue tip drug.

Crocus throats thrusting
through dirt, cicadas

turning seventeen scream.
Nine o'clock geothermal

blue. Your lagoon hands
holding anything they can get

their heat on. Dusk
a dish thrown at a wall.

A wall a row of poplars
overpopulating the yard

you can't stop sleeping in
twenty Junes from now.