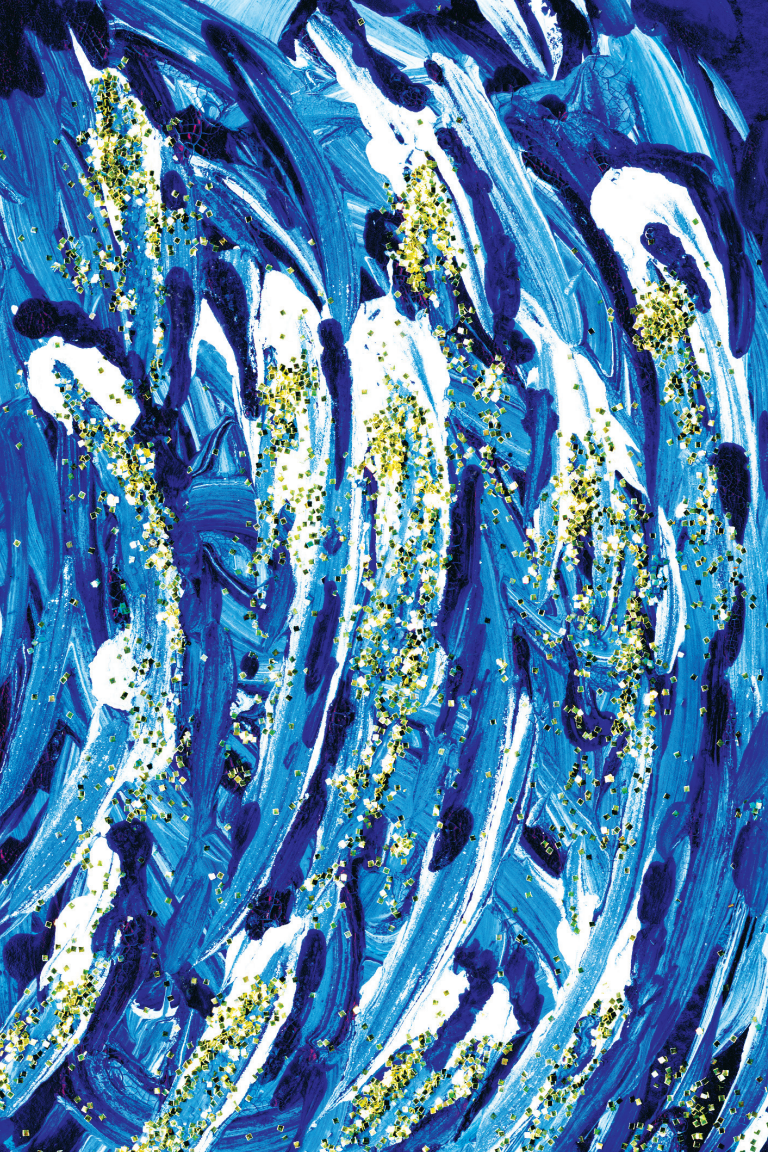


the sun sits low
phone rings early
she is called to sort low-bush
blueberries
she has slept beside me; stomachache
at midnight
crows absent at daybreak
newly cool in the bedroom,
unidentified
bites on hip and thigh itch

don't yet know why



towels on the line, post-tropical-Daniel
which gives only rain
can't see the sun, but the air a
welcoming warmth
contrasted by the first day of wearing a
sweater
inside

a dream about aunt, uncle, and cousin
visiting
both Aunt and Uncle deceased in
recent times
am surprised they look so young,
vibrant

your chair empty, when they enter the
living room

windswept day
sheets dry despite the unseen sun