

Aug. 26th, I took the bus and thought of my dead grandmother by Evan Gray

--For Betty

I.

paint chipping off the handrail
to the playground
blown pieces of tires
across the asphalt
this black tar summer
dirt running in her veins
home already—
heading home

II.

stars are already burnt out—
at least burning out
frost kisses Easter Lilies on the lips
and kills them
at the roots

III.

the sun is shining outside the window
longing for her to touch our face

IV.

tractor lights glare
the eyes of a buck deer
and bury him in a ditch

V.

stars wrap the moon
in their fleece blanket
I shiver in the doorway
perched on black limbs

VI.

clouds roll over a reflection of the moon
tell me yesterday got lost
on the way home