

Last Summer by Katelyn Sabet

sweet milk of a morning
home with the children
soft grey sky
my skin too hot, a fever in me
billows up neck and ears
sticky heat
little sailboats
talcum powder sleeping finally
straw hat vegetables
a child grew in the garden
towel dried vowels bubbling his mouth
bird at the window
baby runs a temperature, I should have been more careful
fly nodding on the banister
ceiling fan ticking
a bottle
a blanket
a breathing little soft skulled world