

CATE LYCURGUS

Love Poem with a Dropped Stitch

The redbud hadn't reckoned it was time. But she found a tub
of calamine and lotion-dipped her limbs, emerged a painted
vision with the notion, then, to soothe our eyes, their rash
of inattention. Unlike the gypsy moth, our slide into new climates
is not sly. And sidewalk ice sublimates, heat swarms the thighs
and you resign to sweat a second scarf straight down your shirt.

No air conditioning can cool conditions that I have: surprise
to find the world bi-polar, placing both soft wool and nettles
under our bare feet. To swallow all the finches with new
swagger in their songs—let's play some ball. The light is long
and doing calisthenics on the lawn. We cannot keep up with our
shadows growing—taller, then together—unsure whether we
are holding hands or wearing mitts. But they are broken, pockets
deep, and as a web of dusk crochets its way up to our feet, I pray
we snag each throe and thread *you & I to we.*