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 sublimes, 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.