

# August, now and after

*by* Kitty Boots

August  
mornings are heavy  
air is close, syrupy sweet like honey  
it clings

and produces a sheen of sweat before 8:00 am  
grass, wet, drippy  
flip-flops kick water on your calves  
the birds wonder what took you so long to come out

there is no deliniation between bay and sky on the beach  
standing there, you feel slightly dizzy  
the water is calm, not throwing diamonds today  
and the dorsal fins of dolphins ground you

Wendy's produce stand is stocked with pattypan squash, tomatoes,  
okra, peppers  
she had little to do but garden this year  
with Leroy out on the tugboat, he'll be scalloping later  
her newest litter of beagle puppies follow her into the field

I'll see her this fall, a redhead in camo  
her truck parked by the side of the road  
she'll make deer jerky

I visit Florinda at the migrant rent houses  
she gives me cilantro, feathery and pungent  
mine bolted weeks ago  
butternut-yellow gourds hang from a trellis  
no eat, she says  
when they're dried they make make rattles to pass over their sick  
children

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it cures them of fever she says

she's from Oaxaca and I tell her,  
your city has a name that sounds like a sad sigh  
she says, *como?*

