

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?*

