

# no-name time of day

*by* Kitty Boots

that time of day  
when there's a gauzy blanket thrown over  
the thin span of time between dusk and dark  
when shadows steal from the sun

lightning bugs  
honeysuckle strangles the senses, air so close  
birds sing as if in mourning

covered in a sheen of sweat, flowers of salt bloom on my T-shirt  
as I dry out under the fan  
hear thunder in the distance, feel static in the air

tiny leopard frogs  
anticipating rain  
they'd look so perfect as a necklace or a bracelet  
I cannot replicate their beauty, or explain my attraction to them

and then  
filaments of rain, straight, opalescent  
not hard enough to make the mop-head hydrangeas lose their  
dignity  
or sprawl, mud-spattered, defeated  
no lullaby on the metal roof

I wash the dinner dishes, look out the window  
trash panda is patting for fallen mulberries by the well cover  
I tap on the glass and she looks at me

