

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

