

Beside the Pool at Noon

by Sydney Kilgore

following a rough brown road,
like crocodile skin,
toward the clear, azure sky,
interrupted by an
explosion of green,
my eyes turn quickly
to the sparkling pool, blue
like the sky,
calm, besides from a breeze
that turns the surface
into diamonds,
a gray bird hops next to -
then under -
my lounge chair,
white with orange stripes,
and as I shift my arm,
he flies away
past the green explosion,
into the azure sky,
to the sun.

