

Frat boy liffee

Grain streaks down your captures  
Of October, 2009 when  
The floor never ached with  
Cold and your brother  
And you would imagine marigolds.

By the pool-water, at low tide, lying in  
In light blue tiles that would  
Read your breaths for kicks  
But in the earnest of its slants of color  
spelled back little knees and elbows.  
And the watchful eye of the hedgerow,  
That held some stone-faced saint; Francis maybe,  
He weathered by his yet-sworn swear,  
To measure (in darker greens, the hedgerow) children  
By the break of coins, from hard  
Concrete in the wake of their softer  
Fingernails.

“I love you madly”  
How many more years, would  
Run the color down from the tiles  
To call for such a heavy hand;  
Happened on unclean separation.

-Devan (the ostrich) 42212Boneman

