

Last day of Childhood

Remember it like this.

Mother singing to bees, your shadow stretched
substantial as the hayloft, the rhythm of grain released
in looping eights, the frenzy of wings, the horse
turning in the wheel house, its soft muzzle puckering for hay.

Remember a boy desired you and it stung. Remember
the metronome of crickets, the folding poppies, the bristle
of unharvested corn, or was it the rub of cattle at the trough?

Remember how the sun slipped red off the horizon,
how you held its glow for a second in the palm
of your hand. How it crested the rim of your eyes.

Remember how on seeing again, the light was gone,
the sky a silver backdrop of blue and that's when
you counted the moon, you counted the moon.