

Haze 1982

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Ice cream melts too quickly,
Lazy summer afternoons
Moss green moths drawn to the southern heat

Bitter cool lemonade
With humidity stretching 70
Skinned knees of
Battle
We wore crowns of gorse bush
and heather
And called our backyard
The edge of the universe

We never ventured past the suburbs
But craved the attention of
Big city stores,
Darling crimes and
Petty condolences
Wrapped up in brown
Paper and sent by sunday mail

Our fathers came by once
To give a kiss and
A quiet threat of
Return

Our mothers made the
Haunted mansions of oaken
Siding and wallpapered interiors
Their prophecies
And we watched with wild eyes as
Grandfather told us stories of
Frog catching
In the dead of night.

We asked for truth
But never listened
Preoccupied by tasks forgotten

We scrubbed grass under our skin

And dirt between our nails,
Fearful of the neighbors

Pitbull
But not of the darkening sky.

We embraced thunderstorms
Like a long lost lover
We danced with harsh split
Lightning illuminating
Our small figures
In white washed frames

We told dark room secrets
And
Wrinkled our noses at
The chemicals,
Bathing a broken
Snap shot
To life
Amongst the murmur
Of fans and
The watchful
Eyes of our Uncle.

Ruby lipped
And pink faced,
We called the sheriff
By name and the postman
By choice

We tiptoed across border lines,
Mouths dripping with cacti fruit
And the sultry sting of danger

Mocking our luck, time and time again
But it refused to run out

We crushed ripe raspberries between
The gaps in our teeth,
And chased a black cat
Until she turned tan and
Then white and then disappeared.

We didn't know how to read a
Compass
Or chart a passage,
Maps were unneeded,
Directions inconvenient,

Our quiet disturbance
Rocked the town

Like a rip roaring
Hurricane
And left trails of
Sugar for the birds.

Summer cries made way for
Big city ambition,
Scattered like seeds we forgot
Our names and destination,
Rolling on the northbound wind,
Tossed to the west and the east of a
cooker cutter country