

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