

Early Summer Day

Michael Newell

a dog sits in a breeze. smells and sounds
float through her body, fur rippling.

the steady sun presses eyelids shut, deepens
the center of the valley, whole families
swallowed unresisting.

overhead a bamboo kite
rests between clouds.

shade from my door drapes me. movement
seems ponderous. suddenly i am sprayed
by an unseen sprinkler.
my hands twist slowly, water-seeking tendrils.
my body lengthens through the yard.