

Appetite

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August. A heat like an iron. Beyond the screens, filthy
from the war of hours, the flowers singe at their edges.

My mother seeking jobs again. How many born into
this hollow of day, how many come home slamming

doors? On the corner a big dog pulls a woman
into the road. The clouds look elsewhere, unkempt

and glowering. There's the way a choir moves as a single
organism. There's the deep dirt and its silent song

of blackness. What is it you said once, before I learned
not to hear? Tell me everything again or I can't go on.

At least I know about the cool promise of sink. Cold
water on the wrists. Which page is good for a laugh.

Just past the shallow porch a bee is wasted after guzzling
the cosmos. Flies like something swimming, bumps

the concrete, rises, sinks again, and out route 34 a hawk
dead on the shoulder, one wing stuck up like a sail.