# June Poem



between the evening and the evening

there is another hour

not named

when the apartments loosen
their old brick mouths

and people come out

carrying cans
folding chairs
small dogs
children sticky with fruit

the city hums
under the city

a fan in a window
a train crossing iron
someone laughing too loudly
beside the dumpsters

and the cottonwood caught
in the chain-link

becomes old snow

becomes ash

becomes the beard
of a saint

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# June Poem



who has forgotten
what he blessed

this is the hour
of almost saying

of screens gone dark
in the hands of tired men

of women watering basil
in coffee cans

of the one moth
circling the porch light

as if light were an answer

as if answer
were the thing

we wanted

hurry hurry
said the traffic

wait
said the trees

and somewhere
under all our weather

the roots kept drinking

from whatever dark
we gave them

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