July Poem

after dark
the heat stays in the boards

porch steps
table planks
the handles of tools
left in the shed

all day the sun
has been teaching things
to hold what hurts

now lightning opens
beyond the trees

no thunder yet

only the far field
lit white

then gone

my grandfather said
that kind won't hurt you

but he said many things
before dying

and some were true
only because I needed them

the fireflies rise
from the ditch grass

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July Poem

little green nails
hammered briefly
into the dark

then pulled loose

then struck again

we sit without speaking

sweat drying
on our arms

waiting for rain
or for whatever
comes close enough

to name us

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