

The Fountain

Late afternoon,
a scorched silver Buick on cinderblocks.

Girls in sky blue, red, violet, white, sea-foam green
summer dresses. Each boy's skin on fire.

The garden in the backyard. Rain
touching the shadows of the water fountain,

each bead possessing a nameless rivulet,
the tribal memory of mariners,

the sky the colour of dynamite.
Most people have retired to the house.

Aching wind whispers to the water goddess.
Trees cry under the weight of soaked leaves.

Twilight smeared over everything.
Peach-coloured mist on peaches.

A boy in white and a boy in black
out in the garden, despite the drizzle,

the iron smell of their blood,
each thinking of something they would later ask.