

1990

## Location Exact

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### Recommended Citation

Fleming, Ris (1990) "Location Exact," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 1990 , Article 33.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1990/iss1/33>

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## LOCATION EXACT

The rough bark peels  
off in splintery  
handfuls as I  
silently (almost)  
climb.

Below, the old clock face  
of brick hides in the  
minute-grass about  
the base of the  
tree, tulip  
numbers  
swaying.

Ahead the black heat from the roof  
mesmerizes, black shutters,  
you can fall into  
that kind of  
black.

The bleached boards about  
it scatter shards of  
paint to the four  
corners of the  
blazing  
sky.

Noon colors swirl and  
slide green  
shadows  
into  
blue  
sky.

I should be mowing the lawn.

The broad leaves shimmer  
on the ends of the  
white birch-like  
branches all  
around  
me.

Off on a tangent of  
angles, is the  
door-trees'  
silver  
split.

Just over the pool of  
bluegreens appears as  
the only cool  
place in a  
whirl of  
dust and  
heat.

The street behind winds slowly  
into the very heart of the  
maze, confusing bikers  
with its monotonous  
gray turns and  
twists.

Lawn mowers rattle  
and hum in the  
distant  
air.