Orchard

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Rain greeted us on museum steps,  
American Gothic on my mind—  
bucket drummers, their heads  
echo between glass,  
avenues soaked—  
fled to silence.

Stone-sweet grins  
drop from their faces  
laughter slithers behind the  
bushes—I can see between her lips  
The realization;  
That when our hands meet  
she can’t help but think of it;  
Of the space between iron  
vocal chords  
that is silence;  
When trees fall behind  
your eyes and I don’t notice—  
The point when pages explode  
all in rows,  
feed the glue of their binding  
to electric mouths in the dark—  
toothless fields gape, drink  
the nectar.

Is it this bus, sun  
on cold seats?  
Is it the assault of yellow  
that is our silence?  
Is it the dead dragonfly  
at my feet, the  
courtyard we stand in, the
wallet dropped, pit in my stomach?
Dream that shivers like a bass string
pulled tight between us until

even I cannot see the silence
even I cannot count the trees