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