

JENNIFER BROWN

in the time of dragonfly

your fingers opened the word.
and now: green
and now: *for*

disordered signs of
the daffodil cinquains,
a specifics of space.

what will we say about the summer
when evening rippled onto the houses
patiently, optimistically.

we will say asphalt
the poisonous white flowers, a wedding
recollect,

as you smooth a crease of sweat
from my eyelid,
I went barefoot in your rooms.