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Summer's edge

at edges of cities
breaths held
in long tunnels
16
light bleeding
night
across water
sleeping
on bloated bellies
wine casks
starry canopies
in eyes
fizzy skin
electric nerves
connecting
circuitry boards

summer
a death
a hot nuisance
of a thing
like the prize
delivered to
the jaws of a quiet lion

hot winds
blown into windows
from cavernous oceans
stirring summer's pots
in nan's house
writhing in pressed sheets
the jewel hanging
between thighs

a dead weight waiting
to be plucked

leaving city edges
a snaking train
to a town
of 3000 drawling souls

nothing as good
as light
whirring across eyes
bleeding across water
holding breath
across tunnels
barnacles
flung to winds
skin fizzing
along train tracks
all the way home