

Screen Door Blues

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It's that time of year again,
When I sleep with the door wide open.
Sheets tossed to the foot of the bed, hoping
for release from the fist of humidity.
Clothing clings to me,
 a second skin.
Thick air fills my lungs to the brim and
swamps all thoughts.
 No work to be done,
I ought to rejoice.
Sneak down to the old pond,
cut off my hair and change my name.
Dance under those stars as
 naked as I came into this world.
It's summertime and I sleep with the
screen door wide open.
Left with nothing but time for hoping.