

weather / apricots / human

1. In this season of drought & no monsoons
clouds circle the valley uneasily all afternoon,
rumble around purple mountaintops, start fires.
When thick raindrops spatter the dust
they evaporate almost as fast as they fall.

By dusk the sky is clear again.
2. Ripe apricot branches hang low, bruised
fruits drop over the neighbors' adobe walls.
In the dark of evening I prosecute my deed,
pick them up from the sidewalk tiny & squashed,
(look behind me), put them in my canvas bag,

steal away home to eat them.
3. Can you possibly understand this stuff.
I don't want to be human any more, I'm
ranting about heaviness over my heart
like a fist held there. Can I gust in dry sky like
no wind; a light metallic thing, feather, star;

someone made into neutrinos, plasma, ore.