

Summer String Along

You must have forgotten
that night
The way the dew soaked through
to our skin

How the new summer heat
thick even under moonlight
forced shallow breaths
from our untarnished teenage lungs

How your voice dwarfed
when exhaling drowsy promises
on the front lawn
of my parent's home.

You must have forgotten
that night
The way the cicadas grew quiet
when we touched

How your words
twisted my inner workings
until they'd only
unfold for you.

How flimsy
those hours
those declarations
those lips.

You must have forgotten
that night
Given the way
you hold her now.