

A constellation of mint

The blur of
bodies

scattering

the town center //
the obelisk

the street

and dust
particles
profiled by
the sun

*

Nightfall

and the curfew//

the sound of
running feet

many other feet
and the barking

*

Under the sun

scorching
bed sheets
on the sides of homes

heavy air
scent of mint

the neighbors
whisper (inquisitive boy

not since

//Sunday)

*

The young man
his
underground press

at the public market//
lamb
for his mother
he leaves
left

disappeared

—Kevin McLellan
Cambridge, Massachusetts