

# Clark Anne, The Spinning Turning Of The Summer

The spinning turning of the summer earth  
has stretched and wound the air  
into a tight blue band around  
its swollen girth

Dizzy and relentless the suffocated streets  
wind on and toil and soils  
gasp their quick and tiny breath

Parched dry tongues scrape over reptile lips  
and every word we speak  
steams and crackles in the heat

lizard still we perch upon the stones  
merging carved and curled this rough  
dry heat unfurls pervades the flash  
marrow that once waxed now wanes the bones

High upon the sky  
the one unblinking eye pours down  
its slippery butter, yellow drops  
melting oily fire on our backs

fingers without touch  
fell for relief

and every move we make  
strains as if about to break  
something has to give