

Yellow Second, June One

side the lake and spokes go round
this way make through rusty brown
in a corner, in the shadows
and the sunlight makes the clouds glow
june one just me
orbiting at apogee
june one to remind
turn it over, over in time
at the end of these white walls
I pretend the still life calls
through the waters, under bridges
for a moment I could swear that you looked at me