

When I Get There · *Stephanie Strickland*

When I get there the gate
will be littered
with leaves lifting
piling
in between the pickets.

All around will be blue;
the sun hot
but far off,
and everywhere a rush
ruffling the light.

I will be so sleepy and pleased
buffeted by these light-laden winds
I will lie back
down into the leaves
and not remember to go in.