

## PARTICULATE MATTER

At the bottom of a day, the heat begins,  
its scent like dried thyme. A man holds  
a rusted folding chair. This gesture:  
he turns. Wind cuts the dirt yard,  
kicks up a grayscale of lost winters.

Afternoon, and the flotsam and jetsam  
of the summer garden, pale radishes  
and encephalitic broccoli heads,  
go who knows where. These rows  
blister and burn themselves out.

In the dry creek bed, lusty crickets moan.  
A man shouts an answer to the wind.  
The planets dance on their axes,  
brash, already spitting out degraded protons.