

IT'S THAT POP

In your brain.

A lightbulb's filament,
bursting into dust
at the bottom of glass,

when you finally know
you are happy.

I squeeze and smell
the overstuffed flesh
of my boy's cheeks

smelling of calendula
and ginkgo leaves.

We are in the fields of plenty
we are up to our calves
in fruit.

His hair is white,
the down on a
gosling's belly.

He holds red
in both hands.

He is about to burst.

The trees are full now
spring is behind us.

I carry a basket
like a young woman.

I carry a basket
gathering sweet
gathering damp.