

Indigo

It is a dangerous thing,
to forget the taste of August
is not continuous with bile.

Long before apple blossoms
flood the streets with sickly pink,
I consider staining my hands
with my own blossoms,
dull pearled beads of
hidden armor.

Chocolate strawberries
sit red and rotting,
their sweet-sick scent—
the kind they swear
I dragged in.

If they eat it, will they
taste enough of me
to call me brother?

It is a sacred thing,
to leave the keys to your door
in the hands of those
who do not know
where your shoes belong.

We savor the chill
of forgotten songs
under fake lights
and blue caresses as

overripe peaches
seep through cheap rugs.
Plastic greek cups are lined
with Grey Goose,
my hands red with surrender

as the crickets watch over
my body,

so bid farewell to both summer
and me, as death hastens
toward a spring once mine.

If summer is a synonym for death,
what is the color blooming
inside my summer heart?