

Our Fourths'

Sparkle more with the clarity of aging
from child sighs re-struck in the "ah's"
that come with each flash of color
cracking clear sky...

Two tourist planes circle round that,
the smoky pompoms of Oz in their flares...
The tourists raise glasses, toast the pyrotechnics
as if at a launch, while below, in the harbor's
ink, boats, mirroring the stars, honk their horns
beyond fog...

They seem good as toys in the bath
of a stirring whirlpool, while here, on our 2nd
floor, gazing across tree tops & strays in Navy
White late to the display, here to the sound of
'Pops', our own tube's soundtrack, we discover
that our own personal fourths' are no longer about war.

We discover each other too
again in July's mugginess, our jockey stripes,
a faded flag's, our tank tops puckered
for the tanned wrinkled tattoos of old glory
our arms press the sparks of
here in a shared bed
which is fourth enough
the rest of the year.