



Harvest

Gail Ritchie

You are so good at silence.

The wind tangles its dusty fingers in my hair,
chewing handfuls through the window,
spitting out new knots.

I'm chasing you,
straddled over the sun as it fizzles
like a firecracker in saltwater.

I swallow the chaff that chokes the air
with the same audacity that rain has
and I trace that chunk of early moon
with one shorn fingernail—

I track it with one closed eye
as it scars its path across this grassy sky.

I am screaming
Completely off key,

Like the rest of me.
The moon changes into a wedding gown,
Drops silvery leaves.

I sleep in a black cotton T-shirt
with a rip in the right side.

I am screaming the ache out,
Not so loud that you could hear.