

up/down

but when summer rolled up
our shoulders and pores lightened and gasped
and sweat under shirts made of cotton began
as we hopped over ponds
bred star jasmine to bloom
out of sternum and ribcage and lungs

foaled into treachery
we buried our treasure deep
with no x-marks to call the corruptors
who dig up and spoil
and crater our youth
in search of their body-weight gold

so: let's get high under bridges
share kisses swap hands
be beacons for moths
and with careworn defiance
of air turned oppressive
we'll survive summer's collapse