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## Golden Hour

Megan Van Horn  
*Denison University*

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by Megan Van Horn

The sky is blue wrung out  
of a watercolor brush, into  
a metal-basin sink. Swallows  
rattle along the tin roof, and the  
milkweed hums in time with the  
freeway.

Watch the rise and fall of  
goldfinches in the evening, dead  
weight dropping and resuspending.  
Swirl your glass one more time, for  
me. The wine-stain blush at the  
bottom is from yesterday's sunrise.

Look at the highlights in the  
tall grasses. Blonde again, like your  
knuckles brushing against mine, like  
the sun, warmed on the dashboard. Like  
the song that plays once the screen  
door has closed.