

## Summer Sweet

By Kym Littlefield

I remember counting *one*,  
                              *two*,  
                              *three*,  
                              *four*, in my head.

Counting my salt—I'm nobody special,  
Each crystal will weigh against me  
after '*a long winter*', as far as Purgatories go.  
I got to eighty-six before my patience exhausted; confirming,  
Reconfirming, and denying what I had forgotten,  
Or already counted.

To itemize  
[like slaves in The Middle Passage]  
      is to be weightless between His thumb  
and pointer, to count sins as sins  
regardless of context.

To weep beneath a shrink's clock.

In an array, I count my tears.  
On a *campito*, the rows grow in the shade of a scarecrow—  
stuffed by a farmer who did not tend an almanac, who knew  
his faith was more profound than his labor, but who  
loved like hell, and nearly fell to it when he cried.  
Because who else is not ready for anything else.

On the scale, naked, weighing, he cannot know if the harvest  
will sustain beyond  
another drought season, if he had saved faith  
but ignored circumstance.