

2011

cool

Meghan Callahan
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Callahan, Meghan (2011) "cool," *Exile*: Vol. 57 : No. 1 , Article 21.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol57/iss1/21>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

cool

the heat was like a living thing
clawing up our insides
licking our throats with its own tongue of flame
teasing our faces with silver-sharp claws
toying with the sweat that beaded
and dripped off our skin
raindrops without any peace

this is hell, you said
and laid back into the drooping grass
it did not have the strength to stand
shriveled and brown, submissive

be quiet, i snapped
irritated by the deep rasp of your voice
meeting the buzzing cacophony of heat waves
rubbing against one another
in greeting

you turned to look at me
eyes wide with surprise
at the sharpness of my voice
cutting like a knife through the still air
and i felt then that i'd wounded you
burned you with my fury

unmerciful like the sun on our heads
but i could not take back the harshness of my words
and it seemed i could not even
offer sorrow through the sticky heat

you stood up
a dark shadow against baking blue sky
you walked across the grass in long, slow steps
moving through the thickness of the day
you bent down by your front door
and i couldn't see exactly what it was
you were doing among the brick...

and then coolness like heaven
was all over my skin
puckering it into goosebumps
i had to gasp for breath
and the pressure of the hose continued
as you sprayed me down
and then, quite calmly, turned the water on yourself
until both of our clothes clung like second skins
revealing the gentle curve of your shoulder
the slope of your chest
and the drops on the pavement began
to sizzle and crackle as they evaporated
called back into the sky

you dropped the hose into the gutter
still spluttering freezing water into our sneakers
and plopped, wetly, beside me

i'm sorry, i said
shivering a little now
with the chill mixing strangely with sun
apology teased out of me
by the hose's hard touch

you turned lazily toward me

and there were droplets of water falling from your hair
and your nose and your chin
and your fingertips, too, as you took my hand
and your lips, when they murmured gently across my palm
in forgiveness
were cool

let my kiss slip onto your freezing body
when it reaches the crown of your head
Oh, let me kiss the crown of your head
this world that enfolds me, and exalts me
let me die in the arms of the fog
mountain peaks, where all the stars
so that my burning breath
que un pecho ardiente capite una de las bestias de
es sólo una
más allá el viento es una gota de agua
nos llama
dejarne entonces besar con una gota de agua
espajo y llegar al estado en silencio el sueño es