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## Distant

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## Distant

We played jacks  
on the railroad ties  
outside of town,  
pried the raisins  
from cookies,

from oatmeal  
that smelled  
like sepia hues.  
Every day lasted  
as far as the breeze  
would carry it,

would carry us.  
Now, when I tell  
you of my nightmares  
about tornadoes,  
you'll hear it only  
once.

There are days  
when every knock  
is you, with hard eyes  
and no more birds  
or dreams

or afternoons  
to speak of.

BRITANNIA PIERLON

## That Dusty Italian Dogout

The smell of dirt kicked  
Up into that, filling the air  
Wooden boards laid  
The dogout, white paint  
Peeling off the edges,

His beard left hair  
Against my cheek, his  
Fingers calloused,

I remember the concrete  
Against my back, the dust  
In the air, lining my throat  
The sound of his zipper,  
Metal teeth sliding apart,  
His hand on my wrist,  
Rough and demanding,  
Come out against my fingers