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## Night, Late Summer

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Your eyes, blank as the faces of those who die  
in sleep, blur between the pavement's dull hum

and the car's speed. This river-winding road  
takes me home—the last time. I gaze beyond

August cornfields flying under stars.  
That evening I lay mute in your bed,

amazed: no marks in the infinity  
of places you had touched, the desperate

coupling we tried to name love. Later,  
you whispered until pain erased language.

Now fireflies shimmer in a cicada chorus. I can't  
see the beauty of their hungry courtships—

I can feel emptiness in my hands.

—Kara Burt '02