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Our Green, Too

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Our Green, Too

After Robert Frost

There were shards of glass in the creek that November, cattails taking their clothes off and losing their hair stooping spine-naked above the seed heads bone-low over dirt.

I reach out to touch one, pull it up from the root, you say, "Dead things are ugly" and sound like your dad.

I remember the blood more than dirt that November. Not just from when we cut our feet on the splintered gin bottle caught jagged in the weeds, but from when I get my first period and when you strike a kid in the face with your fist because your eyelashes were always too dark and too long and that's how boys become men in the movies.

Threaded green became gold became brown that November, frost shaking his head and rubbing the cold from his eyes while up to my mouth you hold the sweet tip of my first cigarette, and I choke wicked in the weeds by your side, our blood in pools over glass in the earth, and all our green too, curling its toes underground.