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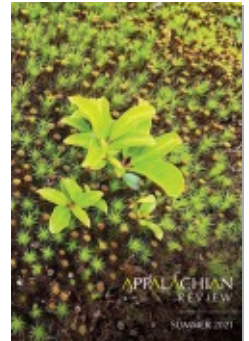
## Wet July

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# WET JULY

The buzz of the leaves and the hum  
of the air, summer where the seasons  
slip past spring, slow in the heat and stop there  
where locust shells cling to the trees  
and the spilled chlorophyll quiver  
cloudburst rattling the moringa.  
No one knows you, how  
the tongue clings to a mouth of cotton  
when you try to breach an explanation.  
No one knows you here, nor there  
weather or tear, the cream soda  
you sipped through sunburns  
and secret lives bared between teeth  
screeching tires of the trucks that spun  
when daddies grew petulant  
threw glass sacrifices  
to the roads but you know  
when the sky fades to the shade  
of an infancy draped hydrangea  
that the rain will drive the mimosas down  
and the wrens will bathe and flick their wings  
stop there, then fly away.

ELIZABETH ESTOCHEN