

OUR ONLY SUMMER IN BLACK EARTH, WISCONSIN

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It was all skinned knees.
The garden mound was a leaning
tower, a hill for just one warrior,

or we wrestled, hungry among the acorns
and mushrooms, wet in the mosquito night.
We sprawled and knew the porch
was a diving board to the grass.

Our olive skin
slept for sunrise and hide-n-go seek,
harbored Where the Wild Things Are yearning
for forest monsters, untied shoelaces,
undiscovered streams.

We fed on the blue fire of moonlight,
the gutsy tackling under the stars.
When the red humidity shook,
we dreamt of tombstones, the earth's
cavities filling themselves with the wind and law.

Then
it was as easy as falling off a bike.
Now it is only thinking
about a lost house, counting each brick of it
one at a time, counting
for a moment
beautiful stained shirts.