

What Some People Call Loneliness or Autumn

Sarina Bosco

Occasionally they may find you laid out
in fields, your hands stretching to tangle at the base
of clover and wild wheat, your heart a murmur at the
dip in your throat. They will ask
if you are okay and you will answer:
Yes.

Watch their calves move away, listen to the rush
of the stalks, and hum so that your collar bones vibrate.
Stay that way until your forearms are cold and Venus
is visible low on the tree line. The swallows will
follow the curves of the earth to disappear at dusk,
and you will cry, out of the corners of your eyes,
into the roots and dirt.

Open your throat to the planet. Stop breathing through
your nose, press your palms flat. Be content
in the inevitability of gravity.

What is one more body on this earth?