

Golden Hour

by Megan Van Horn

The sky is blue wrung out
of a watercolor brush, into
a metal-basin sink. Swallows
rattle along the tin roof, and the
milkweed hums in time with the
freeway.

Watch the rise and fall of
goldfinches in the evening, dead
weight dropping and resuspending.
Swirl your glass one more time, for
me. The wine-stain blush at the
bottom is from yesterday's sunrise.

Look at the highlights in the
tall grasses. Blonde again, like your
knuckles brushing against mine, like
the sun, warmed on the dashboard. Like
the song that plays once the screen
door has closed.