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July

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Courtright: July

JULY

Nick Courtright

In her sleep she wades through an orchard.
Grass high against her legs. The day is like a cactus.

•

She needs little for happiness, but the apples
are just out of reach. In the dream her face is glass.

•

Patience can be a grave virtue, to give in. *Somnus*,
to sleep. She feels she's been here for weeks.

•

For a month the creek bed has been dry. Unbroken
but getting there fast, she walks the tracks.

•

Morning: the trestle shakes beneath her feet.
Her face is the same as glass falling from the sky.

•

Something small is just out of reach. It's July.
She's been longing for more. It's long been July.