Breathings

Summer comes to that end
inspired
from the beginning.

While a bubble from a hiding trout
skyrises slow
as the silky spill of milkweed,

a pit splits a plum
hymen-quiet
before the morning yield

and a vessel breaks
in brain bathings,
the mouth of the man open
round with vowels
final silent and wise.

—Loretta M. Sharp

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