

First Heat

Heat darkens the lamps along the street
as the first lonely attic fan hums on.
I imagine the girl in that cool room,
pulling the chain.
Her gold window, finely lit,
burns all the grass below.

Around her corner, down the block
some kid is tinkering late in his garage
trying to get just one thing right,
his rolling door left open to a breeze.
Hand-tools gleam on the plaster wall
and the way they shine he calls, Oh come to me!
The princess shuts her lamp then, quickly
lying back down in darkness stretching
her arms up like a fifteenth-century painted saint
shivering, calling Come to me!