**Summer Vacancy**

Of course I couldn’t sleep last night,

or the night before, I’m learning a language,

sprawling around my shoebox bedroom,

shaping new words in the thick air.This loose syntax

of mango balm and borrowed shirts

and hot stoned hangovers;

heirloom tomatoes in a blue bowl,

and peace in the shape of a boy on a bicycle,

freckles on the underside of his jaw,

rivulets of sweat and blush-dark pearl

gathered under his collar. It’s been so long

since anyone called me beautiful,

called me anything at all—

I’d quit my job for the promise of a kiss

on every street corner, and

there’s my heart, unfolding like silk. Crushing basil

and sage for cocktails, singing

with the windows thrown open.

Now I walk home through pink evening

where cruelty seems impossible, if only for the sight

of doves on a wire. I’m throwing myself

headfirst into the deep end,

missing my bus to read recipes,

eating peaches over the kitchen sink,

wrist slick with the immediacy of my want.

Sounding out this brand-new feeling;

it’s a good one, the best one,

but it has no name.