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## August

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# August

Tom Hill

I let the water take me,  
its wet weight at my arms, at my back.  
I bottom out, hands open, fingers spread  
wide against the grit,  
silt in the eyes, salt in the teeth.

Last night I dreamt of dying,  
of not wanting it, and then waking,  
breaking the surface of myself the way I do now,  
and seeing heat lightening far off,  
scarring the sky and then stopping.  
Scarring and stopping.

But now, shaking off submersion,  
the sun shines soft, it touches  
my face like the warm hand of God,  
or the warm hand of someone wiser.  
What does the heart know of summer?  
What can I write of its rising?

How to explain the way summer  
sinks like its own sun now,  
as I stand at the edge of it,  
water beading on my skin,  
water running toward a place  
I cannot see. It collects there,  
it curdles there, it grows an ocean  
there, but it does not end there.