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## During August, We Play Married

Joanna Brooks

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## During August, We Play Married

In the dog days we live low budget:  
eat yellow lettuce and  
read wilted poem scraps.  
Hon', I'm doing the best I can  
to make you an honest man,

but I miss that more indulgent May  
when I teased feelings out of your face  
like green sourgrass blooms.  
We lived apart.  
Now in this shared basement space  
brother and sister.

Long troubles from your lips  
wilt cornsilk-slippery in the August air.  
Near Pleasant Grove,  
they sell sweet corn 8/\$1,  
crates and crates of it.

I say we shuck it all.  
Pull back the colorless dry husks  
until golden teeth show  
and the love smiles—  
boiled up, bare, and sweet.

—Joanna Brooks