

# *May Day*

KEN MCCULLOUGH

It happens when I feel myself  
turning into a cottonwood

when I forget the music of feet  
and my own voice starts to disappear

A mosquito in the hair on my arm  
is all I ask for all the help I need

The black roof of the sky and no bread  
the taste of tomorrow today

I am anxious to shake my arms  
against the slap of night rain

to smell the broken moss and the  
open vein when echoes collide