

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