

Wet-Cotton Days

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I remember dry-grass days
when the blades scratched our soles through socks
and the breeze was the world's collective sigh
reddening our cheeks
and turning our fingertips to ice
when we lay intertwined on your mother's quilt
and murmured secrets into each other's hair
and tasted autumn like pecans
every time we took a breath.

I remember dead-grass days
when the aspen trees blinked beneath lashes
and we felt fire between naked skin
as the trees shed red and gold around us
when we crumbled brittle leaves between our fingers
and spoke about the whole world
and how it was wet cotton in our lungs.

I remember white-grass days
when we pressed hushing fingers against lips
when our thoughts threatened to overwhelm us
and all we wanted was to retrace our footsteps in the frost.
We were two fragile birds, then, with
damp wings and damp eyes
that melted under the hazy sun
and dripped from the branches onto the winter grass.

I remember days
when aspen eyes watched
as we stooped, shivering, in the snow.