

CARRIE GREEN

High Time

—*Tahlsound Music Festival, Lexington, Kentucky*

Late September and it's hot as Louisiana,
the bluegrass so brown it crunches underfoot.

Do they still dance in Louisiana, where I once
kicked up dust and circled dance halls

with strangers who twirled me
past thought and the steps I'd learned?

Today an audience immobile as satellite dishes
plants itself in camp chairs, but this fiddler has me

shimmying in my seat. The wetlands dissolve—
the mountains topple. I vowed to give up

plastic, yet here I am drinking beer
from a Solo cup. The forecast is apocalyptic

no matter how many times I check,
ninety-plus degrees stretching into October,

summer swinging straight into winter.
The hurricane will either come or it won't.

Why not grab onto this pendulum?
Spin into a dance I didn't know

I knew, my face splintering
open in spite of myself, mapping the joy

that slips beneath like a fault.