SUPRITHA RAJAN

Boy on Cycle

a hurried moving into trees into ship-shape light again and again faster faster red streak of cardinal flight following the sharked-open now we are tunneling into spring-sung pedal-flung turtle-me-not force forward through overgrown mint and April squelch mud ha-haa! unbalanced whir and tilt of joy a briefness lengthened by gasps that ends with gnats orbiting that ends with a hurried moving into trees and nightfall moonlight shatter and five-fingered wave