

The First Day After

by Renee Emerson

Smooth limbs against limbs.
Mouth still sweet from strawberries,
body young like summer,
uncut grass.

It's Sunday and the party guests
will arrive in an hour.

In my linen dress, barefoot,
climbing the maple to see
over our neighbor's fence.

Changed like the words
from a favorite novel
left in the rain.

All morning with my sisters,
picking up pecans
in the back fields.

Aging line
of trees, gauzed
with worms.