

KIMBERLY REYES

The Outback

You're still with the barren/ The petrified/
Clawing/ Up/ At the sky/
Once full and frigid emerald/

He's watching/ You dance to break the frame/

He takes you/ To explore

Another hemisphere away/

He never said any of this/
Sexy/

Brown husk seeping through mold/
He sticks

You can't shake the world you brought/

Gum trees eroded chalk grey/ Caught
For a passion steamed/ Out on hazel fields/
Afternoons spent in his liquid lashes/
Trapping amber light/

His ice blue view/ Rooted to his ungated
land/

Is why you're here/
From what you know to be true/
In a bed/ You read: Reserved for the slight
the always right girls

He said *sexy/* A lot/

The word that makes a sheep farm/
Of bouncing beige lambs and wagging dogs/
Slick to plantation/
Molasses rice/ Won't molt/

He couldn't be farther away/