

The Poetry of Gary Charles Wilkens at www.gcwilkens.com

Kentucky

Do not forget: the fuzz of her stomach
taking on the yellow-red
of apple skin when glazed
by the barn window's light,
beads of water clinging
to her throat like fingers
on a rosary.

Remember it: The cloud
of her open dress
falling off her legs,
her skin in the morning,
the hairs on her wrist
standing at attention.

Hold it in: water cascading down
green-shaded stones,
cooling ourselves
in the shadow of one another,
wheat fields
stretching away forever.