

Desideration

By Holland Elder

Once day waxed sultry
Nothing in stillness moves.
She ambles slowly.
Listening to ice clink in the glass she holds
They won't last in solid form for long.

Sweltering air hung heavy.
Not a sigh from ancient oak.

Summers here never change,
She knew.
Everything runs together
Days, weeks, months,
Old oak trees, and Spanish moss
Blending in the greenhouse heat.

At a distance gleamed a pool
Surface seamless glassy smooth
Separate spot of purest blue.

But in a hammock she melts lethargically,
And gazes up heavy lidded.
Not a leaf stirs in waxy humidity,
Cicadas hum in soporific waves.

Perspiration on her forehead pearled.
It's starting, she thought,
I am melting with this place.
Suffocated weighted lulled by insect drone.

In a moment
She sits up and says, no.

Running she leaps;
Shattering placidity.
Tactile tiny bubbles
Floating in azure blue
Reveling in the difference of
Crisp clean cool.