no-name time of day

by Kitty Boots

that time of day when there's a gauzy blanket thrown over the thin span of time between dusk and dark when shadows steal from the sun

lightning bugs honeysuckle strangles the senses, air so close birds sing as if in mourning

covered in a sheen of sweat, flowers of salt bloom on my T-shirt as I dry out under the fan hear thunder in the distance, feel static in the air

tiny leopard frogs anticipating rain they'd look so perfect as a necklace or a bracelet I cannot replicate their beauty, or explain my attraction to them

and then
filaments of rain, straight, opalescent
not hard enough to make the mop-head hydrangeas lose their
dignity
or sprawl, mud-spattered, defeated
no lullaby on the metal roof

I wash the dinner dishes, look out the window trash panda is patting for fallen mulberries by the well cover I tap on the glass and she looks at me