

# hay

Kólá Túbòsún  
May 19, 2021



yes to the light  
turning, delicate summer—

language of wonder,  
bone of miracle;

I believe in love  
I believe in longing—

somewhere a boy bangs  
his fist against a wall—begging

magic to open  
up; what does it mean

to be lost in the light  
of another—to let the rain

touch the stamen  
& stem—what does it mean to be

beloved—to be ashamed  
of nothing, to come to the bright river

of be—  
where did it touch you,

the bad light of winter, where,

my deer, did it not;

I touch the river where the bone's  
broken, where the ache is not mute,

hay in the cricket's  
burning chest.

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