

The Summer that the Hawks Came

JULIE ALDEN CULLINANE

The hot, sick heat descended fast
Too early, with no Spring.
It was the summer that the hawks came
And made themselves known to me.

It was then we took notice
Of how little
We looked up
At the sky

It came just as we had enough money
To buy the expensive shampoo
In the green bottle.

It was instantaneous.
My youth sealed up,
Stamped in red wax.

The babies that we made
So that we wouldn't leave this Earth
Never knowing true love
Beat their wings despite.
They are already gone.

Beware -- the doors and the windows are locked.
We are told to hold still
Until further notice.

The sun and air now take sips of your strength:
The price of admission.

Just when we started using the shampoo
In the green bottle.