

Fourth of July

Natalie Homer

Some nights, I ride my bike around the church parking lot
while frogs bellow from the nearby
woods, and I note the rabbits' absence this year.

The neighbors stake tiny flags along their driveway.
I glue the bible's spine, underline a psalm in colored pencil.

At the nursery I visit my friend,
look for something with a romantic name,
find: Icelandic Poppy. Champagne Bubbles.
I plant it on the north side of the house
and it looks lonely in its single clump,
the flowers blooming in solitude,
a tiny smear of orange and yellow.

I had a dream about my teeth again.
The Internet interprets:
a compromise that is costly to you.

I squeeze the brakes then coast.
My lungs are cabbage moths. My tongue, a stone.