

Sky Poem

Cassidy Lewis

Farther east
than before—my sisters
are bruised in a hare
moon. Summer:
half-past eight it is still
light, time is lost
through the rifts
in space.

The balloons
we let go as children—
where have they gone?
I would watch them
from the streets, rubber
spun speckle
in the sky. The birds
greeted them, marveled
by their ribbon
and the girl
who sat on the curb,
crying out.