

After Tossing & Turning for Hours, I Finally Drift Off to Sleep To ‘Heroes’
by Ed Doerr

She spins a web of sunlight
& drapes it across my shoulder
like a shawl doused
in her perfume.
Her hand lingers,
I absorb her.

A hummingbird—lavender
streaming in its wake
like a memory—alights
on my forearm.
Brown eyes shimmer
in the rearview.
Thanks for the ride,
she says. *Been a while.*

Calloused knuckles
exhume my scalp.
Once, he taught me
to make a fist,
but the one I made
keeps, clenched,
in the secret rooms
of my chest.

I drive.
Our hair blows
in the wind. The swell
of joint laughter burns
with the force
of a star’s final breath,
but holds it—

We hold it.