

## THE SUMMER IS OVER AND WE ARE NOT SAVED

ELIM PILET

We—Clarissa, Thomas, and I—we  
pluck meadows. We  
bend with the wind.  
The mothers and fathers talk.

Clarissa has ripped Thomas's dress  
as I have painted Thomas's skirt  
strangled gray.

Clarissa is not Clarence,  
so the mothers talk,  
but neither is Clarissa Claire.

Fathers talk  
of the severed heads littering our play  
rooms.

Clarissa, bite your lips and  
they'll be bit darker, darker red.  
Thomas you should bruise more,  
bruise us all a bit more.

We've burned the leaves and napkins  
as the mothers talked  
and we've drowned the anthills  
as the fathers talked.  
We've pulled the wings off birds  
as the mothers and fathers talked.

Grass on our bodies, yes, and  
flowers down our bodies, hands and  
flowers, all our bodies, all  
on the meadows plucked.