

NIGHTFALL

Linda S. Slabon

The rains came.
Leaves lay like ash on asphalt.
The smell of home in the wet air,
Brick and fish.

You are home.
Your belly warms mine to toast.
The smell of bread rises between us
Yeast and breath.

Breath and bread.
Trees toss their hair in the wind.
The smell of you and the earth
Wet and flesh.