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# Sustaining This Massive Shade

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## SUSTAINING THIS MASSIVE SHADE

1.

Of all that is left to occur  
when nothing moves  
but beneath my skull

a dog stretching tremulous forelegs.

Cicadas drone in every tendon  
while the wind offers nothing

to keep insects from the skin.

And still he returns  
like a new leaf reviving.

In sum, what nightfall has in store.

*I keep four calendars* he said.

Beneath one moon

I am jealous.

Of all that touches him,  
the rain that doesn't fall

and the woman that lies next to him.

In this age of hands,  
where are mine.

I am intact and I don't care.

My hands in the garden.

Corn bleached

and malformed by drought

beneath the sick of blue.

2.

*I have the white-blue eyes of my ancestors* he said,  
*their narrow skull and their clumsiness in fighting.*

Fighting to keep my hand from his belly

where sleeps a double sex.

Struggling not to touch

