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Annunciation (From the Grass beneath Them)

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Annunciation (from the grass beneath them)

how many moments did it hover before we felt
it was like nothing else, it was not bird
light as a mosquito, the aroma of walnut husks
while the girl's knees pressed into us
every spear of us rising, sunlit & coarse
the wild bees murmuring through
what did you feel when it was almost upon us when
even the shadows her chin made
never touched but reached just past
the crushed mint, the clover clustered between us
how cool would you say it was
still cool from the clouds
how itchy the air the girl tilted & lurched & then
we rose up to it, we held ourselves tight
when it skimmed just the tips of our blades
didn't you feel softened
no, not even its flickering trembled