Home Early

Ruby Lynch

Nine P.M, June. The sun sinking.
Drunk, but just enough to smile
I walk home, through canopies of trees -
stomach sloshing, strong and content.
The muscles of my heart are thicker,
blood lethargic. I am caught up in the soft air
but to be caught is to be held.
Wading through the honey of the sun,
seeping across the road in slants
I wave at a baby, tottering like a wind-up toy.
A fox that crosses on the leafy backroad
is still for an odd amount of time;
until I notice, then - it scampers.
I walk forward, unnoticed for a while.