

## Brookside

The air, the dull glow of humidity; gnats and flies fray the corners, flash peripherally. Peeper chants pump from the other side of the brook, their dark pocket. When we stop talking, nothing else does. When language leaves us, how many other languages drum from the margins to reorganize the silence.

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The world is what exceeds the capacity of our senses—the unseen momentum—this bright spillage ringing the day.

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Pollen-skinned pond's edge by the dock where we stood and tried to describe it—as yellow as the memory of yellow, a memory of light without context. We gave up and just looked. And walked further.