Chris Suda  
**Sunday, and Lampposts are Frozen**  

While the future’s black whiskers sweep our necks,
  a shy creep of fog
trips into each nest of flood grass, and down
  the pike
rust blooms against the soil’s iron spine. Cave swallows
  footstep gusts
above us, if only to stretch grass over the tarmac between
  their wings
like the foiled image of misfolded robes--
  my boyhood began lapping me again.
At sixteen I was telling God to give me
  back my wallet. I Breathed steam
into the grass—brother told me to come inside, and
  the ruin-fields fell
quiet; bruises in the sky healed and the land caught
  fire as
the evening sulked in. The next morning, watermarked
  stone beneath
the rippled lines of marsh water lent my reflection
  back to me;
the relief of the land rising and drowning behind me.
  Did the
cave swallow notice me fall to knees in careful
  if not perfect
knots? *Where I am now is where I was then*—
  budding with the ruins.