

Searing blue

Ice cubes that refuse
melting

In the depths of my
bag old sweat,
cooled heat

The underside

The apex

A platform that
much closer to the
sun

The inner sole
competes with dark
metal to claim
lingering heat. The

shoe warmed by my
body the pole by the
sun.

My palm pushed
into groundcover
seeks the cold kind
of living, rooting in
tangles.

I replace hot and
cold with
metaphors. The
breeze licks, saliva is

swampy. The air
soft. In truth

Old heat dies out,
fading in time and

leaking deeper into
the ground.
Hovering it
emanates,

petrol-skin that
proves life by heat.

Inner soles, my
cheek on the metal

wall, back of my
head/neck/back and
lower legs, pushed
up against the sun.
There's a generous

pocket between my
shirt and lower
back, trapped air
refreshed with the
breeze.

The minute doesn't
have a temperature I
can register. The

spiders web,
trapped seed pods
and dust at the edge
of immateriality
even in full sun.

Sweat on my shaded
lips, nose. I
understand it both
as an angry reaction

and a cool salve. I
want to move

I lick my upper lip, I
wipe the residue.

I've moved to the shade, but the Sun remains in my scalp and at the root of my hair. My skin is

another surface
from which heat
eventually fades.

There are rules of
operation, science
and equations of
remaining inside.
But here, these

bricks, the heat
always falls away.

Away.

Colour proves itself
distinct at concrete
borders. The paving
hot and the asphalt
hotter.

A material
complication, a
conductor of

Scorching energy
that trumps tone
and shadow and my
other floored
theories.

It is tough, sucking
heat easily.

Ignored the breath
of the guy with a
shopping bag, kids
whispering. The
stranger who sat

with his panting dog
beside me, I did not
say beautiful
day/warm out/
this bench is hot.

His dog drank water
urgently, the dog
said: summer's
ending and enjoy it
while it lasts.

Hot food in
sweating bags,
sweated tees in
backpacks, borne,

bathed, endured,
dreamed.

A misattribution of
sound to heat.

Banging made by
sun bleached walls,
and the song of
damp soil.