

Sun Beholds Me

(after Hand Habits)

Lucas Bailor

I look to the trees in their yellow-green
fervor,

not the full mark of dehydration
but

the beginning, or perhaps
perennial—

I can't pretend there's a thirst
quenched

in California, in 2018, as we all
wait

for the next fire, the next
scorching

of forest, of home, of just
it all.

I look back on a childhood of occasional
ash,

the hills above school burnt, the gray drifting
down.

I consider my hometown's one
snow,

each drop hitting the pavement,
immediately

disappearing, my brother & I
molding

what little we could into oblong
globes.



Hand Habits

"Sun Beholds Me"

*Wildly Idle (Humble
Before the Void)*

02/2017

Woodsist

I'll look back on such a moment,
surrounded

by contextual snow in one of my few Midwest
winters,

& I'll laugh. Here, there is no winter, only
the sun,

& I revel. A reverse-Jonah, I let the sun behold
me,

as it always appears to do.