

Danielle Powell

## HANGIN' OUT

We're hangin' out of our houses today  
like limp plants we're hangin' out  
of windows half-dressed in peeling paint.

We can't decide on days like these  
quite where to be.  
We pace the squeaking floorboards  
like trapped animals.

We're steppin' out of our clothes today:  
half-naked, we gravitate to strips of shade  
and stare with sleepy eyes  
at the squawking crows.

We're not doin' much today.  
We try to think on days like these  
but thinking's slow;  
we try to speak but language  
melts in the midday heat;  
words roll off our tongues  
like balls of sweat  
they form puddles at our feet.

*We sigh, we whinge,  
we cringe in corners  
and pant like dogs.*

We're sittin' out the heat today  
like wilting plants we're sittin' out  
the summer's day vigil:  
Hangin' out, holding out,  
for night to come.

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