

Gaylord Brewer

SONATA TO SUN AND REPOSE

Let us submit our suits of skin
to summer's liquid blade.
Let us radiate in light the old errors
and malignancies,
adhere to the sky's prescription.

Let us learn the address of our legs,
the unfolded map of arms,
the silent, briny border
of our lips. Let us fondle
the soft leather of our chests
until all locks and clasps fall away.

Let sand, leaf and tendril blanket us,
let us accommodate
stone and accept the wind's
reprisal—of bird or genuflected limb,
tumbled acorn, or the sea turning
the earth—in the trembling cup of our hands.