

# Solstice

*by* Whiskey Bone

On sodden turf we linked pale arms  
Under a glacial full moon  
Ghosts of breath and rosy cheeks  
A bonfire set with gratitude  
casts shadows under our feet  
You said, "a haytruck can make a fine dance floor"  
as you lifted your skirt to climb  
In carefulness and softness, then,  
It was just like me when  
I lost the courage  
To steal a kiss