

warming

I wish I could damn smog & smoke melting the sky away, but it's March & I was sweating at work. On the way there a woman smiled at me walking slow enough to let wind taunt her thighs for the first time since September & I lost myself in the eyes of a brown boy who looked at me like I was tea his aunt poured over ice & lemon for him. Today should be laced in frost & snow up to our knees, but instead I am in bed with a man I barely know & it's too hot to move anymore & I spoke to the woman I know I will love one day & the phone scorched my ear. Isn't this beautiful, how summer backed winter into a corner of the calendar? How the whole city has given its skin to the God of sun & damp cotton? How somewhere a white bear might be floating away from its home on a plateau of ice & that too is gorgeous in its own frightening way.

Danez Smith

Danez Smith, a Cave Canem Fellow and 2-time Pushcart Nominee, works in Madison, WI, as an Student Advisor for the First Wave Program at UW-Madison. He likes tattoos, bad food, drinking Capri Suns, reading manga and good poems. His work appears or is forthcoming in PANK, Vinyl, Radius, Southern Indiana Review, and other places. He slams sometimes, placing 6th in the world at the 2011 Individual World Poetry Slam.

