Rhythms

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Rhythms

by Cynthia Johnson
English, Junior

Hung—
   City high
   Where the bleached wood
   Breathes the secret,
   And porches sag
   and sag,
This truth is strangely born.
   Abruptly—
   As the
   plum flowers
   Bleeding gaily
   from the dark.
Sun scars
   of the summer
   Earth skin.
It may strangely grow—
   As the grass
   Scraping brown heads
   Skyward,
   Beating featherbrush tempos
   To the scalded
   white
   Milk sun.
Here the whispers churn
   And fall
   And rise,
And all are caught in their
Rapture rhythm—
   Till they die.
   Till they die.