

On an April Morning in the West

Josh Allen II

I wake with the sun, ball of fire in the east.
The sky glows dark blue then green then blue again.
Looking between the roofs across from the window,
I see mountains planted in the distance, giant white letters scrawled on their faces.
The sun seeps through the eggshell shades, slowly warming my face and chest.
The sky's fourth-month glow is as loving as it was in early youth,
early youth when the world was the neighborhood.
Youth: Nevada and Earth were interchangeable.
In classrooms there was singing, home meaning Nevada, the hills, the sage, the pine.
Now, absent of youth, I walk and let my feet feel the cool
sharpness of the grass in the morning,
the grass that stained all of my jeans as a boy, and still does.