**Summers with Page**

Jolene Won

when the sunbaked stoop grew hot against our thighs,

we climbed the slouching plum tree

up, up into the iridescent shiver-sizzle

of green leaves trimmed with sky.

twisting fruit from branches, we bit into the flesh—

crisp, translucent, so sour at first it made our tongues curl back

but blooming into something like nectar near the pit.

fingers stained, pockets full, we slipped from gnarled arms,

chambray shorts catching as we dropped like river stones

down, down into the waiting air.

that evening, I walked through the lavender shade,

the gravel slick with pulp

the breeze weaving a tapestry

from horsetail stems and the strands of my hair.