**Midsummer**

Liz Weber

There’s a place where salmon berries grow heavy, pulled

to earth by desire. You take my hand, heat to heat, lead

me down the path. Our knees knock the ground, pool

beneath branches laden with July sunbursts. Bright

in the wrung-out heat. We wrap tongues around sweet

waves. Suck seeds between our lips. Savor the dirt in our teeth.

We were lost gods, feasting while the juice dried sour

on our skin. Wet constellations dripping at our feet.