

Solstice

Our long shadows

Precede our steps

On a sparkling sidewalk.

The squinted eyes of the people of the north

Only see our shadows

As if we were indistinguishable

From their expectations.

I see the shadow of our hands

Risking an exit from our pockets

Hesitating on the side

And the slit of light narrowing

Knuckles reacting to cold fusion

Palms turning against each other.

Our long shadow

A two-headed creature

Precedes our steps

On a sparkling sidewalk.

The squinted eyes of the people of the north

Expect and assume

And we let them.