

First flush

You bake in your sleep.

You throw off the fleece.

You throw off the blanket.

You pull off your t-shirt

You pull off your panties.

Your socks you rub off against the sheets.

Still, this heat rides you.

You put a leg out into the cold night.

An arm. Then you throw off the duvet—

You dive now with lunatic limbs
into the frigid black mid-winter night,
a damn that the high-hot summer mountain
holds in the burning cup of its hands.

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