

Sonnet Scroll

Locust Tree **By K. E. Duffin**

My only living aunt! You ventilate the cities,
fanning the insect life to which we are blind,
waving your fringed and scissored upholsteries
good-naturedly, a slatted flag, a kind

maximalist, sometimes combing your purse,
maybe fumbling for your thousand pairs of reading
glasses, or trying, flustered, to rehearse
for suzerain sun's next clandestine seeding.

But best of all, you stripe the sidewalk
with ever-moving ribs of lemon and shadow
as you always have. The deposed gods talk
above your deferential silence as you show

how we should love those razor-bladed away,
whispering, "Find them again in my solar sashay."