

Alexis Green
Fireworks

'power off'
that's enough AC for today,
according to my mother,

I can't run up a bill I don't pay.
I'll risk sleeping with the tv on
though. I turn down the volume,

and absorb the cool of the top
of the comforter while it lasts.
The *boom* premieres at 10pm

and I'm reminded of the time
of year. Hot and annoyed,
I complain to an empty room.

Flirting with the proximity of
my window, the *boom* sings again.
Hot and annoyed, I almost forget—

someone's either bonding
with cousins or fighting
for their lives;

the depth of the *boom*'s timbre blurs
the line between fun and fatality. Did the
sky or a body just get broken into?

From inside my house
there's a flicker of curiosity,
as the guessing game continues.

I hold a moment of silence
before I move away from the window
and turn the tv back up.