

**Salt Ignites Memory**

Dirt packs up  
under this concrete crust  
of a yard's stretching  
until it fires green things  
to growing. Salt in the air  
ignites memory—your eyelids  
colored red, hot pinch of sand  
clayed into hands.

A thought of your younger self:  
magnolias, cheatgrass, thyme;  
trains are freight cars of longing.  
Watch the stretch of fields  
feel infinite, as tickets to far away  
places are clenched in our hands.

I watch you sleep  
until the woods stop moving.