

## **The Outsiders**

on our backs  
under a purple tunnel cloud  
its eye upon us  
flat against the sunny  
slope  
of a grassy bowl  
little white flowers  
spring  
shoulders in  
bodies  
heat  
the sweat on our faces  
warm  
green smells  
braided blades of grass

our bodies sink  
mold to insect holes and grass  
cuts  
my body  
heats the afternoon  
your hot mouth  
wants  
to know  
if I still remember the rain  
never suspecting  
what I cannot forget  
and why

I have  
the darkness in me  
crawly things  
I cannot  
name  
places sunlight cannot reach  
your fingers  
tight around my fingers  
but I still drift  
like a dandelion  
blown

Samantha Lê