

June July

John Vanderslice

June July I went home to live with my mom
At night I sat out to watch cicadas on the lawn
June July, confusion tennessee
Here sherman's army leveled troops in 1863
now those battlefields are marked and paragraphed
And maintained by national park service trust
at night I walked through those fields
Looking for proof of death, echoes of wounded soldier appeals
Tonight the rain clouds are pressing down
Hovering low, warning me to go back home
I saw lightning flicker in the clouds
One and two thousand, better turn around
light was focused down on me
White spike cracked and threw me to the ground
when I awoke the sun was streaming over the fields
Warming the ground soaked with summer rain