

August in Northampton

Jaime Jost

Walk through town,
There's a street fair
sunflowers, apple cider, sweet potatoes.
He asks her if the man that is waiting
is her boyfriend.
She shakes her head.
He drinks a raspberry banana malt.
They lay in the grass near a half dead garden.

They are in the room where Emily Dickenson died.
There is a tour guide with an outfit that is too tight.

(Later, the girl will call the guide "slutty," laugh, and become quiet.)

Outside the car, stopped on Walnut street:
A tight hug
She breaths in.
Their arms loosen
exhale