

## Gainesville, Fla

John Vanderslice

I was born in a summer storm  
grass was cold but the sky was warm  
they lay me down in the mossy fields  
where the crows kill with tender speed

sun burned off the lonely clouds  
and warmed my face, the roots in the ground  
they washed me off in a shallow stream  
where sand dunes line the beach

I grew up on that moody land  
I understood the tension all around  
between me and you and dad  
how a sun burn goes cold and damp

how we hovered all in between  
slight sliver where life can begin,  
between oxygen and temperature  
or the force fields of boy and girl

I was born in a summer storm  
grass was cold but the sky was warm  
and so I hover now in between  
the slight sliver where life can breathe

submariners crashed my sleep  
I heard about it on the bbc  
I can hear as they tap on the steel  
of a hull downed in the melting sea