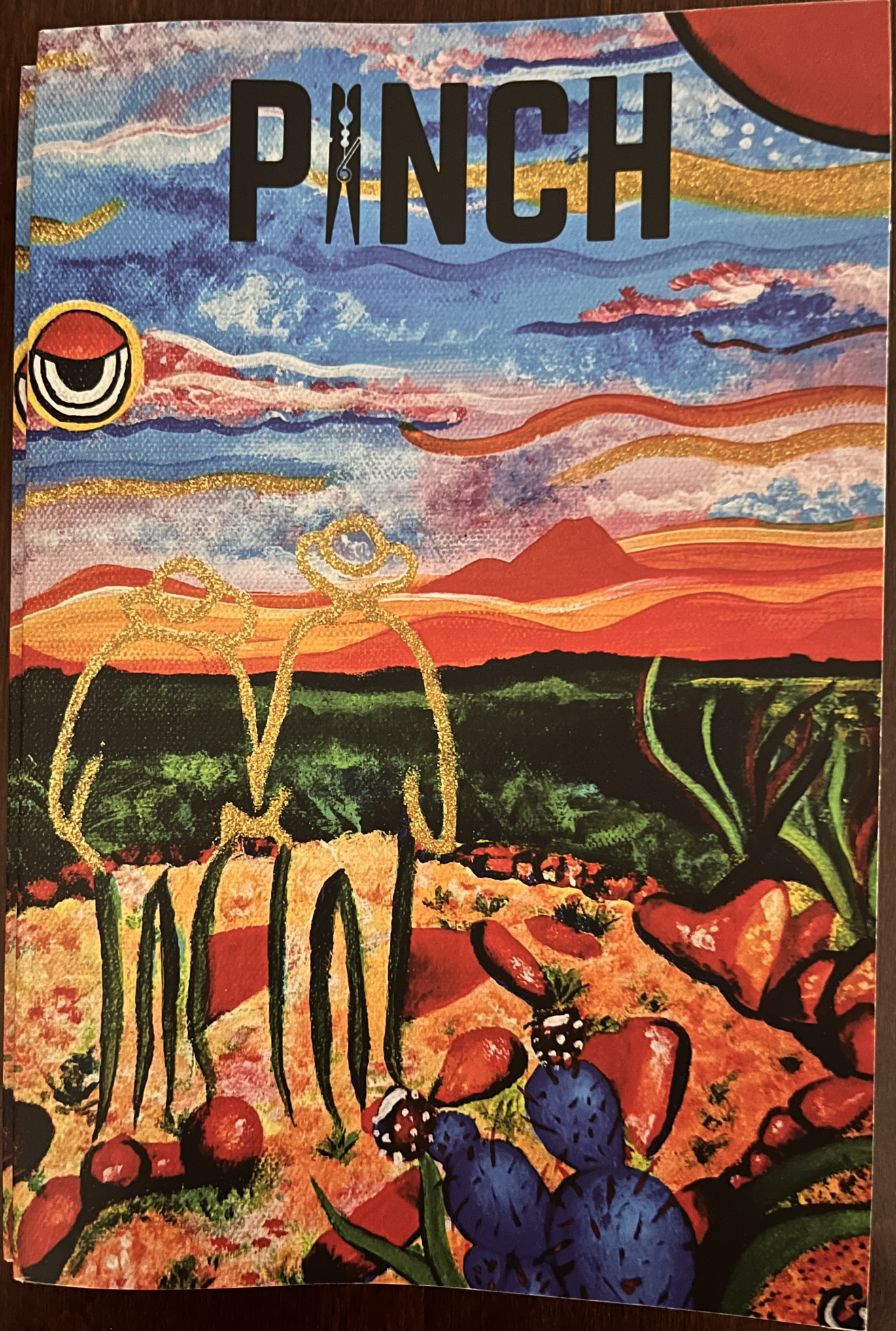
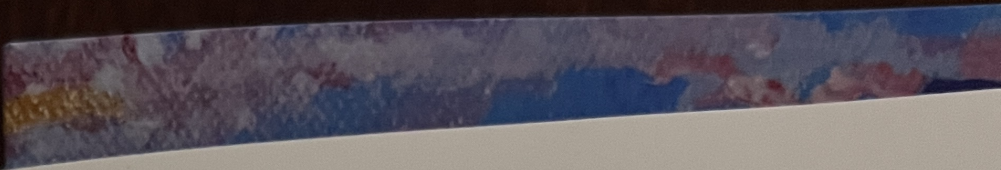


# PINCH



## Liminal Season

Spring is different each time I catch  
its oblong shape of bloom and guck  
in the corner of my eye, Spring  
is the season of mudboggling, tearing  
tires and tired bodies through fields  
wet with snowmelt, crusted sleep not  
yet ready for seed, era of twitterpating  
for animals, teenagers, teens becoming  
animals, mud and tongues and ripped  
benchseats, ripped clothes, torn hymens  
and lips, Spring is never on time or  
the season we wait for, a pothole  
on the way to summer, even here,  
wisteria in bloom, I remember cupping  
mud, cupping rain, cupping wisteria  
in my hands, my first time in the south,  
my track coach tries to help me visualize  
explosion, tells me to cock my body  
like a gun, back into the blocks like ammo  
slides into a barrel, he tells me to pop off  
when I hear the pop of his gun,  
and this is not the first time my Spring  
body has become a weapon, in Michigan,  
we have turkey season twice, paint  
our faces green and mud, slouch  
through wet trees' stifled bloom,  
shotguns ready, shotguns cocked,  
shotguns steady against moss, we all shed  
in Spring, horsehair studded manure,  
gathered in pasture corners, doghair  
weaves into bootsoles, my coach tells  
me I need to shed milliseconds off my time,  
if you know what to look for, you can track  
turkeys easily, follow them through brush



and creek, in tire tracks gouging the field,  
seeds will stick, Spring will end.