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Heat Mirage

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“Mi amor es paso, tránsito, larga muerte gustada”

-Federico García Lorca

Sun spotlights the measured pass of hours:

slow wilt of alcohol and tobacco

in the bare oven of a box house

in sub-tropical Texas.

Rhythm of detergent paint-dripped

across enamel basket, sough of rumpled cloth,
door bang and pump, the soiled weight
under salt-stained sun.
Water flows and wash
cycles time through wobbly sprints of forenoon work.

Over worn sink, traced delicate in calcium,
last blast of morning catches me
full in the face as it escapes
above the garage and beyond
the rented house.

Here, buzzed present
stills the consequence of choice—
its chain of command,
seductive past,
loosening cocaine grips,
blinding nights;
pyrrhic freedoms fade softly
into heat of noon sweat.

The compost can leaks rich,
heavy dankness

past the knocking laundry room
out into backyard—
the trowel churns dirt
as peels, rinds, and eggshells
tumble into the loamy
brown mouth. For a second,
dripping, I see a mirage:
all my broken parts swallowed
into cool, dirty wholeness.

Joshua Bridgwater Hamilton is a Louisville, KY native who migrated to Corpus Christi with his family, where he teaches Spanish. Between Kentucky and Texas, he has traveled and lived in several places, including Spain, Appalachia, Panamá, Peru, the Philippines, and the Colorado River. He has two chapbooks: *Rain Minnows* (Gnashing Teeth Publishing), and *Slow Wind* (Finishing Line Press), and his poetry appears in such journals as *Windward Review*, *Driftwood*, *Voices de la Luna*, *Tiny Seeds Journal*, and *Sybil Journal*.