

## Visit from the Cousins

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We chased our summer thunderstorm sensations—  
me, the leader, barefoot like the dirt,  
and you, who tagged along behind my expectations.

Escaping from our dusty-joint relations,  
we played where the wind whipped around our shirts.  
We hoarded summer thunderstorm sensations

and I, a talker, invented situations  
about Ben, lightning, and other I'd learned.  
You tagged along behind my expectations,

away from heavy-handed realizations  
pieced from what our parents thought we hadn't heard.  
We chased our summer thunderstorm sensations,

looking for the darkest concentration  
in a sky that was brilliant and covert  
you tagged along behind my expectations.

But unaffected by our pouts and protestations—  
the running cars were parked along the curb—  
our parents dragged us from our thunderstorm sensations.  
We tagged along behind their expectations.