

Moisture

Erich von Hungen

Compressed, soundless,
the air is thick with moisture.
It holds back as long as it can,
it holds, until it can no more.

The wide leaves rustling in the square.
Clothes freckle dark.
The day cannot help itself.
The moisture drops
as if from nowhere solid,
as if out of an emotion.

I am not really wet, just damp.
The light is mostly lost,
as if a mood has crossed the sky.
The drops stop as unexpectedly as they began.
No wind, a little breathing is all.

I start again,
small, domed mirrors on my shoes spilling
as my heels tap the paving.
Out of myself for the wash,
my chromosomes wonder,
how much science to my walking,
how much weather to it?

Something goes out of me.
Not an answer but a sympathy,
as clear spots open on my cheeks, then hands,
and unexpectedly, I hear myself breathing.

Erich von Hungen currently lives in San Francisco, California. His writing has appeared in *The Colorado Quarterly*, *Cathexis Northwest Press*, *The Esthetic Apostle*, *The Write Launch*, *The Ravens Perch*, *From Whispers To Roars*, *The Closed Eye Open* and others. He has recently launched two collections of poems "In Spite Of Contagion: 65 COVID-19 Poems" and "Kisses: 87 Love Poems."