

# Artword Quarterly

*Celebrating a new millennium of poetry*



*Winner of a*  
Pushcart Prize  
*and three*  
Pippistrelles  
Best of Small Press Awards

Summer 2000    Number 21

Summer Noon

I remember two boys  
by that well-lauded sea  
cornered by resonating cliffs.  
One titled condottiere,  
whose gold-shot forelock  
kindled cerulean eyes,  
one epicene savage,  
lips designed to pout.  
Between them, a girl,  
lazy and surrendered  
like a ribbon fluted down  
a warm Alyssum throat.  
Our amorous triad  
half onto naked sand,  
half in the whooshing brine,  
cleaved to wet and dry  
relieved of here or there  
like orphans of mythology,  
during the burning lull  
when all that southern coast  
was at the task of eating  
from twelve to three.  
We had no fatal need,  
no time wanting us,  
to prove ourselves better  
than what we were together.