


April 2017

Dusty

KC Esper

John Carroll University, kesper17@jcu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <http://collected.jcu.edu/jcr>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Esper, KC (2017) "Dusty," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 71 : Iss. 1 , Article 6.

Available at: <http://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol71/iss1/6>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact connell@jcu.edu.

DUSTY

KC Esper

I awoke with my body at low tide—
my driftwood bones cushioned
by sodden ripples of skin.

Overnight, my throat turned to sand—
the perfect hiding spot for a voice
raspier than my own to skip apathetically,

like coastal crabs who spend spare time,
or any time rather,
removing debris from their drowned homes.

Dusty, you called it,
reconciling with the taste of gin
garnished with lemon and thyme
that still lingered on your tongue.
It means 'hungover' where you're from.

When we first met,
your body was made of mountains—
rigid and hardened from a history of tension.

Somehow, dawn has softened your peaks,
shielding them in a blanket
of delicate pink light.

Though your body is easy,
your mind still scatters.
Easy, you told the taxi driver.
It means 'appreciated' where you're from.

You'll never know the way your spirited eyebrows
grant a certain acquiescence
to your itinerant brain.

Tonight, we'll drink to the stars;
but for now, we'll spend spare time,
or any time rather,
dissolving into the down waves
of our duvet home,

until we are pulled away again
by high tide.