

THE TWO TIMES I LOVED YOU THE MOST ON A FARM

after Dorthea Grossman

It was your idea to teach me how to sleep
under the stars how to hold a gun how
to shoot it in the air & firework it
across the setting sun a silver dragonfly
with a singular purpose: to hunt
& snap its mouth around the sweetest bee —
pluck it right out of the air —
I didn't know love could be so loud.

 & once, the fields of soybean & mice
became a kind of prayer,
 shushing tassels on the blown-back
calico curtains of your childhood bedroom
where you kissed me, & my shoulders
before the window — I never saw the ribs
of a silver silo that way again.

Aimee Nezhukumatathil
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