

Heirloom

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Lexington, Kentucky

Sundown,
and the bosomy
Box Car Willies are ready.

I step into the backyard.

One Atlantean Cherokee Purple,
two piddling Radiator Charlies,
are lured into my right hand.

I arc and yine my good arm, fire.
The back fence explodes,
gold leafed in red
and brown-eyed ochre.

There is practice
for everything
in this life.

This is how you throw
something
perfectly good
away.

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