



July's Thick Kingdom

Kathleen Brewin Lewis

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In prose poems and lineated poems, sonnets and free verse, Kathleen Brewin Lewis writes about the seasons—of the calendar year and of family life. JULY'S THICK KINGDOM moves the reader through snowstorms and thick pollen into summer's bounty and the bittersweet beauty of fall, from her children's childhood to her parents' old age. "The words go on, a braided rope"—in her second chapbook, Lewis means to mark the passage of time.

July's Thick Kingdom Details

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From Reader Review July's Thick Kingdom for online ebook

FutureCycle Press says

We are the publisher, so all of our authors get five stars from us. Excerpts:

LUNA MOTH

She has one week to live.

The first night, she appears
at my window: finch-sized,
owl-spotted, swallow-tailed.
Astounding me with her
vivid green beauty.

Mouthless, she is not driven
by ordinary hunger. She craves
moonlight and streetlight, mates
after midnight, leaves legions
of eggs on the underside of
black walnut leaves.

Her caterpillar offspring
will never know her.
After the seventh day, I find her
in the grass, lime wings
faded to celadon and tattering
in the wind.

DOWNING THE SUN

In the west now, a searing sunset
illuminates the imprint of your breast on mine.
There have you traveled on purpose without me,
no forwarding address, no departing line.
Is this the glimmer for which you betrayed me?
Can you remember the slant of our sky?
Walking as straight as your tall boots will let you,
shed shards of moonrise, a husked lullaby.
I have been cauterized, left in the shadows,
longing for glimpses of walnuts and gorse.
If I sing softly, will dragonflies nestle me,
grant me sweet amnesty from this remorse?

I don a crown of mountaintops, leap heavily

into the evening sea, still do not drown.

