



11-15-2007

Eight

Amy Spade

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

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

Recommended Citation

Spade, Amy (2007) "Eight," *Westview*: Vol. 26 : Iss. 2 , Article 19.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol26/iss2/19>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

Eight

by Amy Spade

Leaning back against the white aluminum
garage door, the sun glinting off rocks
in the alley, noises of the summer
halting, I stood and waited: Tony

from across Elm, freckled and dirty-kneed,
had pulled me back there, grinning, my sweaty
hand in his, my breath coming fast and hard
after our dizzy ride through the August streets.

I felt a kiss, wet and gentle, salty,
land on the bridge of my sunburned nose.
Eyes flew open, we looked at each other
and laughed, ran back to pedals, sweet motion.

