They Say Dancing

Starkey Flythe

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/ninety-six-press

Recommended Citation
http://scholarexchange.furman.edu/ninety-six-press/10

Ordering Instructions: Send a note specifying title(s) and delivery address to: Special Collections James B. Duke Library 3300 Poinsett Highway Greenville, SC 29613. Enclose check for order, plus $3.00 for shipping. Please make checks payable to Special Collections and Archives.
Pieces of eight

The goldfinches are in the sunflowers, excess feeding excess, won’t wait for the seeds to dry, eat them alive. The sun, yellow, obese, falls behind the hay ricks where sulphur and honey meet, dry, sweet. August. Month of indulgence. Fire flies into you, winged carelessness, haze the color that goes with, burns off gold, the last of summer, stubble, chaff, lightning, the end we run from across the field, gold, everything gold, air, earth, flower, bird, the voice clear but low, pleading, Wait.

—Copyright 2000 Starkey Flythe, Jr.