Victory and Whistling

Madison Browne
a bicycle
a breeze
muffled words through a tinted window
antique clocks
vance joy
silhouettes in the rain
the day we both knew

a beginning
November storms
rain-weighted spiderwebs
ice skates
the melody i thought was ours
fleur-de lis
a poll of cyclical times

you’re whistling
but i can’t tell
who’s won