

SALT

POETRY

Kate Barlow

She was asked about summers, and
how she fares living in Vermont,
Currently hot, wet, and unbearably humid,
When she grew up by the ocean,
half a world a way.

Well...she said...
I do hot yoga, and
In some upside-down-poses
My sweat runs into my eyes and mouth,
And I pretend I am diving into the sea.

Looks of disbelief and displeasure
In her friends faces
Forces contemplation.
I guess I don't deal well, she says,
To much laughter.

But the question had revealed
The source of her delight with hot yoga,
In Vermont, especially in the summertime.
As she feels like she is home,
And then, all at once, realizes she is.