

BOY IN YELLOW DRESS

MATTHEW GELLMAN

The sun draws a map into the field
and a compass at the edge

of the woods. The spinning letters
spell the word *lost*. On the sycamore,

someone has carved a face.
I follow the map into the copse

where the wind erases me,
and the hummingbird with a hornet

in its mouth says *You will always be like this*.
I want it back: the feathery smoke,

acres of heather and sedge, my name
the twist in the river's tongue.