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## To JoJo in Fla.

Eric Holdorf

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## To JoJo in Fla.

Dust sleeps on the side of the cracked asphalt,  
The day yawns and brightens to blue  
as the ground feels naked.

Days like these we took off our jackets  
and played basketball on the melting ice,  
as if that would get us closer to the  
force  
that slowly stirs the matted grass  
and warms the buds to blossom  
and sweeps the brown leaves against the chain-link fence.

The clouds burn red as they rest on the timeless horizon,  
attracting my eyes,  
after the sun has set.

Evenings like these we felt the cold crawl along the ground  
and waited like statues for darkness to fall,  
as if paying reverence to the  
force  
that took our hopes and scattered them among the  
awakening fields  
and ran our hopes through the bony trees,  
as the wind told us  
“Leave,  
and make these memories.”

*Eric Holdorf*