

CODY DEITZ

Suggestion

Grand Forks, North Dakota

I could convince you the wind
hushing the trees

was ocean breaking against beach—
that same rush and trailing off,

my voice into your seashell ear
as you inhale and tell me *yes*—I can smell salt
and birds calling. But we're still in the Midwest,

the sea hundreds of miles away, the buoy-shaped bell toll
just the train inching through town,

and the absolute sky is busy with its own suggestions:
the clouds chandeliers lit by sun, so bright,
like someone flipped a switch inside—but still
they run across the ground as shadow.

Does the cloud think of itself as light, or shadow?
Or am I projecting again?

I drive to the edge of town, and look over the ocean
of grass, broken only by the odd oak, a passing car,

to watch the sun sink down into the ruler-straight horizon.
I close my eyes, now, to hear the wind

without what sight might suggest, and when I ask
what truth grows out in those fields, what's made by this earth

and this sky, the wind says *yes*
as it runs past me into the dark.

HERON TREE

3 April 2016

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ABOUT CODY DEITZ

Cody Deitz is the author of *Pressed Against All That Nothing* (Yak Press 2015), and his poems have appeared in *Chaparral*, *Ellipsis*, *Split Lip Magazine*, *Literary Orphans*, and *NAILED*. He lives in Grand Forks, North Dakota, where he is a PhD student in English at the University of North Dakota.

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