

## CLEMETINE SUN

By Olivia Klimek

The Sun must be a Clementine—  
food of Florida.  
Feeds my inconsequential corner of the world,  
one that I frequently share my ambivalence about.

If not proven by the way it reflects  
in our hungry, fervent eyes,  
than by the way  
the morning grass salivates  
at the prospect of starting fresh.

We sit at the edge of this green,  
gazing out on a wind whipped lake—  
one with little significance other than  
we are here, and therefore  
we are important.

When Portland Orange beats our backs,  
our silhouettes stare back,  
reminding us from where we came,  
and how we found each other.

*The Women who hold up the Earth,  
and keep it spinning.*