

KATHERINE SMITH

## Border

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Through sheet metal and barbed wire,  
the children blaze across the Rio,  
fierce heat of a desert afternoon,  
sweating like so much glistening citrus,  
sweet figs, shining grapes, their eyes ripe fruit  
on the border's abandoned table. Tonight  
in the desert a woman hesitates  
to plot a fresh garden beneath stars  
that pour sour milk across a dry winter sky;  
then, liquid as Earth, memory of a thirsty child  
washes her over the burning fence.