



Flare, Corona

Jeannine Hall Gailey

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Edginess, unsettlement, a sense of foreboding: what weather can come to bear and a skillful poet with some thoughts on mortality to share. Jeannine Hall Gailey's ability to turn it up—or down, thankfully—is what makes reading her work in *Flare, Corona* a bit like riding out a November gale on a paddleboard. In addition to five other collections of poetry, she's the author of *PR for Poets*.

Self-Portrait as Late August Evening

*I will be gone soon, and with me, summer.
These warm breezes fleeting; the beauty I have
is the beauty of all things that disappear
before you know you'll mess them.
Each mood—sultry and scorching, mild and balmy—
changeable as the rise of the moon's face,
one moment blue over corn fields, another
orange over the tree tops, or red dropping over the sea.
No one loves August—we all long for September,
her sweater sets and the chill of her rain—
though the end always comes, an unwelcome surprise.
Through the still air, the wings of birds rustle the dry grass.
I am waiting, heavy as the apple tree branches weighted down
with uneaten apples, turning the air sweet and rotten.*

MATT SUTHERLAND (July / August 2023)

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