

*John Stammers*  
**Like A Heatwave Burning**

It was the hottest summer on record;  
we flew into rages at the drop of a pin.  
The heat made cacti of us all.

I woke up hot crazy at one in the morning.  
The day's sun had heated up the sky so heavy  
it felt like being ironed.

We sat on the curbside like hot bananas  
and Jane read me the Miranda  
of our future lives together:

there would be no future lives together.  
I'd never heard the nightjay squawk  
so damnably shrilly in the still, still stilly.

My eyeballs made sinuous rills.  
I sloughed on my sandals and loped  
onto a streetcar named expire.

Tyres welded cars to the road.  
I got out my character  
and began the tasks of a lifetime.

Pine trees collapsed in a dead swoon  
all over the place. Believe you me,  
honeydew features, it was hot.