

## June July

John Vanderslice

June July I went home to live with my mom  
At night I sat out to watch cicadas on the lawn  
June July, confusion tennessee  
Here sherman's army leveled troops in 1863  
now those battlefields are marked and paragraphed  
And maintained by national park service trust  
at night I walked through those fields  
Looking for proof of death, echoes of wounded soldier appeals  
Tonight the rain clouds are pressing down  
Hovering low, warning me to go back home  
I saw lightning flicker in the clouds  
One and two thousand, better turn around  
light was focused down on me  
White spike cracked and threw me to the ground  
when I awoke the sun was streaming over the fields  
Warming the ground soaked with summer rain