

# NOTICE: 6PM YOGA ON THE ROOF TONIGHT

Lee Thomas

Lee Colin Thomas lives and writes in Minneapolis. His poems have appeared in *Poet Lore*, *Salamander*, *The Gay and Lesbian Review Worldwide*, *Water-Stone Review*, *Midwestern Gothic*, *Narrative*, *Nimrod International Journal*, *Pilgrimage*, and elsewhere. Online at [leecolinthomas.net](http://leecolinthomas.net).

Having risen beyond fluorescence, above ducts  
throating the froth of metallic air, we  
strange pigeons fold ourselves forward  
on the tenth-floor terrace.

Heads down, fingers splayed like starfish  
to July's yeasted length, we press  
closer to the sun-warmed marrow  
of cement beneath our mats.

The stories stack like bricks, the city  
all around, and somewhere two car alarms  
choose sides. We try to accept

the swarms of electric bees  
exhausting from industrial fans.  
We try to hold any pain we feel  
with the attention of finding  
a hatchling fallen from its nest.

Can you give your pain such attention?

asks our instructor, before standing tall  
to lead us through poses. Dizzy  
pitch of balance undone  
by height and head back,  
eyes skyward to glassed

towers — everything a-sway,  
and gravity: mere agreement.

We are blood and stars, heat  
bending an arc toward sugar,  
smaller than sugar, a sweetness let loose  
inside this blue-bright swallow

