

**Jeffrey Alfier**

## **Walking Before Dark on the Last Good Day of Summer**

Camphor leaves run before me up the street,  
whispers tumbling through bright realtor flags

strung from a sign at an open house no one  
came to today, the deepening sky rinsing itself

of contrails and a few unnamable birds aloft  
in the late light-scatter, the realtor taking

the flags down now as they resist him  
in on-shore wind, and in that wide silence

I drift for mere seconds back to a childhood  
flaring with kites, returned to the present

by the falling sun knifing shoals of thinning  
clouds to fire upper branches of camphors

and the glass eye of my attic window, the house  
without a buyer tilting under the blaze.