

## Though Misconduct Cleared

At home the salamanders only spread  
their legs over your bricks,  
your balcony & sheets,  
and focus on their colors--  
still only pinkish red

But here across the playground--  
you live across plastic slides--  
they twist themselves in hearts and stars  
and ten thousand approaches  
to Saturn.

Your lights go on halfway through  
their imperfect blues: an hour in,  
I'm dreaming you again,  
  
and you never killed that man,  
never named yourself a man  
who worked himself to where  
you had the right to be cleared:  
you take me to river watch fireworks in my hand

And I'm watching through my window,  
Ume Chu-Hi in my hand.

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