

# The Reddest Summer

May 14, 2024

by Minh Khoi (Vietnam)

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Prompt: Poetry & Spoken Word Competition 2024   5  8

**T**hirty years draping sunrise on satin hush  
pouring love into a fragile, chipped cup,  
hoping it won't spill into oblivion  
you ebb away, sacrifice seven silent  
offerings on the dais, bleed hearth and home.  
Banyan roots, bony hands, ancient baobabs calling  
your name, dreams bearing bitter  
persimmons in the orchard. I see them  
all plopping and losing momentum,  
shriveling at the tips of your toes as  
you alchemise geode and hearts of Gods that once  
made you stoop down to their feet. Years later, you remain  
eternalised, seeping in the color of your country,  
red with ianthine bruises; as once on your knees you  
now stand tall against your shadow. Revolutions  
went by and you still stare at me with the same  
conviction and friction, as if I would  
stop rotating. Yet, my face, as if the moon,  
illuminates eternally. Yours, as if monsoon,  
continues to swallow everything  
but the light I illuminate. When you are gone,  
that same landscape will forever lie on my tongue,  
as I remember about the reddest summer.

Tags: