

Collection Day

We are feeling the universe with giant gloves which
grow each night covering

the cosmos, as one covers their face when
caught by surprise or an overwhelming

grief. Cloud-shadows move and don't
move; walking trees make their way

closer to stars while we sleep,
draped on limbs. From the window I
watch

a woman wheel a dog in a carriage on
the sidewalk as a man pushes a shopping

cart down the middle of the dead end street.
She's shouting at him across the space

between them, over the rattle of the metal
cart piled with plastic garbage bags full

of empties. They vanish from view, become
barely audible: gone. I put on my mask

and go outside. After collection, blue
recycling bins stand like bodies gathered

for an action yet to begin. I breathe through
the tight weave, watch light salvage

wreckage from the sun; I am too seldom at
the ocean to hear the murmuring of shells.

Across from the Popular Park with Palms

your elders will dream dreams
Acts 2:17

On the sidewalk near the intersection
across from the popular
park with palms

an aged man pushing a shopping cart
piled high with bottles and with cans
and four large

garbage bags stuffed full hanging off the
sides. He plods, his head of white
hair hung over his

shrunken self as if his neck were broken, back
humped, his arms outstretched; he
leans into

the discarded weight. Reaching the curb
he does not cross on Dolores
to the park

with palms but stops, bows his head to the
cart's hard handle: a surrendering
in prayer?

A flock of lorikeets swoop, screech, and
land. *Old leaf scars form a pattern—*
blessings crowned.

By the Bus Stop

She sells flores | Flowers by the bus stop | La gente |
La basura | Walgreens is always open | All flores five
bucks | Her face is an umber daisy | Bus stop | People |
Garbage | Flowers son preciosas | Cinco dólares | She
sells flores | Flowers | Flores | How fast the cherry
blossoms came and left | Her flowers | Flores | Flowers
by the bus stop in their cut bouquets | She had to leave
her children behind | She remembers all the flores in
the market with her mother when she was small | Muy
lejos | El mercado they walked to arm in arm |
Chickens and mangoes and shoes | Abajo | The Earth is
round | A daisy disk | Cactus on the border in bloom |
The brick wall of Walgreens | People | La basura | Que
sonrisa | Her big white bucket is stained |