



It was Maria: we were all walking to DQ trying to beat
the heat: a sum
summer cycle of nothing
and mosquitoes: nights
our parents fought in single unit kitchens:
the housing complex: nous sommes
we were all born here but
Maria had been brought in the backseat
of a 1972 Ford something:
she was an exotic being
from nowhere.

right beside

it [the canal]
is the yellow plane

stating

and it hit us as if we'd first woken up.

the obvious
Claire, who should have been a dancer, twirled
on the sidewalk, the boys
scoping her low slung on wheels,
her humming their humming
spokes and tread

and we all raced to DQ, morphing
town for promise:
a cold
sugar ice
milk/buzz

To the direct left at a 72 degree angle
an osprey's concave makings
at night a dark, cruddy interstellar kink
at the crux of a line.
If to take it for motion our transport