

No access to the Hollywood Sign

by Neil McCarthy

Everyone on Beachwood has a dog.

There is never parking.

The dogs are almost always small and yap
in the hours when most wish to sleep.

If there is parking, it's because there's
street cleaning the next morning.

One of these afternoons I will get lucky
and park on a small dog.

I will casually get out of my car, lock it,
and stroll off in my air of nonchalance.

The owner of the dead dog will be too
engrossed with a smart phone to notice.

The sign that informs tourists that there is
no access to the Hollywood Sign is the
most ignored sign in all of Los Angeles.

The morning after the rain, I sit outside
slicing strawberries into my Special K
watching tourists pose for photographs.

Satisfaction and beauty go hand in hand,
encouraging the Jacarandas to defy the
street cleaners and casually cast
their purple confetti across the sidewalk,
down onto the parked cars, the dogs,
the tourists rebelling against the signs.

