

# Bougainvilla Drive

*by* Brian Michael Barbeito

blue plexiglass skateboard is holding the light of a turmeric sun.  
jacob turns it this way and that and lets it sit on its side atop parking  
curbs. denim legs canvas feet. looking down sign ridden streets and  
squinting. sometimes sun showers leak out. cotton shirts wet. the  
mexican girl gazing on from chairs faded. bright flecks in eyes. a  
cosmic electric light queen. she brings smoke into her lungs then  
exhales. there is no god in the afternoons. but there is no devil  
either. there only is what is. reality quietly dizzy with itself, dancing  
an unknown and unheard song

