

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

