

# New World

*by* Cami Park

What plant, her noticed light last leaves. We catalog the lime-bright generations: water, work. Car. You, a Swedish mechanic. Who will drive wild to banging storms, eat chartreuse radio dreams, cross a million little rains: mint, spring, ice, green— a lifetime back and to.

Calculations: love, wind, tax. Everything. Me and my envelope of looks; me with the furnace shades. Unfixable. You can't color the night forest with worried hands. Not you. I'm full rough ivy; a beautiful morning door. Greet me.

