

# Honoring Heritage

*by* Mathew Paust

I'm just now seeing through the glass in my front door  
the crepe myrtle across the street is full abloom  
how long it's been so  
how many days beaming its rich salmon color in the sun  
escapes my memory

If I noticed it yesterday I didn't pause to see  
but now the color invades my sensibility  
I say salmon, although it could be coral  
salmon sits gentler on my palate  
promising sublime over distant thrill

The street is busy between the tree and me  
at first I think the two unmoving cars have broken down  
women have gotten out and are standing nearby  
now I see them walk toward a house  
some kind of historic club, I think, Daughters of the...Pleistocene?

