

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?

