

A 90's Tune.

by Shan Shaikh

The heat was different in the 90's
Car rides played all the right tunes,
and early, Saturday mornings echoed
explosions of excitement, and neighborly visits

Apartments; one beige body;
filled our LA slum, street
Sprinklers colored the hot cement a dark gray,
washing away our chalk

No extra sand to fill our jars
Mother was always there
From playing momma ape
to being a pillow during those restless,
restless nights

Police tunes didn't ring in
our ears as loud as the
ice cream truck sirens

People outside cut lawns,
and watered plants they didn't own
Landlords tossed out treasure
from their garages, and we
basked in our findings
Everyone yelled, but interpretation
was the least of our worries (if any)

Skyscrapers, our giants,
pulled a thick blanket over
our adventures and discovery
Yellow brick roads translated to

Metro bus routes with signals
determined to keep us from getting
to the cinema on time

The sun shined the brightest then
A yellow like Mr.Don's Camino

Something about those spaced out visits
from father that never hit the right string,
but mother's tears cleared the filth to make
way for more T-ball practice and embraces
after a fight in the sand box

I miss the way she used to hug us;
The way she used to dress us
No one's the same, but the 90's will forever remain
Untouched
A tune that always hit the right string,
and just might've made everything else
worth fighting for

