

*the power play goes on, and you will contribute a
verse - Walt Whitman*

I think of you again Walt Whitman,
with your two-hundredth year wind-chiming
its long beard through jacaranda flowers,
unfortunate in our hot month of

June as the branches pirouette across
a heat-stroked sky draped in Taffeta.
They would have killed for such donations
a week ago, this is California

after all and I do not know whether
to buy sweaters or shorts and for which
season. It is summer, the season of
irresponsibility and fancy

living and all I've done is coax the
cricket out the bathroom wall to where
the grass is no stranger and every
song of yours is mine.

OUT IN THE GARDEN
Miguel Vega

