RED

The sidewalk buckling up — big trees. Pretty Mexican boys lolling around fire hydrants, in front of the Rexall Drug. Royal Crown cola at the market, and free comic books to read. Celery and a certain pink found only in the aprons of grandmothers. Soft sculpture streetlamps - a red train running through town every morning at seven, a red banner proclaiming the grape festival I never got to go to. The red and white sign of Dairy Queen on the highway the taste of honeysuckle overgrown and ten feet high. The pink of daylilies, the reddish hair of a Shetland sheepdog, boys in red shirts. days too hot for red the railroad tracks green impossible trees, black walnuts casketed in their husks a walk into town hand-packed ice cream a lawn, a maidenhair fern, a porch big enough for sitting, roses, roses, and bounding into the yard a wonderful big white dog named Red.

- Denise Dumars

Hawthorne CA

STANDING IN THE KITCHEN EATING OUT OF A BOX OF LEFTOVER CHINESE FOOD

at dinner with two friends i used sticks

now i use a fork