

TESS TAYLOR

## Song with Poppies & Reverie

30 years later, my body grown.  
Flickering signal economy; also fire poppies  
in the lava garden.        Clumsy deliberate

beetles. Old arthropods, fat pollinators.  
Equal in mystery: I am a mother.  
What does it mean to belong to July?

Blackberry, thistle, nectarine shadow.  
*How have I survived even this life?*  
At street corners sometimes

   time hauls me under  
like the stone guzzle  
where the land's crust

subducts into sea.  
At the bay, encampment, encampment:  
*dispossessed, dispossessed.* Sometimes

in my mind ghost Okies still clatter  
uphill in ghost Model Ts.  
Rosie the Riveters smoke

in postwar sun.  
   At the corner, *Happy Tailor*—  
the *y* fallen; hapless.

A lizard runs by.  
At the beach yesterday I heard  
seven languages; corvid & seal bark.

Last year they tore down  
the last town trailer park.  
A stream gutters under my house.

A stream follows the path of a fault line.  
Our gravestones are signposts to everywhere:  
*Yun, Kobayashi, Menendez, Revere.*

The Sunset Mausoleum *Welcomes all Visitors.*  
The backhoe inters the *arriviste* dead.  
What's the name of the stream in Huichin Ohlone?

Oyster clouds open. The question lingers.  
Our coastlines are swallowed  
are hollowed like vowels—