

Omen

The tree at the end of the lane
caught fire
and burned up every orange
growing between the leaves.
Brown skinned women
dressed in layers draped on thick arms
pull their groceries behind in carts,
and sing to an empty coin purse
Be Thou My Vision?

Lamps and desert voices and palms
beating palms
spill onto pavement from hidden rooms,
while yesterday's girls
wear lines on their faces
and no more flowers in their hair.