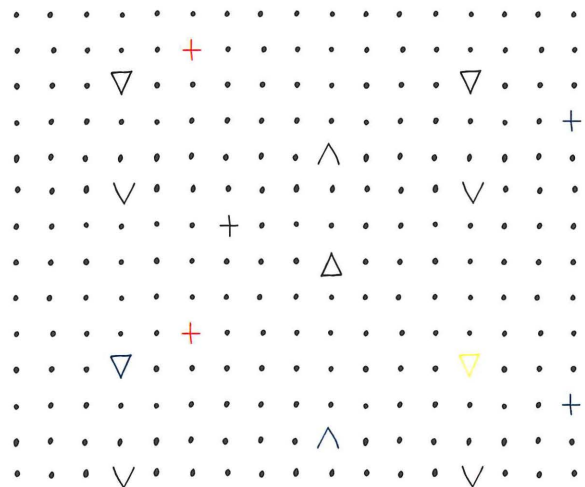


To those of the past, who had meadows

Gregory Manni

I will lay stiffly on concrete, watching clouds pass overhead, and the wind will whip at my ears.
The same way it whips at the tree past my window; branches tap lightly like beckoning fingers.
I will memorize the bumps of the car on the road, the familiar pattern that chatters,
“you. are. almost. home.”
To claim my land,
I will triumphantly stab an American flag in the warm, sticky tar of the street cracks.
Instead of meadows, my nostalgia will lie in my bedroom,
where my mouth made dinosaurs roar and matchbox cars crash.
I had a small maple tree that stood in for a woodland—
I could spend all day in it, three meters high, with crackers, juice, and a book.
Always in sight of the slim, dark windows my mother looked out.
One tree was my forest, a green hose my creek.
The rubber city water still tastes like summer.



Home is Here Kayla McLean

