

## MIST AND DISLOCATION

Seabirds call and call again, so I open my window,  
climb

through the night sky and all those years  
while the rest of the house is sleeping.

I'm twelve. The cute boys in the garage band still rock  
*Hotel California*, and on Fridays our pink  
streets  
buzz with cars revved up around the corner.

Somewhere someone's dog is barking, and the grass  
grows wet beneath my feet. Mrs. X  
always wears her stilettos—it doesn't matter

that she's sweeping the sidewalk and her husband  
won't be home for hours. She warns us each  
day  
not to ride bikes through the spray of mosquito  
trucks,

but we don't listen. It's like entering the Milky Way,  
all

that mist and dislocation that vanishes as  
quickly  
as it comes. Like the ice-cream man, his pleading  
songs,

that even years later, still find us, his music playing  
over and over: *orangesicle, sherbet, fudge or grape*,  
the sweetness of it all we can't rub off.