

FRONT YARD: TACOMA

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White picket fence, aging and covered
in moss stands guard at the perimeter.
Paint peels from slats of weatherworn wood
like beads of sweat in the summer.
The gate hangs
from his hinges, a sentinel too long at his post.
Steps of grey concrete, covered
in decaying leaves, reach
up from the street-side walk.
Along either side terraced gardens of slumbering
bushes share the leafy covering.
At the top, a turn lined with waist
high shrubs leafless in the winter wind.
The corner is a patio of moss covered bricks,
a privacy fence decorated in a green
patina of moss separates ours from theirs.
Eight more steps, concrete, aged, weathered,
stones showing through the surface, polished and
bright before the door.
Outside the door, a tall green shrub, the only plant
still holding its own oily leaves.
Embedded within their ovoid, dark
green are sparks of color.
Pink petals fringe the yellow interior,
a beautiful song of spring.
Outside the fence across a bustling
city street whitewashed concrete walls obscure
the view. Against its smooth sides grass grows
green and glistening with dew.
Four crows, sleek, dark, and sinister, search
through the trash left by a careless passerby.
Their actions are us—
We search for what makes us feel alive,
Grey skies grow heavy with the threat
of rain, but we don't care.
Our home is here.