

Islands Along Mount Pleasant

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Pockets out of quarters
 past Pedal Heads
& a row of daffodils,
 you misheard *flawed*
as *flowered* and filled
 what was missing
in the air with Yes
 everywhere people flower.
We left an archipelago
 whose elders weather
heart attack & heat stroke
 as if illness
were a cluster of islands
 we cross
so it crosses back.
 Today is the fourth
day of spring
 & we live
in a city that unroofs
 as often as it rains.
Under a glass awning,
 we trace patterns
 on our palms.