



*Thick clouds of pollen billow across the yard, yellow the deck, and probably my hair.*

### SHORT STORIES

Thick sentences clog the pages summoning  
Clouds of undertones . . . swampy . . . wandering mangrove roots  
Of meaning dust the density with  
Pollen and pine needles that  
Billow before and after the words trudging  
Across  
The pages  
Yard by yard by mile, flavoring the stories  
Yellow  
The tender smell of fennel and dried roses amidst the  
Deck of stories  
Probably written for someone else that doesn't have  
My bias embedded in  
Hair that has read for 70 years

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