

Cathy Comenas

Mari's Backyard

That sunday your parents went away
we lay on a raft in the pool
dark sunglasses and bikinis
my cheek resting on your bare shoulder
you told me how your backyard held memories of fairies
how you used to fly a plane
as you swung on that wooden swing
tied to a big oak tree by two chains
you spread stuffed animals
on the green grass
served them tea
then put them in the trees
threw rocks at them
until they tumbled to the ground
that's when you brought out
your grocery store medic bag
and fixed them up
sometimes you slept out here

in summer with your sister
sleeping bags and cookies

If your parents could see you now
with me, so close
they'd shoot me and bury me
way back where your yard
turns into a cement wash

I jump every time I hear a car outside
until I fall into the water with you
we take our tops off
and dance arms around each other
breasts touching

A person could get lost
in your acre of childhood
with all its green