

Adria Hirsch

Tuesdays for Zuma

I want to go back
to when a fast cool wind
swept over our
sunburnt, sea salt
legs dangling
like a lazy dog's tongue
out of the back window
of your mom's stationwagon.

Another Tuesday in
a green ship
winding down Kanan Canyon
to stop at the fruit and
nut stand,
roll our tongues
like waves
over sweet grapes
and munch peanuts
with the shells still on.

I have been feeling
more like the
sandcrabs that would
wiggle over our knuckles,
our cartwheels—
footprints to handprints
that went out with
the fading whitewash.