

# SUMMERLAND

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SUSY CHO

Thinking  
about my arm

dangling  
out of

Caryl's car  
we pass

the sign  
to Summerland.

The heavens  
dry up

and as  
on

the mustang  
in the right lane

the sky-blue  
exterior

flakes off  
turning

translucent  
like fish

food falling  
into the water.

That soporific  
noise

of echoing  
cantinas

and cafes  
the entrancing

static  
of bloated pink

skin and hot  
white hair

disassociate  
themselves from me

on the way  
back.

Santa Barbara  
could have

fixed anything  
but

the arrow  
to Summerland

pointing  
west--

right off  
the cliff--

insinuates  
another place.