

[long lines are continued on the following with an indentation]

Roots

A pink plastic hula hoop outlines my plot of land,
and I dig my two fingers in gray dirt (if it
can really be called that) - Florida dirt
is grainy cornbread, is more kinetic sand processed
and presented in product form, than dirt, selling
the snowbirds on palm trees, but they don't know that almost all palm fronds are not Floridian,
so just like decomposing Pindo branches supine under the sun, snowbirds fit right in,
folds in fronds, in skin, imbricated to keep the 'sunshine state' narrative alive,

and I do not know this either,
so I wrap two fingers around the root, all the roots here are thin like fishing line,
tangled in knots and translucent, like some unkempt tackle box,
they spiral together and spin apart like angel hair spaghetti
on the prongs of a child's fork, my hands are not yet cracked,
and these roots slip between my fingers like memories I've almost forgotten, even at thirteen,

and we think that the brick house,
with a vespiary hiding inside the crooked stop sign, with two Pindo Palm Trees
transplanted parallel across the driveway, with palm-sized yellow fruit pimpling clean grass in
sickly sweet rot, breaking open
where wasps feast, is solid, but like everything else here, it is all dirt that is silt that is sand,
and all our roots disappear when two fingers attempt to pull,
and we pretend not to notice until cracks appear

in the mortar, and slipped-off spaghetti calcifies on hardwood flooring, and the sand itself
decaying, and
it is all dirt that is all sand that is more kinetic sand than
it is a family, and at least the snowbirds get to leave.