

I am only another yellow
with something to say

about the absconding freesia
panels of my red cedar fence

as if it were a sunset or
of colors. I only know

the language of flowers
extend a hand of feed

to a nod, wilt, or playing dead.
of flowers from years of

response to her touch. Is it universal
fear that holds us from

nearing our faces to
It's not simply Japanese to suspect

the yellow school bus still holds onto
who didn't ask to be taken.

By what means it would judge itself
means childish & immature—

negotiating each early morning
drive out with its noticeable

color of skin. How then must I
my hand & hose head reaching over

to water what is now also mine?
the generations to come, &

whether or not they'll feel
other words for freedom, when

on the other side of the fence,
breaks all mouths, all paths, all

fingers apart to sign:

man behind a fence

emerging from between

proverb about separation

from the sun, to whom I witness

& she only knows the language

to touch while sniffing; is it

the toothless bite of pleasure?

where it has taken us,

if, like the freesia, it knew its name

what it means to leave home, to

look from my neighbor's point of view,

Who will tell me about

their way toward forgiveness, toward

unobstructed light

We come in peace?