

Rhineland Ave.

by Christina Day

coarse plastic astro turf
sinks and shifts under my weight
this tiny city balcony
stands above a backyard crowded with patio furniture,
chairs astray.
orange bug lights hang like plants from the roof
as citronella soot rises to disappear
from a table below

serving spoons, old Christmas decorations
out seasoned,
displace

yellow formica overcooked like ziti
softens the counter top,
the ceiling light in the kitchen behind me
the color of a
glowing cantaloupe
as the Christmas lights flicker
and fade