

Shearwater, Mulholland

Georgeanna,
the berylline hummingbirds are back in California.
We've been frozen here in Dakota,
and I'm thinking the sun could warm you.
And I've been talked to, and I've been talking, too...
You stopped coughing.
You lay in my lap while the headlights
lit the almond trees of some state park.
You lay there so still,
I was afraid I might have lost you.
And I've been talking to you.
I wish you'd talk, too.
Mulholland,
each little light's a soul outside of Bakersfield.
You shut your saltwater eyes
while the radio played soft and clear.
And I was talking to you,
I was talking to you.