

## *Transit*

as a child of calamity, I have only known  
home in fragments. all i have is pieces  
of every place I've ever lived, a jagged jigsaw

of the California coastline: the push and pull  
of San Diego, a city so still even the seasons  
stop changing, a sky so blue even my

mother could pretend to be happy here.  
or Tierrasanta, home to the only  
house I ever remember loving,

or the last time I went to the park  
and thought of it as a playground  
before shelter, or the first time I

found loss in the back windshield  
of a cadillac, everything I owned  
in garbage bags, my old life shrinking

in the distance of interstate 5. or Oakland,  
the way my grandmother could tell you everything  
that happens on 88th avenue, how she makes

a garden grow in the middle of all its violence,  
how she could tuck us in to the sound of gunshots  
on the fourth of july, the fool's firecracker she'd

call them, tired, all her teeth glowing in the silence.  
or Antioch, and Pittsburg, twin cities of the east bay,  
did you know you could map a place

by its streetlights? that you could learn  
their whole geography from the window  
of a parked car, like where the cops

won't check for you at night, or the  
best places to ask for leftovers, or that  
the border between these two cities

conjoins at railroad tracks, and every night  
you can hear the train horn fading towards  
somewhere else you'd rather be.