

Poetry Collection by
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Augury
After "Starlings" by Gary Soto

A sheet of silver sky reflects the
silhouettes of thousand speckles. Spectacle of starlings
synchronizing in spectacular dance. A masterpiece Seurat would
envy. The rumbles and claps percussioned not
by Jove but by little pairs of iridescent wings. The phantoms come and go
above heads and way down south.
Soothing susurrations sounds but
turbulent when they undulate closer, causing shiver,
stopping the breath. Stillness and hold on,
in the sinking pit of the
deafening silence. Like layers of pixelation pleated
as a celestial escalator over the glass lake.
One last reading for good omen before they settle in their
setting in front of many surprised eyes.
The black shadows spread and narrowed,
dauntingly surging on
divining prophesies with the
fate of the ominous wind.

Passage

It withstood the faults
of tectonic plates.

But it's
the epicenter

which cradles
our 7-year-old fingers and toes
 turning white
 from pressing
too hard
into the glossy foundation
—immaculate
with a little sweat—

 as we climbed
to the top
 simply carrying
our own weight
with our lanky arms and legs
 and getting a reaction
out of the adults.

It measured us
—the graphite squiggles
 of growth spurts—
last one marked
 06 dash 13 dash 99.

Today, it's just
 passed through.

Tip toe
and fingers
slide
easily
 to the
 top.

Swollen Fruits

Persephone departs
like the sun.
Chills and gloom
wedge between.

Flavescent mist
swirls in her tracks,
draping the ground
with long shadows.

Her mother's wails
echo in the wind,
depriving nourishment
in unfurling decay.

Fruits swell and sweeten,
perfuming their last.
Curled skeletons of foliage
tap red, brown, and gold.

Seeds slumber in Hades,
counting down the days.

Ode to Shiso Juice

The typhoon blanket melts
and foreign cicadas ring
spider like dews descend, hunting for prey,
Thousands of diamonds wink on the glass
crisp kisses of icy herbs diffuse,
reflections of tradition, fusion with city lights
cocktail of stinging paper cuts
and sweet inheritance of *obachan*'s bow-legged gait in mine,
drips into the dry ridges and basins down my throat.

Return to Me

Saturn returned
to flip me 180 degrees
and didn't stop again.
I was to live in a mansion,
drive a Mercedes, marry
a Mark, have 20 kids, foretold
by amateur school kids
but now
they've been
crossed out.

"Youthful skin
repels water."
Mother's envy
plays in me
as the valleys
imprison the liquid
on the back of my hand.

Then was midnight
when we finished
laughing.
Now is midnight
when the shadows waltz
to the other side of the room
and I hadn't even left my bed.
But now is what I'll long,
if Saturn returns again.

Tunes Over My Head

If I hear Karen Carpenter's hypnotizing voice,
it takes me back to when I wore flip flops like a naive 15-year-old cashier
and the assistant manager's eyes bulging out, falling off her face.

It's only just begun echoes over and over, over my head.

If I hear Mick Jagger lecture that I can't always get what I want,
it takes me to intoxicating fumes of lemon scented Pledge
slowly evaporating off the counters on dead Monday mornings,
while I exchange glares with the girl sharing my shift,
preying like a hyena on the rich shopper from Ukraine,
hoping I'll get her this time, but not getting what I want.

If I hear Otis Redding singing about wasting time,
it takes me back to when we commuted to San Diego back and forth
on the 5 in my black Toyota Corolla,
its paint all bleached by the salty sea air,
shapes like anemones spreading on the hood,
we pass "the boobs" nuclear power plants and we're half way there,
and me asking you what "Las Pulgas" means.

We were eager to reach Santana's so we can order
your California burrito and my carne asada fries,
while being clueless that all of this would be just wasted time.