

In Riverdale

Linda Sillitoe

We returned to our beginnings
in August, with its crayola green
trees and grass, blue sky,
and yellow light so certainly imposed
that desert light and night and hues
wavered within us.

We settled near the mountains,
opening our windows
to crickets wooing a canyon breeze.
We tried to believe
we can fit this time among our dearest
and darkest demons. We unpacked and sorted
our souvenirs and tales

of treading the back trails we tread still
even as we merge into traffic.

People don't request those stories.
They say, Welcome back
(to this, the right place).
Crickets translate:
About time.