

BLUE LINES

We walk around the block,
two masked bandits.
Golden poppies burn our eyes.

These days we count the pains,
follow blue lines on charts.
I ice my arthritic knee.

T cooks for us, yellow lentils,
red rice, warm squash.
Take turns waking at 3 a.m.

From the second-floor window,
I watch a woman below working
in her garden, weeding, watering.

Wild rose & zinnias abound.

Maw Shein Win, El Cerrito, California

