



in

West Coast

Emma Croll-Baehre

August imprints its heated sketch
 marks its identity on the ivy linoleum
 I wonder why the colours here are so saturated
 like a 1950's magazine
 floating in the murky throat of a puddle
 birth from last rain
 when was that? two months or years
 losing track of the yellow wildflowers that spit themselves along the
 coast (I cringe at the delicate loss of innocence)
 haven't we heard of blue pills red
 smearing the era of hard rock with elegance
 regurgitated medication
 time has left ringing in my ears
 dim echoes
 this dust-bowl Western town glistens with perspiration and
 47 degrees recall that I left you in Victoria
 passed the Autumnal equinox
 farewell

 farewell
 Sinatra leers out into the empty spaces
 left between

 whiskey and six decades

 they tell me to reflect on the years
 I haven't lived
 you had hair the colour of rust
 intellect a sharp violin bow
 here people give honey to the young
 caress fingertips and close mouths.

