

PARADISE EVERY MORNING

I get out here after being bruised by dreams.
It's still the happy Pacific, carefree as coconuts.

The darkness I feel is sometimes overwhelming—
so give me endless light. Ham, produce
and seafood rolling in. Anything to
distract me. Just keep telling me
that it's paradise every morning.

No mango sticky rice—they dropped it
from the menu. So no torment
like last year. The dreams of cruising food trucks
are over, and I know she's gone.

Sequels are often less interesting than originals,
and sunrise trumps sunset. The coming of the light.

Zebra doves are my pals for life. And my heart
always lifts at the sight of a red-crested cardinal.

Bird friends, I have to fly away.