Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Jenise Miller: Two Poems

Jenise Miller · Wednesday, September 18th, 2019

Dolphins

Yolanda "Yo-Yo" Whitaker whipped crimped, blonde braids and bragged the earrings I wear are called dolphins and I became bigger bigger than my block bigger than my neon green and black biker short set copped from the swapmeet where airbrushed tees, corduroys, and rows and rows and rows of gold were sold like the dolphin earrings my father bought, four gold dolphins, connected two by two at the nose, and I was rapt by these shining creatures swimming toward each other bouncing daily from the ears lobes that foretold my skin tone from birth and Yo-Yo grew like me from streets of gray and grace and rapped me golden like dolphins break the light above ocean waves, make surviving the deep

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Jacarandas

look easy.

I stem from a place defined by color: red and blue of poinsettias and jacarandas, gold of acacias. We danced beneath pastel, jacaranda petals

that painted Indigo Street an occasional blues, rode bikes next to piru queen palm trees on Greenleaf Avenue, hopped-scotch on bougainvillea-lined sidewalks on Myrrh Avenue, picked lemons, oranges, avocados, and a crown of star-jasmine from backyards on Poplar Street. Tropical trees waved in the breeze at Park Village like parts of Samoa, Mexico, Louisiana. Tamarind Avenue was palette and paleta. Alameda Street was pastoral and al pastor. The names of streets patterned like lines in the sienna-brown leaves that grace the ground in fall:

Acacia Street
Spruce Street
Arbutus Street
Rose Street
Elm Street
Palm Street
Poinsettia Avenue
Willowbrook Avenue
We never learned
about the native
trees or that jacarandas,
like so many of us
were transplanted
here and bloomed.

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