

PUSHPA MACFARLANE

At the Parking Lot Across Oak Hill Cemetery

...amid cars blackbirds sparked
with life thrive. Fly. Silent
souls—watch with envy.

At History Park, San Jose

...worlds contained in brick
and mortar come alive—
we inherit their past.

Leaving Diridon

...the plaintive sound of the Caltrain
slices through the silence—scarring
the night.

