

OVERCAST

Migration is Tuesday:

I was too late to realize we became arboreals,
that the old minivan had appendages and Godspeed.
We existed in our personal altitude,
but we weren't any less halcyon. It wouldn't be long before
we glided on wings when the beach called for our service.

At noon, the bags tumult in cordial ocean waves.
Different skies fade into shallow forms of nostalgia, like road signs.
You can tell this isn't the Midwest.
Sometimes we roll down sheets of hummocks like fluorescent tears
that trickle under the blinking eyes of the night sky.
Though I averted migration, these cascading memories
procured a sense of comfort because,
like the scratch on my left elbow, these welcoming windows
don't disappear.

It's Sunday;
my connate sense of home awakens.
Overcast salmon shores create a new realm,
and the pull of the tides exonerates my resistance.
Perhaps we can reach an understanding with open arms,
progressively embracing each rising sun.

- Jonathan Obele '23

