

Ballard Bay

Rhett Kaya

Next weekend we fly to Rhode Island
or Northern Maine
or that one beach in Seattle,
Ballard Bay, where I watched cargo ships
sail upward to Canada.

We can sit at the local diner
and complain about mosquitoes.
Wherever up there is,
where long birch bridges
take aging couples from their homes
to pools to gardens in lawns to bingo nights.

You can wear the same sweater every day,
and we can leave our shoes in piles at the door.
There will be finches and sparrows
and we will examine the indents of every maple
until we grow stale
like our morning coffee
and the film of algae over the pond.

We will remember nothing before
except on a Saturday morning,
I'll see you pulling weeds in the yard
and wonder where you came from.

You'll say next weekend we fly
to the kitchen where we downed
glasses of merlot and danced
until we fell onto the carpet.
Then the next morning where
we picked up bottles,
brushed our hair,
and decided to grow old.