April

Francesca M. Abbate
April

April. I lie on my back and watch the girls on the red bicycles with the red and white baskets pedal by, their wheels casting small lights in the grass. Is it noon yet? There are a few kites floating at the horizon between the stone church and the clock tower. The bench under the tree is still cold. If I squint, I can see past the yellow hills to the blue wall. I put my hands around my knees and squeeze until my fingertips meet. Is the house with the pink porch swing something I’ve taught myself or something I learned? I don’t know how those girls do it. There’s glass in the air if you go high enough. It gets hard to breathe. I say the names of cities to myself while I watch. In San Francisco the buildings have wrought iron doors and some of the streets aren’t paved. There are orange trees in the gardens. My second wish? Only to go on wanting. Yesterday a boy in a red hat climbed
the brick wall and laughed
at me because I can't talk. Is the sun
always flashing? I have one wish left.
I roll over on my belly
and pick flecks of grass from my
fingernails. Everything
has a green cast.