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## Cul-de-Sac

Riese Munoz

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# CUL-DE-SAC

Riese Muñoz

Waiting,

    nestled—

between tall thickets of reeds and river grass, along  
the edge of the canal that carried water from the reservoir  
to the parched, high prairie,  
where rows and rows of neat, cleanly gabled homes awaited  
and expected their sprinklers to fountain on to lawns—  
there lay buried bottle caps, loose cigarettes,  
and mother of pearl buttons.

Their final resting place the cul-de-sac carved out at the base of  
an ancient cotton wood, who's broad leaves gave shade to the  
haphazard hostel  
of lost and found trinkets.

If a back was turned to the road not too far off,  
and eyes squinted towards the canal and its own fortress of plants  
and hands dug into loam soil, with the intention of getting  
its coolness stuck under fingernails,  
it was not suburban sprawl carved out of vast, dry, plains  
it was a grove meant to be sought after by small footsteps,  
a place for tire swings to hang off of dead limbs  
and plywood porches to live                      tucked up high in the trees.

And nestled—

    between the buttons, cigarettes,  
    and our own litter  
    of popsicle wrappers and broken charm bracelets  
    lays you and me

found, then lost.