

POSTCARD

by Francisco Aragón

Blue sky the Bay
Bridge from afar
arcing like a bow

into Treasure Island,
city skyline
scoring this view

tourists could buy
at Fisherman's Wharf
but for the smudge

clouding the tip
of the Pyramid—panels
deflecting the sun

glint through, as if a beacon
shrouded in fog
were blinking a code

to this green slope: a park
named after a mission:
Dolores Dolores

—it simmers on my tongue, is
Pains in Spanish, is
her name. And beyond the grass

a dark-haired woman
crouching in the sand
saying to a boy

¡Sácate los dedos
de la boca!
Take your fingers

out of your mouth!