

Kendra Tanacea

WHERE THE MOUNTAINS MEET THE COW PASTURES

In Hana, the trees are happy. I mean
they're *happy* trees with whimsical
spines and tossed, surfer-hair fronds.
Because the trees are happy, the grass
crackles, an undulating sea of grasshoppers.
You can't really move from the spot.
Just sit on a giant boulder in the middle
of seclusion. The trees are laughing with you,
not at you. Sit and sit saturated in green.
Watch the trees bop across from you.
It starts to rain. Big, fat, succulent drops.
Hot and surprising. The dampness calms the grass,
but wakes your feet, so you join the happy trees,
discovering an amazing similarity in height
and personality. And then the birds can talk,
coyly cocking their heads, beaking:
We're hungry. Drop a trail of pretzels
from there to your car. A peacock strolls by,
spreading his tail feathers in thanks, glistening
blue, green with an iridescent purple sheen.
He follows you, eating the line of crumbs, hops
in the car's backseat. He wants to go home
with you, be your boyfriend.