

Antonio López

*for Maddie*

What Funston

for feet to dance,

sunset to shore

on our backs.

All is golden,

this state we're in.

Young and newly wet.

What rays, what waves,

the color of your hair.

What did Blake say?

*To see a world*

*in a grain of sand,*

*hold infinity*

*in the palm of your hand.*

What did the Romantics know

of California anyway?

The only eternity

I've known

are in telenovelas

or courtrooms.

What did English know

of my mouth

before I knew you.

Blood. Blade. Ballad.

See. From this last photo,

We head towards the cliffs.

From this view

of the world next to you,

it's almost as if

I can run on water.