

## Migration

I've  
heard it's  
pretty, this  
paved-over swamp.  
I ask you: stinging  
gnats, kudzu-enshrouded  
dogwoods, blue laws, debutantes,  
hundreds of miles between paintings,  
yellow-dawg conservatives, sewer  
stench befouling stagnant air? —What about  
the Ventura Freeway in August  
at four miles an hour, the morning  
toxicity forecast, art  
shows where we look for our-  
selves in the glass, beach-  
impetigo,  
and earthquakes?,  
you ask  
me.  
—Ninety  
museums,  
Venice Boardwalk,  
the Flower District,  
eighty-six languages,  
Korean soap operas,  
Malibu dissolving into  
red Pacific sunsets, that break at  
Hermosa, Tom Waits at the Pantages,  
need I go further? —Sawhorse tables,  
bonfires, old boys swapping tall tales  
in raunchy Gaelic fashion  
over beer and oysters  
we gathered beside  
herons fishing  
the green banks  
of Mad  
Creek.

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