

Kristian Rodriguez

REGION

Even so
There are many
A poem
To be had
Up Here
In this
Region

In the middle of town
All around
On the porch
Of our old house
Growing along the
Side of the road
As we
Drive home

When you are
All ready
Sounding as cicadas
At sunset I am
Dreaming still
Of coastal plains in Georgia

I knew I'd leave
My love
I cannot bear
The Winter
My heart forever is
Humid