POETRY

To the Alien Crops in the Marshy Fields

by Chanlee Luu



"Light Codes of the Fifth Dimension" by Ana Rincon

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After James Wright's "To the Saguaro Cactus Tree in the Desert Rain"

I know the ugly duckling
Cried deep into the night,
Stuck in your thicket.

I have seen winding roads and rolling hills
In the Country, wherever that may be.

Tall and golden in the afternoon sun.
I cannot be the salted minerals
That climb up your roots. I cannot be
The beautiful swan who waddles out
or the croak of a lonely frog.
I know you are mighty.
I got tired in the library
And I hated the musty smell;
So I left.

You were the promise
Of nature
That I yearned.

Phragmites,
You are not the one they anointed,
Your yellow stalk flanks me.
I am a foreign species, an invader —
Member of your clan.

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