

Surrounded

6.5 million square feet of Miami-pink floats in Biscayne Bay,

puddling the islands: they look like they've been trodden into bubblegum.

The stuff ripples like a tropical flatworm, like my skirt floating up around me

when I wade out waist deep, to see how far I can go. The fabric gets heavy,

the islands are surrounded, the fur of each tree a mould spore on pink

buttercream.

It looks light as silk. Though wet cloth is weighty, I imagine it keeps us afloat.

I always find the same faces in town, piggy bank pink, they stud the strip

like shells you find embedded in the shore. I try to count them from where I lean

on the warm, paint-flaking metal of the balustrade. But they all look the same.

And when the pink flesh and peel fall away here they'll stay on the dormant

stone.

On a dot, in a spatter on the planet, petals not pink, but brown, wet, and stuck.