

Los Peñasquitos Lagoon

Are you still here?
When I pass you seem
smaller
than you did before.
Too much space in the sand
for the birds to sit
on their island.

I've heard that
before we came,
and blocked the tides
you always moved.
Your mouth would run
up and down
the beach.

Now, you sit.
Stationary.
Sometimes, the sand builds up.
You choke on it
and we come by
with our excavators and dump trucks
to save you
from ourselves.

When I come back,
will your browning grass
be dead?
Will the sand have piled up
in your throat?
Will the birds sit
on a dusty plain?
No island for them
without water.