

# GARY GACH

## Pacific Rim: Summer Solstice

The smell of oranges rotting by P'ing Yuen;  
A dog stands in the middle of Pacific Street  
At twilight, nibbling on its tail.

“Forgotten childhood images get recalled in Spring,  
Because there are seasons,” Lisa told me this Winter.  
“I never knew before what Spring is  
About,” Maria told me this Spring.

Now all, all that you are & this is, is.

“Not yet,” staring straight ahead the mother  
To her three-year-old daughter’s “Is it dark yet?”

Gypsy children sell flowers as a street musician warms up his  
Bagpipes. Along the shore of the bay a child turns cartwheels on the sand  
In a pastel pink bathing suit. The sun slowly goes down through pine needles.

Here.