The traffic on the highway sounds like an ancient, injured animal, as I step out past my driveway. I'm careful to avoid holes in the street, full of rainwater. I don't see my reflection, just brown.

The houses are quiet in the middle of the day and a car sprints out of the tunnel in front of me.

The dirty, scrawled-on walls close in, as I walk on what's left of a sidewalk.

At the end in the grey light, I see the park, and beyond, the river.

It's not a park I take my kids to—my kids who love to run barefoot in grass. the land not so much wild, as uncared for.

Two rusty stakes jut out of the hard ground, for a game of horseshoes I've never seen anyone play. There's a picnic table spotted with years of encrusted bird shit and nearly every board splintered.

But someone is keeping a small, wild garden. It's always overflowing with flowers and plants I do not know the names of.

I lean down and take in their perfume. *This.*