

Things to Do around Emmons Avenue

Walk to the Deli corner
Buy two bags of Wonder bread
Pass five sushi places on one block
Daydream about what Lundy Brothers was like before it closed
Cross the Avenue to the Bay
Watch the toddlers run to catch the seagulls
Hear women's laughter by the railing.
Smell the raw fish sold by the water near
the fishing trip boats.
Say hello to the fish salesmen
Move slightly to the side as they yell, "Half Price!"
your ears ringing—
Try to feed the swans among the swarm of ducks and seagulls
Feed the seagulls too.
Laugh at how the ducks fight each other over crumbs in the air.
Stroll over the Bay Bridge
Pigeons at your feet
Children over the railing
Led down childhood memories of intertwined feet under Cappuccino's glass table
Hairs sticking to chap stick
Spinning over water,
coat buttons open

Rimma Sitnyakovskaya

What happens to a love deferred?

(Inspiration taken from *What Happens to a Dream Deferred?* by Langston Hughes)

Does it pus

Like wounded bark?

Or become crusted vomit between lacquered floor boards

Lacking scent

And then eaten by Clorox?

Does it return like black coffee in the tide?

Or sit under the bed like a spider in the clump of dust –

Like the grease splatter on the oven door?

Maybe it just thuds

onto the ocean sand

Like a man whose lungs are filled with water.

Or does it squeal like a seal under ice?

Rimma Sitnyakovskaya

Cala Lily

on my knees
i peek between the tall grass needles
to hear pomegranates fall and crack on the steeples of the
white church amidst the apple trees
“Blood, blood, blood!”
screamed the peg-legged man
on the way to mass.
Leather skins left their punctured seeds behind
Anglican windows;
rivers of sin seep between the wooden boards where
pink ankles
hide under glazed benches and
smoke blackens Mediterranean skies
for eyes

Rimma Sitnyakovskaya

I would like to rise and go

I would like to rise and go
Where cherry blossoms feel like snow;
Where sand is the color of my skin
Hands grasp a trout's fin,
And, be watched by butterflies and bees,
Sailing boats and fisherwomen on their knees;
Where dissolved under sun's orange glow
Peacocks by a river where milk and honey flow,
Are spreading feathers
Dropping rainbow candies by the pebbles
Among the smell of pine,
And where the deer dine;
Where the smell of eggs, bacon, and play dough
Seeps through wooden boards of a red glow
Among the smoke of coal,
From the shish-kebab on a pole;
Where the dock feels soft after rain
And the neighbor's dog licked my toe in Maine.

Rimma Sitnyakovskaya

My Grandmother

in a nursing home

Ever see a stone and think it is a diamond?

Wait it is just a stone that sparkles.

My grandmother's eyes are the beds that hold each stone.

Her hands are bloated bellies of fish adrift in a poisoned sea.

She is covered in patches of alligator skin.

Her nails are popcorn kernels.

Her hair is a snail's trail of slime.

Her neck holds the smell of a bear's fur after hibernation.

Her fingers are fattened chicken feet.

Her lips are raw shrimp.

Her chin is a hill of caterpillar hairs.

Her toothless gums are sand dunes.

Her legs are dolphins without heads.

Her breasts are punctured sacks of flour.

Her jaw is a trapped elevator.