**Shade**

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Some endings you never figure out.

The silences, the question where are you from?

Are you calling from jail? The sun goes down

And you just think of all the places

there are. All those walks you took without

even a plan. Past the high school campus,

in front of the house with the

rotting picket fence, over the arroyo where

the coyotes stride. Which old tune would

stick in your head as you crossed any of

the neighborhood streets?

Some days you just wanted to shine

and forget the noise. Those long walks at the playa

with your father and brother really

were practices for silences too. What are

you in the end? Below time

and next to events full of people speaking

about the next room.

Have you ever tried hiding near the

wall at the pier, or putting on the bucket hat,

or napping under the palapa that catches

the offshore breeze. Place the sunglasses

on your face. They will help shade

all the faces you have been.