

Kevin Durkin

Toddler Beneath a Jacaranda

Pale purple flowers, falling one by one,
strew the brick steps and sidewalk where she plays.
The wind chimes resonate in morning haze
soon to be burned to nothing by the sun.
She squats to wad some flowers in a ball,
thrusts fistfuls through a railing, lets them drop
on plush grass, smiles, and turns without a stop
to squat again—as if she'll clear them all.
Her father sits hunched over on a wall.
Protective, tired, he trains his eyes on her;
the street beyond dissolves into a blur
of trees, parked cars, and condos. In a lull,
the chimes grow still, and then he hears her sing,
in nonsense syllables, the end of spring.

Self-Interview

Where were you born? How did you spend your youth?
I hail from Mars and seldom told the truth.

You mean you're alienated and a skeptic?
Some germs resist when swabbed with antiseptic.

Which authors have influenced you the most?
Wind. Rain. The sunlight glancing off the coast.

Describe your process. What is your routine?
I stare straight through the pixels on my screen.

Do work and family life impinge on art?
Oases flourish in the desert's heart.

Any recurrent subjects, tropes, or themes?
Memory, mortality, desire, and dreams.

What do you hope to do before you die?
Cast off these clothes and mount into the sky.