

# CALIFORNIA SPRING

CHRISTIAN GULLETTE

We once lived on one side of Sutro Tower  
under its radio waves,  
facing the bay.

Now we live on the other side  
where there is a zoo  
and a sea.

Spring means  
Sutro Tower's waist is obscured by fog.  
Redwood doesn't grow mold in fog

so our house  
like all these old houses  
was built with it

from settler-felled forests  
not far from here.  
Painters painted that manifest desire

for a dream world  
that doesn't erode, doesn't mold.  
Their paintings hang in galleries few enter

preferring abstraction  
but Bierstadt's  
*California Spring* is there.

We live on this side of the country.  
On the other side,  
a court hands down a decision

and there is more suffering  
reaching from there  
to here.

They took oaths,  
as we did, but we used rings  
even though the future lacked certainty.

Sutro Tower looks brutal in the fog  
with its body cut off.  
Three legs without their instruments.

I've never been able to say we're doomed  
though we've wiped out the bees—  
not entirely,

but I haven't seen one for two years  
until today,  
which I know can't be true.

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# QUAKE

He reclines on his elbows  
beside the pool,

says they should abolish  
the filibuster.

*Fatigue*, he says.  
*This is what they want.*

The water is untroubled  
after last night's tremor,

the epicenter  
somewhere beyond  
the highway.

The world  
is coming apart.  
Fire in the mountains.

He's next to me.  
Depthless water,  
his body uncovered.

Our drinks sweat  
under the umbrella  
and the fruit trees.

That evening,  
another tremor.

We return to the Airbnb  
to find oranges  
in the still-warm pool.