

Elizabeth Losada, PGY 3 Kaiser Oakland Pediatric Residency Program

November 2012 – Community for Children rotation

A Boat Full of Tires

A boat full of tires

sits amidst

a field

transected by a road of dirt.

One side a maze of corn

growing green and lush.

Another side barren

and tilled to dust.

A few miles down a river

meanders through a valley

alongside a wall.

A fence

A barrier

What should it be called?

A stopping point.

An end of a journey,

After which one is deposited

back

At the beginning,

like the dog

running

jumping

growling

in the yard

only to be stopped

by the end of his chain.

He starts to run back

across the patio,

building speed like a freight train taking off,

as a child plays in the clay mud nearby.

With a growl

He jumps -

lunging at an oncoming car,

only to be thwarted again

by the chain.

When will we ever learn?

Dos calles called Moore,

separated by more than just location.

One

studded

with palaces

another oozing desperation.

A child awaits awaits the school bus,

as a pit bull lurks alongside.

Encircled by high fences,

is the mansion also a prison?

She went to work in the market

after leaving the third grade.

Lo siento, no entiendo.

He heads out the door

leaving behind

only a prescription on the exam table.

A collision of tongues

with the loser being

her son.

All of those flats of citrus

won't cover the pills.

The manager calls him over

Confronting him
with a stack of bills.

Medicaid won't keep us open.

And

the door slams on her way out.

A boat full of tires

sits amidst

a field

transected by a road of dirt.

Green or brown

Empty or full

Peril or opportunity

Who decides.