

Santa Fe

1.

Most days, I want to the Santa Fe Canyon Preserve. I like walking there, because I know more than one way. If I see someone coming, I can switch paths. No one leashes their dogs.

Apple trees grow along the trail. One day, I picked and ate one straight from the tree. Was sick to my stomach the whole walk home. Couldn't think of anything else. Pain is so immediate—even small or passing pain.

Months ago, I sat on a wooden bench overlooking the reservoir with an ex-boyfriend. He told me when I touched him it felt like an umbrella had opened in his chest. Then, told me he'd read that description in a novel. *Hopscotch*. Had been waiting to know what it meant.

2.

The informational signs in the preserve are bleached from the sun. Words and images peel off in delicate, feather-like layers, like peeling skin. I love looking at them, the words barely perceptible, illegible at this point, just shapes you know had another meaning once, a meaning you could see at a glance, one you no longer understand.