

## VANISHING POINT

GUISEPPE GETTO

Alongside a garage in the coastal plain:  
native gardens. Locals restore  
wildflowers, turn toward the sun  
when truck farmers wander  
in their backyards. The yellow film  
of spring oak pollen  
carries barrier islands,  
sifts fine as *might as well*. Houses away  
and months there is a calling—  
and in the case of soil,  
the *shuff* of breeze burning  
with the hum of locusts.

From the pier ships draw lines  
to the horizon, lend their weight  
to perspective. I wake and find  
myself shining. There is no salt  
in the air, instead the exhalation  
of freshly sealed pavement  
greet our newly laced shoes waiting  
by the doorway. From the banks  
of the 400-year-old inlet

the lost colonies dot parchment  
near the empty shipping lanes.  
The spokes of graves in the national cemetery  
recall the season  
for ponds rippling in the scum  
of our forefathers, messages never sent  
or dropped in wagon ruts  
that root turnstiles to the square—  
tiny moments of grace and denial,  
life after life, the same.