

Treasure Hunt to Find the Handkerchief ·
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1 TO-WIT-TO-WIT

“Hello Gina,” we rise
and say to the sun
which just now is a chronology of pink
across what we think of as sky
but is actually
the earth’s hat.

2 TWO WOMEN NAMED REGINA

What chronology is here, except for
two Reginas—one your grandmother
who visited you at the playground
and gave out lollipops, the other
a woman whose long red hair you follow
like the long red line on a map.

3 MORE LOLLIPOPS

The sun leaving its halo of pink
around the top of each tree.

4 YOU ARE NOT THE BRANCH, NOR THE BIRD JUMPING,
BUT THE ACTUAL JUMPING

You follow the white spots
of the birds along the pink trees
until your mind is white with prayer.

The window, an appassionato of swan necks.

5 THE NIGHT RESTING ON YOUR FINGERTIPS

You move by the small pink flag
dangling from the stick in your lawn of green
grass and morning moon, move through the day
which you realize is a giant’s wheel

after which you land, plump
in the map of your own hands.
You greet the evening by its middle name, Francis.

6 THE WHITE LOVE YOU FOLD WHICH IS LIKE THE WHITE
HANDKERCHIEF YOU PUT INTO THE POCKET BY YOUR HEART

The sun has gone to sip its tea
somewhere—behind the mountainside
of house roofs leaning against each other.
Such perspective in the concert
of the bird tiptoeing across the piano note.

7 YOU TAKE THE FEAR THAT EVERYTHING MATTERS AND REALIZE
LIKE THE FLIP SIDE OF THE MOON THAT NOTHING MATTERS

The landscape inside you is apropos of red feathers.