

On the Eucalyptus Trail

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I tell my friend the city is a whitewashed tomb. Whitewash
pretty. Skin white. Brightening light
olive skin. I tell her I guess it's pretty nice. Pretty green trees.
White veined leaves. Hiking trails
of pretty dirt. It sparkles. We sweat sunscreen. We sparkle.
Would the city see us pretty? Pretty
white. White Mexicans. Washed Spanish. Tongues anguished.
Language relinquished. Silence.
Quiet neighborhoods. Light colored houses. Little boxes. Lined
driveways of white SUVs.
The HOA fined my parents for painting our house olive green.
It's listed as one of California's
ten safest cities. Safe from Chino. Safe from Pomona. It's a
suburban paradise. Oh, it's quite
nice. Quite pretty. Pretty whitewashed. Pretty safe. Pretty dead.

