## FRONT YARD: TACOMA Nathan Barlow

White picket fence, aging and covered in moss stands guard at the perimeter. Paint peels from slats of weatherworn wood like beads of sweat in the summer. The gate hangs from his hinges, a sentinel too long at his post. Steps of grey concrete, covered in decaying leaves, reach up from the street-side walk. Along either side terraced gardens of slumbering bushes share the leafy covering. At the top, a turn lined with waist high shrubs leafless in the winter wind. The corner is a patio of moss covered bricks, a privacy fence decorated in a green patina of moss separates ours from theirs. Eight more steps, concrete, aged, weathered, stones showing through the surface, polished and bright before the door. Outside the door, a tall green shrub, the only plant still holding its own oily leaves. Embedded within their ovoid, dark green are sparks of color. Pink petals fringe the yellow interior, a beautiful song of spring. Outside the fence across a bustling city street whitewashed concrete walls obscure the view. Against its smooth sides grass grows green and glistening with dew. Four crows, sleek, dark, and sinister, search through the trash left by a careless passerby. Their actions are us— We search for what makes us feel alive, Grey skies grow heavy with the threat of rain, but we don't care. Our home is here.