

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## How can you write

By D. S. Maolalai

now? she asked me.  
are you not as tired  
as I am?

we had just gotten finished  
with a meal with my family.  
it one of those endless  
long days on a sunday,  
and especially hot,  
when skin bakes to footpaths  
and dogs walk a little  
and then fall asleep  
beneath dandelions  
grown from the corners  
of empty buildings  
where the pavement  
makes cracks with  
neglect.

I had told her when they left  
that I would do  
a little writing. got a bottle  
from the fridge  
and had gone to the other room  
and she had followed me  
to ask it. what a life —  
I had a certain feeling. if I didn't  
get it down, this sleepiness  
of a meal on a hot day  
and company, and milky coffee,  
I would lose it  
and didn't want to,  
that's all.