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| **9773 Comanche Ave.** |  |
| **by David Trinidad** | |
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| In color photographs, my childhood house looks  fresh as an uncut sheet cake—  pale yellow buttercream, ribbons of white trim  squeezed from the grooved tip of a pastry tube.  Whose dream was this confection?  This suburb of identical, pillow-mint homes?  The sky, too, is pastel. Children roller skate  down the new sidewalk. Fathers stake young trees.  Mothers plan baby showers and Tupperware parties.  The Avon Lady treks door to door.  Six or seven years old, I stand on the front porch,  hand on the decorative cast-iron trellis that frames it,  squinting in California sunlight,  striped short-sleeved shirt buttoned at the neck.  I sit in the backyard (this picture's black-and-white),  my Flintstones playset spread out on the grass.  I arrange each plastic character, each dinosaur,  each palm tree and round "granite" house.  Half a century later, I barely recognize it  when I search the address on Google Maps  and, via "Street view," find myself face to face—  foliage overgrown, facade remodeled and painted  a drab brown. I click to zoom: light hits  one of the windows. I can almost see what's inside. |  |

WN Response: do your own “street” poem. Think about a place you can describe: your home, a playground, a school, etc… You can do this in poem or paragraph format and USE GREAT IMAGERY!!