

**Tankas for the End of the W-**

A lonely city  
Laughs at the situation  
Dire yet full of calm -  
The lights come on lazily  
To ask me if I'm alive

The warmth of summer  
Fades to pumpkin patches of  
Crisp cold memories -  
I smell them in my bones when  
I think of fall bonfires

The fires will burn through  
Half of California  
Before we notice  
Maybe this wasn't the way  
We were supposed to behave