

Santa Barbara  
Adrian Madanes

We made our way home,  
Waded through the Santa Barbara Hills,  
Vibrating golden hour glow.  
Sleepy from cold water and warm sun  
Butterfly Beach  
“Here comes the sun, little darling”  
Buzzed through the speakers  
Our soundtrack

I no longer think about barbecue  
When I smell smoke

What would I save?

Frightened fur-babies.  
Never meant to be guard dogs,  
Always companions.  
Calling out,  
No response.

We get away in our road kill machines.

I miss the hills I used to know,  
Before I **feared orange skies.**