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Flower Farms

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Flower Farms

Michael Becker

The hills were quilted in pastel squares
that summer we moved to East L.A.
“Flower farms,” my grandfather said.

Warren and me scavenged through
Mrs. Stanley’s *Life* magazines, clipping
tanks and planes for scrapbooks,
hating the slant-eyed Japs.

Sundays grandfather took us hiking
over the old flower farms.
“Abandoned,” he called them.

I would creep through tiny rooms
collecting nails and broken crockery.
My best find was a hand-held scale.

“For weighing flowers?” I wondered,
not knowing what else to wonder
about the unseen farmers
whose grandfathers came from Japan.