

Immolation

In the middle of our divorce
you fled
to Tunisia.

Not next door not
the town over
Tunisia
into Arab Spring.

Could you feel it
walking
onto November 7 Square
scattering young men like startled doves?
In cafés untouched espresso
and cigarette smoke.

You wanted
to let the match
burn down
singe your finger tips white
follow its flame.

On My Knees

rooting out morning glory
tangled beneath my blue hydrangeas.
At my garden wall, I curse

Edo Japan for cultivating
this morning, a glory rainbow of tissue-like
blossoms that bloomed

umbrella-like under a shogun sun,
vines like veins anchoring
an island of walled gardens.

Then Europe and Galileo cast out
their sights
tethering the stars

to light up the seas
like garden lights
to guide ships

carrying morning glory
seeds to my soil
to strangle

my dahlias
choke my pear espalier
rupture my wall.

Bearing Fruit

~for Jack Sterling Sinclair

Oh bright oh brilliant boy
Plucked from the ashes of my own fire—

my boy—name burning
you rabbit/silver Scotsman/boy.
I gave you a father.

You winged Gabriel. You, flight, flight, flight
ribbon-tailed kite

Your eyes startled open
 in the light that bled
 all morning baby boy
 little wings tucked to cool
 against the sweat
 seep of my milky body.

My baby, a blackberry
 slipping brambles
 tar sticky
my boy my sweet yellow plum.

Dubrovnik

~April 25, 1979

I have a room, follow me.

The room has blue curtains,
outhouse across the garden.

The earthquake heaves me out of bed,
rolls my body into the rubble of morning, broken.

Within the crumbled walls, wine from a shop runs
down a sloping street. Splintered glass
frames a boy crying.

His body quiets in my hold.

After

~Krabi, Thailand 2013

The bed smells of coconut milk.
Tide washes through open-fingered
mangrove roots, leaving a lacy stitch
with each wave
as a fisherman heaves
his long boat onto the beach.

An acacia tree shades
the gardenia bush beside
a pink house on stilts,
salt air.

A boy riding a lemon-colored motorbike,
drops boxes of peppers
at the kitchen door.
Across the road,
the sign stabbed
into the grass warns
Entering Tsunami
Hazard Zone

Edging the jungle,
a golden girl
nests in the pungent
branches of a mango tree.
She sees beyond
even the ocean's edge.