

Drawing On The Earth

You brought us along a river
speaking my language in a way
I couldn't understand.
Your callused feet lead us
through puddles a hurricane had left.
Others had been here before. I see
their milky white garbage
growing in the dirt.
Ray Bans filter my sight.

You said, "Wade across a river — here —
where the rocks aren't rigid
and the rapids slow."
Where the vines crept down the periphery
and framed the flow of water
my legs bent under, cold, pale.

My mind was my eye.

Across the river, boulders were borders
for a banana plantation. Fruit caught in plastic
and igneous pictographs of ancient fife
circle eyes
horn ears
Carib deities or an alien encounter? —
all of it eroded by thousands of years.
I scraped away a century with my thumb nail.

Will the marks still be here
after the fruit is finished
and the land has been sold
after all the boulders have rolled into the water?

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