
STEPHANIE SEARS

HAVELOCK ISLAND

Of the slow chameleon sky
before man's longing for gods
there is little to say.

Save for the uncharted intimacies
between land and sea,
the friction of trees exhaling bird smoke,
the beach flat on its belly,
the spell of the rhythmic wave
over the unquenchable sand
the forest batting lianoid lashes
when lizards dart over root
knuckles and worming limbs,
the muddy jaws of the mangrove
where ocean peeled off
the tide's salty rinds.

Nothing thinks, silence fulfilled.
Then 'far' mutates among the echoes of nature,
drifting in to watch the hatching of solitude.
Dawns begin to hemorrhage,
dusks grow reclusive.
Lush pillars resound and shiver with awe,
lamenting the soft blacker night.

Spirit knows itself as man's
legacy of loneliness.

