

Greg Johns

ORIENTATION

Pandanus with its giant oars
strokes the air;
and each time as it rocks back
holds them up for sails.
It's shredded like the aftermath
of shipwreck, and indented like
the coastline, and though buoyant still,
marooned, landlocked, run-aground
southward miles off its course
its compass-points of arms are trying
against the countermands of wind
to point northward and divine
a tropical home.

20