A Basalt Princess

Pacific reaches for the valley.

In side glances see-throughs
in fuchsia dawns and hell fire dusks
with a latent thrust of impudence:
outer space beckons to the sea trench.

This once was her isle with quenching guava scrub,
manioc, taro fields, mango orchards,
decorous breadfruit trees glugging the sky
between Capricorn and Equator.

She delivers the shadows of her house to me. Looks me up and down until I ebb into remoteness. Ninety years have streamlined her down to timelessness.

Crowned with island rose and ivory. Porpoise teeth inter-woven with buds gleaming like mortuary relics. Glory still nestles in the furrows of her face smoked in tattoos, a Brueghel blue of soot and thunder from head to toe.

Her voice, a blast of surf, a dark inclusion in a storm's crystal. I can see her as then, draped in royal *tapa*, one splendid smooth arm fanning the dormant air.

Then my own time topples when, suddenly clairvoyant, she predicts that money will devastate the world.

Bio:

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