

*Patrick Sylvain*



## Marooning

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They've set their dreams sailing  
toward the windward passage.  
One, two, three hundred  
packed on rafters  
clinging to their desires  
to embrace the Eagle's  
metallic freedom.

They, Toussaint's descendants,  
once proud founders of freedom,  
now marooned themselves  
with the night sky,  
trying to escape hawkish eyes.

They've sailed across the Atlantic,  
riding currents.  
Feet-damped, skull-baked.  
They are once more children of salt.  
Avoiding sharks and coast-guard cutters.  
They've set their dreams sailing  
toward the windward passage,  
their dark faces beaten by the sun,  
and their blistered hopes marked by scarlet stains,  
refusing to be consumed by the whirlwind  
of lurking death, they've continued  
to navigate westward  
in search of Juan Ponce de Leon's legends.

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Calabash

Once ashore, they've found neither the eternal  
fountain of youth, nor riches. Instead,  
some landed at chrome with their blistered hopes  
locked-up, or are found lifeless on sandy beaches.  
Their corpses disturbing fenced-Greenbacks' eyes.  
Others slipped their way  
among Florida's downtrodden  
until they were rescued by family members  
whose daubed lives *Agwe*, the spirit of the sea,  
spared on the waves of life's incision  
where glutton poverty, like Atlantic sharks,  
awaited with rows of festive teeth.

