

Ann Wood Fuller



The Last Resort

How easily the Cayman sky
Opened up its dawn, conch-pink,
And we, having already had our first drink
Out on our lanai

The heat-crowned palms fanned-out,
The sun-beaten
Bouganvillea, a height
Just right
For us to go about

Without our clothes –
And you, already bored with the shells, the native straw, the shops
Of GeorgeTown dropped,
Like the breadfruit drops, into a chair and closed

Yourself so quickly with your robe against the leeward wind,
Which must be
While we were inside we
Never felt the heat on our sunburned skin

Through all those sticky nights
When even the furniture would sweat
And you kept
Walking the sandy floor to the spite

The bed, but somehow through it all I didn't mind
The wind
Or, for that matter, the sand –
How easily it filled a wound, one grain at a time.

