

June Spalding



I Remember Two Seasons

The island lies like a petal in the sun,
Jealous-green in the drizzle of spring,
Dreaming in the shadow of mountains,
Courting the cling-cling, the bald plate,
The hoppin' dick, and the hummingbird,
Preparing eggs for the slingshots of summer,
When bare-foot boys with pebbles in their pockets
Will stalk the forests in pursuit of their manhood.

Bird calls and birds' nests astonish fruit trees
That hide blossoms from the laughing March breeze.

The beat of island feet wont change with the heat
That comes with the first freckles of summer,
When startled clouds dropped heir hands,
Spilling the tankards of heaven,
Making drunks of flowers and foliage
Causing sedate streams to forget their pace,
Pounding the dust of unpaved roads
Into puddles of broken chassis and expletives.

Reeling from the lacerations of two seasons,
The island falls asleep in the lap of summer.

