

REPARATION

We left a life where threadbare limbs were patched
With ice, and came where blossom-heavy trees
Embroider sunlit patterns; woods are thatched
With moss and ferns, and water doesn't freeze.
The beaches seemed to counsel us, pale foam
Erased the unresolved designs of men.
Perfumed persuasions made us call this home,
The sea embraced us, helped us mend again.
We learned to swim in light-probed wells of green,
To dive where sequin-flashing gifts appear
Against a coral-crust ed altar screen.
We learned to smoke and sell the fish we spear.
Far from the bitter welting of our land,
Our ragged edges smooth themselves with sand.