

MILLENNIA

The magma cooled and centuries of seed  
Arrived in birds, by tides and tropic gales.  
Some sprouted, slowly changed the island's hue.  
Rain washed the crater slopes, began to feed  
Small pools as trickling run-off turned to swales.  
Varieties of natant larvae grew.  
The germinated coconuts spread shade  
For ferns. Sun warmed the geminating glade.

At last a human population came,  
Attracted by the verdure of the shore.  
They found no snakes, the native geese were tame.  
Despite fire-streams, good fishing, fruits, and more  
Insured their stay. They gave the place a name.  
--But Pele loved her Eden best before.

--Glenna Holloway