

Leslie Dianne

No Horses Here

No horses here
maybe an antlered moose
in the distance
stopping when it catches
a hint of our scent
there's no color this winter
just white kissing
steep slabs of mountain
formed from the shifting
of earth by faraway gods
we are tiny in this valley
the wind could lift us
and carry us for miles
and over time we
would become stone
caressed by the cold
and we'd mimic the mountains
and fall in love with
the snow

Visiting Derek Walcott's Home

I want to visit your land
scoop the coral from the sea
wave palm trees at the clouds
volcano dive and
discover your treasures,
taste your green figs
I want to borrow
your rainforest and
swim with the mermaids
let the tides
wash me up on the
shore where you lived
I want to stand
in the shadow
of your trees and
catch the songs that
you left in the wind
I want to root myself
to your soil and
grow like you
into a poem

Venezia

In the vaporetto
sea spray in our faces
tourists and commuters
rocking and gliding
through the canals
here the sea turns to
land and the land turns
to sea, water rises and
takes over the squares
and the shops
carnival masks dance in
the street and hope that kind
tourists will carry them
away from the
eventual floods
glass blown seals
flap their tails and
dream of escaping to the
north and south poles
a gondola driver
slaps the canal
into submission
with his song and his oar
the city is knotted
by waterway, tides
history, commerce
and the memory of marco polo
setting sail for the east
under the bridges
a good guide will show
us faint mermaid bones
fossilized into the stones
we can trace their shape
with our fingers and
learn how to breath
underwater and become

king and queen of a city
that is slowing returning
to her mother, the sea