

Stories of a Place

Pelicans soar and roseates blush
spreading their wings
like icing
to cover the cracks and bruises
of a heart eroded by loss

There's an ache in my bones where home used to be

 where water still tickles sand
leaving smears of cake batter
along the shoreline
swirled, smooth, and sweet

 where dolphins play peek-a-boo
wetting their noses
to keep the sun from staining them pink
as they chatter with waves

 where a bike ride under shade trees
scatters iguanas
bright color of limes
as I pedal to the rum bar for fried shrimp

There's an ache in my bones where home used to be

 but the sharp edges have blurred
 unearthing a tenderness
 pulsing and flapping its soft wings
 in muscle memory

The island lingers within me
 a shy bobcat marking its territory
reminding me
that I carry her shells like poems in my pocket
 alphabet cones and lettered olives
telling stories of a place
I no longer stand on
but which I feel in my bones