

Salt-slick as tongue to tears, fishermen tuck their nets,
Revive drowned boats with pulleys and prayers.
Thick as soup I scent the air, damp enough to curl,
My stomach yearning half-full for fodder to keep:
House shingles, palm fronds, severed limbs.
What a laugh to devour men, to whip names
Out of mouths with quick sultry wind:
Grenada, Carriacou, St. Vincent.

Tomorrow, brunch. A juice of screams in Jamaica.
Aftertaste of nutmeg from the black gold harvest.
I will swallow all I can, power lines or old man,
Be the designated Goddess: *if a dirt, a dirt*.
I will lick, nibble, suck the shore to dust —
 Dirt —
Lovely like my moniker, clear-blue cruel.
Hungry? Starving, gravid, mothering.
I'm here. I'm here. I'm here.

