

New Wind in Ancient Land

for Erika Visser

Pure mountains sunder sea from sky in Cap de Creus,
Hump-back stone whales stack on flinty seas afroth in spume.
Earth's exposed vertebrae enjoy the frosty saline hammerlock
Shed by pocky salt-bleached pores which drips re-darken wet.
We fly Spring's diamond sky like dandelions do hurricanes;
Gales flay our loose blown clothes, rake the skin, dry our bones.
Punished by gusts invisible, our voices overwhelmed go quiet.
Nursed by instinct, we meek tourists retreat, scared babes to shelter.
Above wispy cirrus clings to our white-veined azure vault.
Lungs rip the fresh mint air like cartilage from bone.
Drink an unbreathed empty taste, a cold spacy spice.
Exhale rare, stratospheric, expanse to the last Pyrennean synapse.
The impregnable stone lighthouse spears the zephyr's howl.
Its chipped edifice a shipwreck of time, still rebuffs the sea.
Inside its warm bosom is a sour catina of nourishment, safety.
We enter, uncork our ears, drink, eat, laugh at our wild hair.

Cap de Creus, Catalonia, Spain and Balboa Peninsula, California
April–June, 2004