

Seed

I am a child of the sun, balancing
the wind on my hips.

I have learned to make stones
dance, to walk with each footfall
echoing silence, to listen to the songs
of leaves. I am a child of the rushing sea:
waves, the sound of my listening;
salt, the scent of my sight.

I have taken machete to the coconut,
ground sugarcane between my teeth,
to unclasp their sweetened rhymes.
At dawn, I have held the waking earth,
each grain of dirt and sand
spilling from my half-open hands.

Wherever I am, I am
that space between
the husk and the heart
of the fruit.