

I WAS BORN ON AN ISLAND

but the sea was too far away to mean anything
except on those rare days
when we packed into Father's car
next to bags, food and clothes.

Going to the beach was a long surprising ride,
tall trees becoming smaller, green transforming
to tan, then, with the last pull of an invisible cover

the first run to endless blues
of ocean and sky kissing each other
shamelessly right before our eyes.