

## CANE BURNING

I woke  
to red sky last night.  
Madam Pele  
must be raging.  
The dull ruddy tinge  
on black night's edge  
upset me;  
until he said  
only cane burning  
somewhere near *Keaau*.

—Sheila Rosecrans

## AT MONTICELLO

Roman profiles  
are nothing to this face:  
*Chef d'Osage*, St. Memin, 1805.  
Smooth-plucked crown,  
brush of roached hair,  
slit ears hung with  
engraved shell and copper jingles,  
a great man presides  
over a corner  
of Jefferson's bedroom.

—Margaret C. Blaker