

Calabash

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THE POINCIANA BOUGH



On this side of death
is everything I know.

Like this Poinciana bough,
an outstretched arm
shedding its benediction
of red blossoms
on a parked car.

The irritated motorist
brushes the flowers away,
casting them
to the pollinating wind
and drives out.

There is purpose
even in this
seemingly indiscriminate
squandering of beauty.

Trees, too,
long for immortality.