

THE MAROON GIRL

I SEE HER ON A LONELY FOREST TRACK,
HER LEVEL BROWS MADE SALIENT BY THE SHEEN
OF FLESH THE HUE OF CINNAMON. THE CLEAN
BLOOD OF THE HUNTED, VANISHED ARAWAK
FLOWS IN HER VEINS WITH BLOOD OF WHITE AND BLACK.
MATERNAL, NOBLE-BREASTED IN HER MIEN;
SHE IS A PEASANT, YET SHE IS A QUEEN;
SHE IS JAMAICA POISED AGAINST ATTACK.
HER WOODS ARE HUNG WITH ORCHIDS; THE STILL FLAME
OF RED HIBISCUS LIGHTS HER PATH, AND STARRED
WITH ORANGE AND COFFEE BLOSSOMS IN HER YARD.
FABULOUS, PITTED MOUNTAINS CLOSE THE FRAME,
SHE STANDS ON GROUND FOR WHICH HER FATHERS DIED;
FIGURE OF SAVAGE BEAUTY, FIGURE OF PRIDE.