

Song For Gladly

By Adrienne Wolfert

The heart's ticking
Measured the seasons against your growth
forced the storm that tossed you to
a knife cold ocean; a sail beyond the edge of death;

and you, my sister, named for gladness
born imperfect to the world
left adrift among islands
you dreamed of moorings
fended frantically for port,

Ship-borne refugee, denied asylum
left adrift among islands
dreaming of moorings;

Coves calm as the eyes of the blind
bays flaming turquoise
gentian blue Sounds
islands of sapphire rock
of patience with purple leaves

Islands of blue grottos
of jungles in whose profusion
plant strangles plant
islands of starfish, barnacle, anemone,
coral reefs of non-existence,

you could not anchor
but floated away
through nights so black,
even dawn was dim.