

Xaymaca

Trish Tavares

You balance the beach on your head
sand, shells, and crabs tumbling off
land of wood and water
you breathe wet air, rivers run dry
fishing boats pose on exposed sea floor
in crevices between surging tides
gone are the frolicking children and horses
galloping through the froth of waves
snow-coloured grains of sand
glisten and glitter in the morning sun
the rhythms of your ancestors
shake the earth with beating drums
break the crust with shaking hips
or maybe the government is at fault
for the faults in the Earth's skin
dry and fragile, the planet cleaves
rock gyrates against stone
heaving into mountains
swallowing coastlines, devouring coral
dances from your past
cannot summon water for the future
the land wills itself to thrive
you whisper trees heavy with fragrant fruit
sigh verdant hills that undulate
homesick, you sing washed away scenes
that exist only in the glow of memory
luminescent and unbreakable

Poetry: *Xaymaca* by Trish Tavares

Trisha Tavares is a Jamaican paediatrician in Arizona. Her husband regales her with tales from his days working in South Australian vineyards.