

## THE GOOD STORM

Pat Viera

the great spanish poet federico garcía lorca once wrote to his parents,  
“if i get lost look for me in cuba”

lightly i step in this eden  
this archipelago  
south of the tropic of cancer

trade winds dance in the distance  
remote rumbles of thunder  
jostle fat royal palms  
the scent of gardenias appear  
like a dream someone had long ago

moisture, beaded like pearls  
gathers above my young brow  
i shake my head hoping  
salty drops land on my tongue  
so i might remember my flavor

liquid my feet from soft, wild  
grasses still bent with the weight of the rains  
those were the days  
i could predict weather  
by the dampness on my skin

hushed as a little white ghost  
i float past chartreuse-colored cane fields  
past veined, marble columns  
the color of ivory  
i recall the voices, quiet like secrets

whispers of leaving this emerald island  
these diamond-dust beaches  
the sapphire sea, my earth

in the morning i gather tiny seashell fragments  
bits of brittle and brine  
abandoned by an old hurricane