

I Do Not See Them Here

Water calls me still
cool depths of shattered rainbows
to hide from the heat of the sun
and the hot red earth.

Della robia blue
the colour of the virgin's robe
and of the jacaranda blossoms
which fell like carpet across the streets.

Flamboyants followed
crushed scarlet passion
blazing down the streets
of tunnel vision.

All summer long
my feet were coloured crimson
by bleeding mulberries
beneath the tree where I climbed
to hide and feast,
crushing sweet liquored berries into
juice smeared mouth.

From under the leaves
I could see the gardener
and hear him call out.
But I never recognized his cry
nor saw that my berry smudged fingers
were stained the colour of blood.

Perhaps
my eyes
were blinded by the sun
shining off the water
behind the passion fruit hedge
which hid us.

Perhaps it was the brilliant bougainvillaea,
the moonlight scent of frangipani,
or the hot red earth beneath my feet
which distracted me from
the smoky hole
at the bottom of the garden
where they lived,
firelight flickering
in black eyes
which bore the weight of history
swelling like a tidal wave
even then.

Now
there is snow
and drifting snow,
an Arctic front.

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