



THE ISLAND

Since I'm island-born home's as precise
 as if a mumbly old carpenter,
 shoulder-straps crossed wrong,
 laid it out,
 refigured to the last three-eighths of shingle.

Nowhere that plough-cut worms
 Heal themselves in red loam;
 Spruces squat, skirts in sand;
 Or the stones of a river rattle its dark
 Tunnel under the elms,
 Is there a spot not measured by hands;
 No direction I couldn't walk
 To the wave-lined edge of home.

In the fanged jaws of the Gulf,
 A red tongue.
 Indians say a musical God
 Took up his brush and painted it;
 Named it, in His own language,
 "The Island."

Milton Achorn, *1991*