

Ralph Thompson

SEASONS



After a hard winter
Spring wafts in the window
smelling of thawed soil and cut grass.
Thus languor begins,
(I am studying French in a land quartered by seasons)
mope and nope stalling the affairs of men.
Caught up in new metaphors,
I imagine a young girl skipping rope,
levitating at the apogee of jump,
floating off into a Chagall painting.
A conquistador parks his pike in a corner,
mumbling manana and Vivaldi,
after a night's adventure, knows the score
but will not lift a fist to note a minim or a quaver...later...later.

Born in a pause of hummingbird wings,
cradled under a coconut tree,
I look through this open window
and even in the torpor of this interregnum
I can see in my village the bougainvillea bursting into bloom,
the frank tumescence of anthurium lilies,
the whole seething, teeming, heaving,
jig, jiggle, jerk and jolt of year round germination,
a pregnant girl sashaying confidently by,
a summer in her step, a belly full of hope,
the French language has no single word
for what I mean by home. J'ai le mal du pays!
Lord, how I miss my island.