

Ann-Margaret Lim

THE CAVE



It was Negril's west end
and a slower track.
Always the sea, always
the cliffs and a long sunset,

and Patrick the masseur
goading us to dive into
the cave outside our room,
first thing at sunrise.

We peered into the deep, blue
cave the day we came,
but spent our morning in
the blue room with coconut

incense and a stone cut bed
Now, in memory,
the blue of our room was like the sea
that spread to the horizon,

the blue canvas of the sky
that turned grey when storms threatened-
like this hurricane
we're in, with no light, with only

a radio, while outside the white wind
crashes down the bananas, howling.