

Cheryl Boyce-Taylor

ROY
(for Father)



All he had left were his
tamarind polished limbs
gaps between the spaces of his teeth
the sea is a collector of dreams

what I would not give for his browning bark
of fingers
the lives between those sequined bones
his garnet and silver wedding ring
metal beaten flat

what I would not give for the selfish dust
in his laughter
the precious metal of his tongue cracking

morning, the gone moon picks
at these blue-cadmium bones
my porcelain beak of body rises

breath burnt cedar
I become window frame.