

after 'My Country' by Pri Victor

teardrop sisters water down
brothers in palmed ovals watch over
lingering in the field of mother's dome
her white sheath warmed by red dust
a blue transparency – reaching out
from the core of herself
but below them, a kin without her coat
bathed in a sun bleeding out of sky
she waits in content on pebbled shore
in faith of home, despite brushed borders
for even islands all touch through earth