

JENNIFER ATKINSON

Island Mandala

From the mainland rocks to the island rocks
she rows according to the tides.
With each trip a sack of dirt,
a seedling, a pillbug — in thirty years
a new world between the boulders,
a New World with pine tree, thistle, beachpea,
and a green swale of grasses
wide enough to lie down on,
wide enough to imagine lying down on
to listen to wind in a forest,
surf on the coast, birds singing in a meadow:
a pure land. The Pure Land. She calls it *There*.