

You leave.  
Designs of centuries  
close up  
behind you  
with the first wind.

You will never know,  
or if you do  
it will be later,  
on the way home  
with the evening news  
rolled in your hand  
like a totem.

#### RETURN TO ST. CROIX

The customs officer  
studies my photograph,  
my signature.  
Am I the same person?  
He looks at my face  
and sees  
I have cried recently.  
There are scars.  
He asks, "Have you cried recently?"  
I stare at him  
through eyes which  
no longer bear  
resemblance to mine.  
And I show him my hands  
where nothing has been added  
and he folds my passport  
into my palm  
as if nothing has changed.