

ROBERT GRUNST

In the Orchard of Star Fruit

whereupon storm clouds ion-charged rains onshore
dishevelings

the manna grass sways no opinion where the lost
path begins

where no other sign if ever but the orchard
of star fruit

where stars' shapes descend upon near-
sighted seers

where the fishermen trust in absence buoys
nets coils of manila

with no wonder no art intended

where the painters' thumbs mend well-splinted
and taped

where the cistern's cool vault of spring water
wears a sweater of

mosses where two strands of wire guide Félicité
y Clément Santa y Santo

in keeping the fishermen's finca winch clevis-
and-cable cabañas

coconut palm fence posts

full-flowering hedges the cove's throat gaping
onto the sea

near Isla del Caño where sleeves of reef fish
flap against set lines

beneath the orchard of star fruit

where barbed wire stars seize relics of hair
but no fees for

nest-weavers

where chance is a new moon's bent needle
divining no pole star

nor nuncio's five-cornered hat

where two horses' eyes foresee no joy
and no sorrow

weighing low branches our hands
full of ripe

star fruit of the fourteen trees of the orchard
juice-gravid fruit

and no art

no wonder intended no impoverishing bench-
mark no satellite

radians reciprocals waypoints no trace to show
where the lost path begins