

Postcard from Tortola

I've never been to Tortola,
though many times I've drifted
to the vast principality of elsewhere
where, no doubt, a Tortola must be,
so I can attest the weather is the weather
I've brought with me, overcast
with periods of sun, always a low
following a high, and the natives
impoverished and gay. You wouldn't
like it here. Go elsewhere. One person's
Tortola is another's Sadness-by-the-Sea.
The duty from which you're absolved
in the duty-free shops comes with a price.
On the other hand, it's beautiful—
the water turquoise, the breeze a constant
caress. Some people actually love
that there's singing in the streets.