

JENNIFER CHAPIS

Island Life

Here you can't help but look up
from your work:

black-sand beaches, mango-beaked birds,
language-cloth the islands wear.

Red skies at the day's closing
invigorate the peculiar and upright those things at odds.

Powder growing fire overhead.
The immaculate belly of a windswept tulip.

Light waves are longer at sunset.
I have swallowed my spider-heart.