

Three Women Bathing

Mangoes
or the white meat of coconut
their breasts float.
The riverbottom pebbled with gold light.
Hair like waterplants
blown on the current.

The green ruff bends above the river
and the sun
touches a forehead
closes the eyes.
As if to open the body
like a fallen mango
a dropped coconut.

Roo Borson

Where Golden Moon

where golden moon, where are your leaves
your leaves with purple velvet veins
your silk hands, your hands in the cold air
the black air, where are your birds
your birds that flew around the sun
last year when there was no winter

where is the beach of diamonds
you enslaved with your light

why have you left the horizon
to circle back and forth in the desert
moaning with the wolves and looking for fire

—Libby Scheier