

Sunday's Impression

*(Columbus in chains
on a caravel bound for Spain in 1500)*

Cochineal skies deepen to dark purple
just after sunset

Icarus quivers in molten clay and sand
on Cuba's shores

The sea rolls mazarin
with a frost of emerald

A flash of place
beyond the sun's extinction

Crescent of sea, arc of space
where west squires east
and shapes share secrets
of golden arms
burnished madonnas
mother-of-pearl

—Robert M. Hogge