

# Poems

## TRINIDAD, B.W.I.

LOUISE RETHERFORD

*(Honorable Mention, Butler Literary  
Contest, Poetry Division)*

Sun of tropic sky,  
Beat on mud-hut door,  
Reflect with stale sun smell  
From foamy, beaded shore.

Reflect the tree-blood green  
Against white-blue of sky,  
Shadow-blanket weary waste  
Of Islander's prisoned cry.

## NIGHT WIND

LOUISE RETHERFORD

Windy night  
when  
shredded clouds shroud  
the light  
of  
a pock-marked moon  
and a loose door chatters

## NIGHT WALK

LOUISE RETHERFORD

Midnight.  
Fog-bound, intimate time  
when  
sodden, shadowless trees climb  
into steam-streaked city lights.  
Into  
midnight.

## MORNING MOON

LOUISE RETHERFORD

Old morning moon  
Final evidence of night  
Sterile in your paleness  
And harsh, degraded light.

Weary of night's darkness  
Enfeebled by intrigue  
Loveless in your starkness  
You're white with light fatigue.