

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.