

MARION WAGSCHAL

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN

I come from a place where blinding whiteness exists in a sea
of blackness

idle but watchful,
a “servant” twirls a ball of rice between pink and brown fingers
gleaned from lunch, wrapped in yesterday’s daily news
her cotton dress, washed, unwashed, washed again...
smeared

a Dalmatian is force-fed squeezed orange juice by a middle-aged
Britisher its black knob nose pointed to the sun

I come from a place where asphalt overrides the guavas, mangoes
the smallest, hottest, chilies
almost black avocados fall to the ground with a thud

here palms have a heart
and the ocean watches like a beautiful blue eye