

ROSITA GEORGIEVA

At Point Pelee

A tip of land—
the sharp tongue of a thirsty lizard

from one side
the wind is gently combing the water,
from the other—
restlessly messing it up,

the sand—darkened with elegies,
trails of conquest, prints of passion,

a stage of blasted stones and tumbled trees,
set up by the fury of mustang-winds
gathered from three oceans :

defeated rulers, head to head with wounded
soldiers,
exhausted explorers filter the sand
through dried-up fingers, scattered crowns,
axes, beads,
half-buried lamps of miners, animals of
soapstone,
collages of stiffened fur and wood...

ember remnants
of what has lived and glowed.

A wet, scarred trunk, eaten-up by time
moaned out my name and I embraced its
rotten body
in an endless legend,
finding refuge for the first time
on this unfamiliar land, after years of
waiting
for someone to decipher my name
and define my existence

and for the first time,
in the hug of eternal trees,
I rejected the life of a wanderer,

at Point Pelee—
the southernmost point of a country
opening itself to me,
a point of death and rebirth,
where new love suddenly sprung
and I felt inexplicably mothered.

The next morning I found in the mailbox
the Deportation Order
and after hours of frantic silence,
outbursts of laughter and coyote dancing,
I heard my real name
properly pronounced
to the very last diphthong—

the tumbled trees were still with me,
raising my head to the sunset.

The rest was the Law

And the wind—
an exile to three oceans.

Rosita Georgieva's poetry appears earlier in this volume.