

# Oklahoma r e v i e w

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## Love in the Time of Colonialism

Those delicate prints, drawn needles that pine  
for suitors to pursue them. Morning dew  
below Victorian mansions. The view  
of pastoral gates overgrown. The vine  
stands statuesque against the gray-green copse  
as though a monument of nature blown  
over, intermingling with limbs sown  
by fingers from the soil. The timber rots,  
beguiling glances still advanced by men  
from far-off mountains, and ship-anchored shores  
absorbing sunsets, a bloody mast  
with listless flags. The cobblestone and tin,  
the sudden echo from the chain-link stores  
diffuse the view once opulent and vast.