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.

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