

Candle In the Wind

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black
back lit
by the sprinkle of stars
and glittered neon of St. Thomas
holds six carnavaled
cruise ships
at bay

boats full
of wrinkled
moneyed bodies
and corsaged honeymooners
swaying to the
steel band
calypsos

while I sit above
alone

on the Galleon House Hotel terrace
under the rustle of palm fronds
sipping endless banana daiquiris
deep into the dark
trying to escape

the paper
cut of

divorce