

LIVING

Kona, Hawaii

I walk past the seawall in Kona,
where petals of light,
and a hiss of brine
splatter the sidewalk.
Drenched in the
scent of plumeria,
twists of banyan,
hibiscus in technicolor,
quick clouds huddle,
then splash the soft of my shirt.
In minutes the steam evaporates in the trade winds
lush with the smell
of mango and coconut.
Sun shards return
as if cherubs draped in cumulus
emptied their pockets,
a scattering
of shadow and light.

Once, I welcomed
only sunshine
But changes don't startle me now
I meander along with them
Like a silver thread of river,
following its course
through the trees.