

Road to Zion

Jamaicans drive

too fast

on narrow mountain

passes. Passing

busses in a zebra

striped Land Rover,

knuckles white, we clutch

tight to the black bucket

seats. The screws are loose,

the speakers busted, Bob

Marley screeches

Could you be loved?

Goat.

Pothole.

Cliff.

Ferns fly by, a flash

of green like the joints

they sold in the village.

We bought one

ginger candy instead.

The wrong choice,

I only tasted root.

We rumble past

a cyan cottage with a red

slate roof, twisted gutters

collecting water in a tin pool.

There's a school, green and yellow,

with children in the yard.

They wave as if we're

famous. Scaling the summit,

the earth-scented air

changes—warm breath
to cool breeze.

At a precipice
we pass three

kids selling fruit.
I regret

not buying their apples.

