

LILAC LAND

Near the street where he lives,
the scent of otherwise.
Of parents who aren't orphans
of children who aren't parents.
No lies or lack in lilac land.
He strolls in and out, heart aching.

A violet-water man lost among lilacs
with only her hand to hold him.
Violet water, violent water, wave
and burden, churning, churning,
the lathe in the wave, the wave
in the bones of a lazy island,

no sooner glimpsed than unminded,
its alligator carcass washing up
still, still on the lap of lilac land.

From *Viejo Verde*. Main Street Rag Publishing, 2019 and *The Last Exile*. Finishing Line Press, 2016.
Also published in *Saw Palm. Florida Literature and Art*. Tenth Anniversary Issue. 10 (2016): 66-67.