

the second friday of the week

for tiffany and maylee

flying east into the darkening
deepening velvet sky
the glitter and blink of stars suspended
above the shapes and shadows
of reefs and atolls, of archipelagos
scattered across the salty skin
of the body of the mother of us all:
the pearl-black pacific

leave at the right time
and you'll arrive before you left
on the second friday of the week

above the infinity pool of the lagoon
sleek birds swoop and flit
in the infinity above
as the fragrance
of a single
fallen
tiare
floats by

whoever said 'Polynesia' got it wrong
it's not many islands
somehow
it's all
one.

fiona chivers shirreffs