

Dreams from my mother
of mountains that have risen to kiss
the sky for thousands of years
of nights so hot that clothes
become something more than an
inconvenience
of coconut trees taller than any
man made monster from the east
running about on the shores of
beaches with bare feet
giggling and shouting at your olive
skinned lover in the pale moonlight
knowing, under that hazy star
lit sky, that you'll never bore of this
you'll never need anything more than this
being a girl with her seaside is enough