

## Island

He extends his hand beyond the harbor  
dotted by a myriad of lights from skyscrapers  
to a little island floating on the sea across him,  
a lighthouse flagged by stripes of red and blue,  
and thinks of Lincoln's hand before a marbled mausoleum  
that carved into eternity the moment he proudly  
pronounced that a divided house cannot stand.

*How tall the great man!  
His image towers over others!  
He sits upon a city upon a hill.*

He looks at himself struggling amongst  
the mud tossed upon him, reddish like the fear in his heart.  
Denounced as the enemy under American Unity,  
he is doomed to be tiny, ignored, and punished,  
locked up within a city flooding with things,  
for attempting to point his sword against imperialism.

But he tries not to think about it.  
He stands extending his hand  
beyond the harbor to the little island  
and thinks about his lover:  
*Now that everything is over,  
where is she now?*

In the vertigo of a hot, humid air  
he dreams of the strait becoming a gate,  
opening wide, the walls torn down by a union  
that went beyond the flag of American Democracy.  
He dreams of parents hugging their children,  
white-haired siblings crying into each other's shoulders  
for no one could remain an island.

And he would walk through the door of his lover  
towards the lights leading him to what haunts his heart,  
*Is she dead or is she alive?*