The White Hand

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The pale moon pulls me to itself,
The white hand pushes away—
Mother, Father, this is goodbye.

Remember the tales you spun
to rid my room of shades?
Manfish crawled along the shore,
coral-pink, the dolphin prince
wooed my maidens into silence—
Mother, Father, I could not fight him.

Plantain huts, weed mantillas,
love, the subterranean lee,
wedding march of the military—
Mother, Father, I fight no longer.

The hand that follows, traceless white
Shadowless trail of the manta ray
Glide behind me, silent fish,
La mano blanca, my wedding veil.

Amy J. Bown