**CANEBURNING**

I woke

to red sky last night.

Madam Pele

must be raging.

The dull ruddy tinge

on black night’s edge

upset me;

until he said

only caneburning

somewhere near Keauu.

—Sheila Rosecrans

**AT MONTICELLO**

Roman profiles

are nothing to this face:

*Chef d'Osage*, St. Memin, 1805.

Smooth-plucked crown,

brush of roached hair,

slit ears hung with

engraved shell and copper jingles,

a great man presides

over a corner

of Jefferson’s bedroom.

—Margaret C. Blaker