

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 *Keaau*.

—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