

Jane L. Fernandez

The blue crane looks east

Waiting out the cold,
a blue crane writes on the sand—
lightning streaks, shifts
somewhere deep,
like good ghosts

our stories of solitude
warm the earth:
coffee at twilight
subdued voices—
then a child chuckles

and the blue crane looks east
reading rasa in the rain
drying chillies on thaalis
drawing kolams in the twilight.