

*Ann-Margaret Lim*

## THE CAVE



It was Negril's west end  
and a slower track.  
Always the sea, always  
the cliffs and a long sunset,

and Patrick the masseur  
goading us to dive into  
the cave outside our room,  
first thing at sunrise.

We peered into the deep, blue  
cave the day we came,  
but spent our morning in  
the blue room with coconut

incense and a stone cut bed  
Now, in memory,  
the blue of our room was like the sea  
that spread to the horizon,

the blue canvas of the sky  
that turned grey when storms threatened-  
like this hurricane  
we're in, with no light, with only

a radio, while outside the white wind  
crashes down the bananas, howling.

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