By Biscayne

The cinnamon sand is baked and matted
by withered slash-pine needles covering
coarsely-hewn jelly meat coconuts plopped
by the surly raccoon’s mottled trove of mango flesh
torn
asunder
by licentious thumbs, wet with
tangy cool Gulfstream salt and peppered
by yellow-bellied-Needlefish-scars lacerated
and corroded from sun-blistered foraging
by the Bay of Biscayne and its mangrove
bulwark, encircling Tequesta bones

desiccated
by Iberian conquest and Anglo expansion
unto this spit of land Southern
by default but Caribbean
by blood.